

1864

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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1, 1864.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—THE SMUGGLER CHIEF. BY GUSTAVE AIMARD	1
CHAPTER XXVII.—AN INDIAN VENGEANCE.	
CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE GREEN-ROOM.	
CHAPTER XXIX.—THE CONFESSION.	
II.—MEDICAL POWERS OF MUSIC	11
III.—THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH	15
IV.—THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE	19
V.—A HOUSE IN THE HEART	25
VI.—WHO WAS TO BLAME?	28
CHAPTER VIII.—A CONTRAST.	
CHAPTER IX.—A DISCOVERY.	
CHAPTER X.—MY VISITORS.	
CHAPTER XI.—CAN IT BE TRUE	
CHAPTER XII.—IMPATIENCE.	
VII.—THE NEW YEAR	41
VIII.—OLD CROSSES.....	42
IX.—BIBLE WOMEN	50
No. 5.—RUTH.	
X.—PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS. WITH TWENTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS	56
WAXEN FLOWERS AND FRUIT.	
XI.—THE GAMESTER	62
XII.—THE ANCIENT CUSTOM OF "BARRING-OUT".....	67
XIII.—THE "KING'S DAUGHTER"	72
XIV.—WINTER IN RUSSIA	77
XV.—A CHAPTER ON CULINARY VEGETABLES.....	79
XVI.—SACKVILLE CHASE	82
CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONTINUED.	
CHAPTER XXXIV.—PITFALLS.	
CHAPTER XXXV.—THE DERBY—A CONTEST THEREAT: ONE NOT OFTEN WIT- NESSED ON THE DOWNS OF EPSOM.	
CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE EARL OF SACKVILLE REACHES HIS HOME IN BEL- GRAVE-SQUARE, AND IMMEDIATELY SETS OUT FOR HIS HOUSE AT SACK- VILLE CHASE.	
CHAPTER XXXVII.—IN WHICH OLD CHARACTERS ARE INTRODUCED WITH NEW NAMES.	
CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE EARL OF SACKVILLE AND AGONY JACK SLEEP IN PEACE.	
XVII.—THE SNOW SPIRIT	108

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THE SMUGGLER CHIEF.

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "Prairie Flower," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN INDIAN VENGEANCE.

It was a frightful thing to see Diego's headlong gallop along the road from Valparaiso to Santiago. In the shadows of the night, the shapeless group of the horse, and the two human beings it bore, made the sparks fly out of the pebbles on the road. The animal's powerful hoofs bounded along, pounding everything that they settled on, while its outstretched head cleft the air. Its ears were erect, and from its open nostrils issued jets of steam which traced long white tracks in the darkness.

The horse dashed along, uttering snorts of pain, and biting between its clenched teeth the bit which was covered with foam, while blood and perspiration poured from its flanks, which were torn by the spurs of its impatient rider. And the greater its speed grew, the more Diego tortured it, and tried to make it go faster. The trees, the houses, and rocks disappeared with an extraordinary rapidity on either side of the road.

Inez, half dead at the moment when the half-breed dragged her from the convent, felt herself recalled to life by the movement which the horse imparted to her body. Her long hair trailed in the dust, and her eyes, raised to heaven, were bathed in tears of despair, grief, and powerlessness. At the risk of dashing out her brains against the stones, she made extraordinary efforts to escape from her ravisher's arms.

But the latter, fixing on her a glance whose expression revealed ferocious joy and lubricity, did not appear to notice the horror which he caused the maiden; or rather, he appeared to derive from it a source of indescribable pleasure. His contracted lips remained dumb, and only at intervals allowed a shrill whistle to pass, destined to redouble the ardour of his steed, which, exasperated by the pressure of its rider, hardly touched the ground, as it were, and devoured the space like the fantastic courser in the German ballad.

"Stay, child," Diego said, suddenly, as he raised Inez on his horse's neck, and compelled her to look at a country-house

which they were passing; "here is your father's house, the haughty General Soto-Mayor; call him to your assistance."

And a savage grin succeeded these words.

"Father!" the maiden cried, whom he had freed from her gag—"father!—father!"

This cry died away in hollow echoes, and the house disappeared again in the dizziness of this mad ride; and the horse still galloped on. Suddenly Inez, collecting all her strength, leaped forward with such vivacity that her feet were already touching the ground, but Diego was on his guard, and ere she had regained her balance, he stooped down, without checking his horse, and seizing the maiden by her long hair, he raised her, and placed her again before him. A sob burst from Inez' chest, and she fainted.

"Oh! you will not escape me," the half-breed shouted; "I have you, and no one in the world will be able to tear you from my hands!"

In the meanwhile, day had succeeded darkness; the sun rose in all its splendour, and myriads of birds saluted the return of the light by their joyous carols. Nature was awakening gaily, and the sky, of a transparent azure, promised one of those lovely days which the blessed climate of South America has alone the privilege of offering.

A fertile and deliciously diversified landscape stretched out on either side of the road, and became blended with the horizon. The maiden's lifeless body hung on either side of the horse, following all the joltings which it imparted; with her head thrown back, and covered with a livid pallor, eyes closed, lips blanched and parted, teeth clenched, neck bare, and bosom heaving, she palpitated under the large hand of the Vaquero, which pressed heavily upon her.

At length they reached a devastated hacienda, in which a hundred Indians, painted for war, were encamped. Tahimari gave a signal, and a horse was brought him. It was high time, for the one which had borne him from Valparaiso hardly halted ere it fell, pouring from mouth, nostrils, and ears a flood of black thick blood. Diego got into the saddle

again, caught up the maiden in his arms, and prepared to continue his journey.

The Indians, who doubtless only awaited the coming of their chief, imitated his example, after throwing a few flaming logs upon the roof of the hacienda, in order to leave a trace of their passage. Ere long the whole band, at the head of which Diego placed himself, dashed forward, surrounded by the cloud of dust which they raised.

After a few hours' ride, whose rapidity surpasses all description, the Indians saw the lofty steeples of the capital of Chili standing out on the horizon, beneath a cloud of smoke and fog which hung over the city. The Araucanos turned slightly to the left, galloping through the fields, and trampling down the rich crops that covered them. In about half an hour they reached the first Indian sentries, and they soon found themselves within the camp of the twelve Molucho tribes.

Let us examine for a moment the state in which the war was. As we have already said, after several sanguinary combats the Chilians, suddenly attacked by the Araucanos, who had invaded their territories on all sides at once, to the number of upwards of 200,000, had been, in spite of prodigies of valour, completely defeated and compelled to retreat.

The Moluchos had surprised their enemies without giving them time to assemble. The population of Chili was only composed, at that time, of two millions and a half, scattered over a territory of vast extent, nearly as large as Germany. The towns are very remote from each other, and the means of transport are almost unknown. We can therefore understand the difficult position in which the besieged found themselves.

The Chilian army, which should be composed of 10,000 men, never consists of more than 7000, scattered through distant garrisons; and for that very reason it is very difficult to assemble it under pressing circumstances. The soldiers, usually recruited by force, are, as a rule, thorough scamps, whom peaceful people fear as much as the Indians, for they know that when they pass into a province they plunder, burn, and violate absolutely as if they were in a conquered country. Hence the government only quarters a very small number in the great centres of population, removes them as far as possible, and subdivides them so as to be able to keep them under

more easily, and never allows a whole regiment to remain in the same province at once.

What became of this organization when the Araucanos declared war? The Chilian government, attacked simultaneously on all sides, was unable, in spite of all its efforts, to collect a force sufficiently imposing to boldly face the Indians and drive them back. Hence, the only chance was to check their advance by harassing them and having outpost fights, by means of which it was hoped that they might be discouraged and induced to return to their forest fastnesses.

These tactics were certainly good, and had often been employed successfully. This time again they would have, in all probability, succeeded, through the military science and discipline of the Spaniards, if they had not had to contend against this countless mass of Indians, and above all if the latter had not been commanded by Tahí-Mari. The Molucho chief had not indulged in idle boasting when he told the Ulmens of the twelve nations that he was acquainted with all the resources of the Spaniards, and was certain of conquering them.

In fact, after dashing on Valdivia like a starving tiger on the prey it covets, his road as far as Santiago had been one triumphant progress, in which he overthrew, destroyed, and plundered everything, and left behind him a long sanguinary track, marked at intervals by numerous horribly mutilated Spanish corpses. Advancing with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, this modern Attila wished to reconquer the Chilian territory by wading up to his knees in Spanish blood.

Nothing was sacred to him, neither age nor sex; old people, women and children, were pitilessly tortured. The twenty years which he had spent in traversing the various countries of America had proved of service to him, by familiarizing him with strategic ideas and the mode of employing military forces, through watching the manœuvres and exercises of the Spanish armies, whose entire strength consisted in skilful tactics. Tahí-Mari's first care, therefore, was to employ the ideas which he had acquired in introducing a species of discipline in the ranks of the Moluchos.

The Chilians no longer understood the method of fighting the Indians. They no longer had the skirmishes to which they were accustomed, but real battles,

fought according to all the rules of warfare, whose observance on the part of the Araucanos beyond measure surprised them.

In this way victors and vanquished had arrived beneath the walls of Santiago. The Indians, after pushing on a reconnoissance even into the suburbs of the city, had boldly halted a short distance from its gates, and were bravely preparing for a storm. A frightful terror had seized on the inhabitants of Santiago. The richer emigrated in crowds, while the rest prepared, like the troops, to offer a vigorous resistance.

The president of the republic had smiled disdainfully, when he saw from the ramparts the enemy getting ready for a serious attack; but when he had distinguished the perfect concord with which this multitude acted—with what skill the posts were established—taking advantage of the slightest accident of ground, and only operating with the most consummate prudence; selecting with discernment the weakest spots of the fortress, and holding the river Mapucho above and below the city, so as to let no succour or provisions reach it—his forehead became wrinkled with anxiety, and a deadly fear seized upon him; for he understood that his enemies were guided by an experienced chief, whose military genius would easily overcome the obstacles opposed to him, if time were granted him to take his measures and establish himself securely in the position which he occupied.

It was then that the president of the republic, no longer doubting the imminence of the danger which the country was incurring, made an energetic appeal to the patriotism of the Chilians; an appeal to which they responded enthusiastically, by hurrying up from all sides to range themselves under his banner. But time was needed for this succour to arrive, and to come the enormous distances that separated it from the capital. In order to gain this time, the president feigned a desire to treat with the Indians, and pave the way for negotiations.

The red-skins had established their camp in the smoking ruins of the charming country-houses which surrounded the city, and whose magnificent gardens, now alas! devastated, seemed to make Santiago stand out from a basket of flowers. Nothing could be conceived so filthy, repulsive, and frightful as the appearance of this camp, forming a girdle round the

city. It was hopeless to look for parallels or covered ways; not even a sentry could be seen watching over the common safety.

The camp was open on both sides, and at first sight it might have been supposed deserted, had not the dense smoke rising from the wigwams, made of branches and erected without any apparent order, proved that it was inhabited. A gloomy silence prevailed day and night in this strange camp, and no human being was visible there.

The Chilians, though thoroughly acquainted with the crafty character of their enemies, had allowed themselves to be trapped by this semblance of neglect and carelessness. Two days after the Moluchos sat down before the city, a strong Chilean patrol, consisting of two hundred resolute men, left the city about midnight; and, deadening the sound of their footsteps as far as possible, advanced into the very centre of the camp without being disquieted. Everybody seemed asleep, and no sentinel had given the alarm. The leader of the expedition, satisfied with the result which he fancied he had obtained, was preparing to return to Santiago to report the result of his reconnoissance to the besieged, when, on turning back, he found every line of retreat interrupted, and a countless swarm of Indians surrounding him.

The officer who had fallen into the trap did the only thing that was left him: he fell bravely at the head of the men whom he commanded. On the next morning, at sunrise, two hundred heads, scalped and horribly disfigured, were thrown by the Moluchos over the walls of Santiago. The Chilean Spaniards took the hint, and did not repeat the experiment.

When Tahí-Mari entered the camp with his band, the Indians flocked up tumultuously, and received him with loud yells of delight. He made them a sign of thanks, and, without checking his pace, went toward his lodge, in the doorway of which Shounon-Kouiretzi, crouching on his heels, was gravely smoking. On seeing the commander, he said—

“Tahí-Mari is a great chief; is he contented with his journey?”

“Yes,” Diego replied laconically. “My brother will watch at my door, and allow no one to enter.

“My brother can trust to me; no one shall enter.” And the Indian began smoking again, impassively. Diego went in, carrying Inez, wrapped up in a poncho.

After removing her bonds, he laid her on some sheepskins, thrown in a corner of the hut, which served him as a bed. Then he fetched a calabash of water and dashed the contents in her face, but Inez still remained motionless.

On seeing this, Diego bent down and devoted to her the greatest attention, in order to recal her to her senses; anxiously consulting her pulse, raising her in his arms, tapping her hands, and employing, in a word, all the means usual for restoring a fainting person. For a long time his efforts were sterile, and life seemed to have abandoned the poor girl for ever.

"Can she be dead?" Diego muttered.

And he began attending to her again. At length a sigh burst from Inez' bosom, she languishingly opened her eyes and uttered a few broken words in a faint voice. All at once she rose.

"Where am I?" she screamed.

Diego, without answering, fell back into a dark corner of the lodge, and fixed a serpent glance upon her.

"Where am I?" she repeated. "Maria! sister! how I am suffering! Oh, Heaven!"

Her memory gradually returned, and everything flooded back to her mind. Then a shudder of terror agitated all her limbs, her haggard eyes wandered around, and she perceived Diego.

"Oh, that man!" she said, as she hid her face in her hands. "I am lost! Great God, I am lost!"

Diego issued from his corner, and with his eye fixed on her, slowly advanced toward her. Fascinated by the half-breed's sparkling glance, she fell back step by step, with her arms stretched out, and displaying signs of the most violent terror.

"Leave me, leave me!" she murmured. She thus reached the walls of the hut, clung to the intertwined branches, and stood motionless, while still looking at her persecutor, who walked toward her with an ironical smile.

"Leave me!" she repeated, unable to offer Diego any other resistance but her tears and her despair. But he was not the man to be affected.

"Leave you!" he answered; "do you fancy that I brought you all this distance to restore you innocent and pure to those who are dear to you? Undeceive yourself; henceforth you belong to me, and you will not leave this spot till you have nothing left to refuse me."

"Oh, mother, mother!"

"Your mother is dead, and no one can come to your assistance—do you hear; no one?"

"In that case, kill me," Inez cried, as she threw herself at the half-breed's feet.

"No! it is your honour, not your life, that I must have."

"But what have I done to you? Great Heaven, I am only a poor girl, and you cannot be so cruel to me without a motive."

"No, you have done nothing to me, and I feel for you neither hatred nor love; but you are the daughter of General Soto-Mayor. Your family dishonoured mine, and you will be dishonoured to expiate the crimes of your relatives."

"Oh, that is frightful! You will not act thus, because you know very well that I am innocent."

"Your ancestor dishonoured the wife of my grandfather, and she has still to be avenged!"

"Mercy, mercy!"

"No! eye for eye, and tooth for tooth!—for you the shame, for me the vengeance!"

"In your mother's name, pity!"

"My mother!"

This word produced such an impression on the half-breed that he bounded with rage, and his face assumed a fresh expression of rage and fury.

"Ah, you speak to me of my mother! Mad girl! you do not know, then, that she found herself one day in the path of a Soto-Mayor, and that he brutally and cowardly plunged her into ignominy in order to satisfy a moment of brutal desire?"

"Oh, Heavens!" Inez sobbed.

"You do not know that while the poor woman was grovelling in despair at his feet, and imploring him, in the name of her God, to spare her, the villain laughed and caught her in his arms. Do you now understand why I forbid you invoking my mother's name?"

"Oh, I am lost!" Inez said, broken-hearted. "For the man who avenges himself on the child of his enemy has no heart."

"Yes, you are lost! But if you fancy that my revenge, in seizing you, has spared your father, you are mistaken, for he died by my hand."

"Woe! woe!" the girl shrieked, mad with grief.

"Yes, crushed by my blows, as I will crush all those of your race! No, you will not escape me! It is now your turn

to cry and groan—your turn to implore in vain."

And, with the howl of a wild beast, the Indian, whose eyes were bloodshot, and his mouth foaming, rushed frenziedly at Inez and hurled her back on the sheepskins. Then ensued a horrible and nameless struggle, in which the groans of the victim were mingled with the wild panting of the savage. Inez resisted with the violence of despair, but soon, crushed by the half-breed's grasp, she lay helpless, left to the mercy of the man who had sworn her dishonour.

* * * *

"Brother," said Long-Scalp, appearing in the doorway, "two Spanish chiefs, followed by several lanceros, have come to offer propositions of peace to the toqui of the twelve nations."

"Who are the chiefs?" Diego asked.

"General Don Pedro and Colonel Don Juan de Soto-Mayor," the Indian replied.

A smile of triumph played round the half-breed's lips.

"Let them come! let them come!" he said.

"Does my brother, Tahi-Mari, consent to receive them?"

"Yes," Diego continued, assuming his Indian stoicism. "My brother will assemble the great chiefs around the council-fire, and I will come thither.

Shounon Kouiretzi bowed and retired.

"The betrothed and the brother. They have arrived too late," Diego said, so soon as he was alone.

And he left the hut, in order to preside at the council. Inez was lying motionless on the couch of Tahi-Mari, the great chief of the Araucanos.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GREEN-ROOM.

AFTER wrapping himself carefully in his cloak, Leon pensively went along the streets leading to Crevel's inn. Diego's last words incessantly reverted to his mind, and he asked himself why the Indian had recommended him so eagerly to proceed to the posada. Another peculiarity, also, kept his mind on the rack; he had seen Diego take from the hands of the people waiting for him a large parcel which had all the appearance of a human body. He had also fancied that he heard a dull and plaintive groan from this bundle.

"What could it be?" Leon asked himself in vain.

At length he reached the Calle San Agostino. The door of Crevel's inn was ajar, and a bright light illumined the interior. Leon went in. Crevel, seated at his bar, was talking in a low voice with Wilhelm, who, with his arms leaning on the chimney, was probably telling him some improper anecdotes, for the two men were laughing most heartily. The unforeseen arrival of the captain alone arrested the flow of their hilarity, and they exchanged a meaning glance which did not escape Leon.

"Still up!" the latter said.

"We were waiting for you, captain," Crevel answered.

"Thanks; but I would advise you to extinguish your lights, for people might be surprised at seeing them so late."

"That is quite true," said the landlord.

"Give me the key of the green-room," Leon continued. "I need rest, and I will throw myself on the bed for an hour."

Crevel and Wilhelm looked at each other again, and winked in a most peculiar way.

"Did you hear me?" Leon resumed.

"Oh, perfectly, captain," the landlord replied. "You can go up, the key is in the door."

"Very good; in that case, give me a light."

"You do not require it, for there is one in the room."

"Ah! now I see that you really did expect me."

"Eh, eh, I am not the only one."

"What do you mean?"

"I? Nothing, captain. Go up and you will see."

"See what?"

"I beg your pardon, captain, I forgot that it did not concern me, and that——"

"Come, Master Crevel, will you have finished soon or not? Of whom and of what are you speaking? Make haste and explain yourself."

"Why, of the little senorita up there—by the gods!"

"A woman in my room! Tell me, Wilhelm, do you know what Crevel is talking about?"

"Well, captain, you must know that—well—since——"

"Ah! I really believe that it would have been wiser to go upstairs and look for myself, you scoundrels."

And he prepared to ascend the stairs.

"Ah!" he said, turning round and ad-

After removing her bonds, he laid her on some sheepskins, thrown in a corner of the hut, which served him as a bed. Then he fetched a calabash of water and dashed the contents in her face, but Inez still remained motionless.

On seeing this, Diego bent down and devoted to her the greatest attention, in order to recal her to her senses; anxiously consulting her pulse, raising her in his arms, tapping her hands, and employing, in a word, all the means usual for restoring a fainting person. For a long time his efforts were sterile, and life seemed to have abandoned the poor girl for ever.

"Can she be dead?" Diego muttered.

And he began attending to her again. At length a sigh burst from Inez' bosom, she languishingly opened her eyes and uttered a few broken words in a faint voice. All at once she rose.

"Where am I?" she screamed.

Diego, without answering, fell back into a dark corner of the lodge, and fixed a serpent glance upon her.

"Where am I?" she repeated. "Maria! sister! how I am suffering! Oh, Heaven!"

Her memory gradually returned, and everything flooded back to her mind. Then a shudder of terror agitated all her limbs, her haggard eyes wandered around, and she perceived Diego.

"Oh, that man!" she said, as she hid her face in her hands. "I am lost! Great God, I am lost!"

Diego issued from his corner, and with his eye fixed on her, slowly advanced toward her. Fascinated by the half-breed's sparkling glance, she fell back step by step, with her arms stretched out, and displaying signs of the most violent terror.

"Leave me, leave me!" she murmured. She thus reached the walls of the hut, clung to the intertwined branches, and stood motionless, while still looking at her persecutor, who walked toward her with an ironical smile.

"Leave me!" she repeated, unable to offer Diego any other resistance but her tears and her despair. But he was not the man to be affected.

"Leave you!" he answered; "do you fancy that I brought you all this distance to restore you innocent and pure to those who are dear to you? Undeceive yourself; henceforth you belong to me, and you will not leave this spot till you have nothing left to refuse me."

"Oh, mother, mother!"

"Your mother is dead, and no one can come to your assistance—do you hear; no one?"

"In that case, kill me," Inez cried, as she threw herself at the half-breed's feet.

"No! it is your honour, not your life, that I must have."

"But what have I done to you? Great Heaven, I am only a poor girl, and you cannot be so cruel to me without a motive."

"No, you have done nothing to me, and I feel for you neither hatred nor love; but you are the daughter of General Soto-Mayor. Your family dishonoured mine, and you will be dishonoured to expiate the crimes of your relatives."

"Oh, that is frightful! You will not act thus, because you know very well that I am innocent."

"Your ancestor dishonoured the wife of my grandfather, and she has still to be avenged!"

"Mercy, mercy!"

"No! eye for eye, and tooth for tooth!—for you the shame, for me the vengeance!"

"In your mother's name, pity!"

"My mother!"

This word produced such an impression on the half-breed that he bounded with rage, and his face assumed a fresh expression of rage and fury.

"Ah, you speak to me of my mother! Mad girl! you do not know, then, that she found herself one day in the path of a Soto-Mayor, and that he brutally and cowardly plunged her into ignominy in order to satisfy a moment of brutal desire?"

"Oh, Heavens!" Inez sobbed.

"You do not know that while the poor woman was grovelling in despair at his feet, and imploring him, in the name of her God, to spare her, the villain laughed and caught her in his arms. Do you now understand why I forbid you invoking my mother's name?"

"Oh, I am lost!" Inez said, broken-hearted. "For the man who avenges himself on the child of his enemy has no heart."

"Yes, you are lost! But if you fancy that my revenge, in seizing you, has spared your father, you are mistaken, for he died by my hand."

"Woe! woe!" the girl shrieked, mad with grief.

"Yes, crushed by my blows, as I will crush all those of your race! No, you will not escape me! It is now your turn

to cry and groan—your turn to implore in vain."

And, with the howl of a wild beast, the Indian, whose eyes were bloodshot, and his mouth foaming, rushed frenziedly at Inez and hurled her back on the sheepskins. Then ensued a horrible and nameless struggle, in which the groans of the victim were mingled with the wild panting of the savage. Inez resisted with the violence of despair, but soon, crushed by the half-breed's grasp, she lay helpless, left to the mercy of the man who had sworn her dishonour.

* * * *

"Brother," said Long-Scalp, appearing in the doorway, "two Spanish chiefs, followed by several lanceros, have come to offer propositions of peace to the toqui of the twelve nations."

"Who are the chiefs?" Diego asked.

"General Don Pedro and Colonel Don Juan de Soto-Mayor," the Indian replied.

A smile of triumph played round the half-breed's lips.

"Let them come! let them come!" he said.

"Does my brother, Tahi-Mari, consent to receive them?"

"Yes," Diego continued, assuming his Indian stoicism. "My brother will assemble the great chiefs around the council-fire, and I will come thither."

Shounon Kouiretzi bowed and retired.

"The betrothed and the brother. They have arrived too late," Diego said, so soon as he was alone.

And he left the hut, in order to preside at the council. Inez was lying motionless on the couch of Tahi-Mari, the great chief of the Araucanos.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GREEN-ROOM.

AFTER wrapping himself carefully in his cloak, Leon pensively went along the streets leading to Crevel's inn. Diego's last words incessantly reverted to his mind, and he asked himself why the Indian had recommended him so eagerly to proceed to the posada. Another peculiarity, also, kept his mind on the rack; he had seen Diego take from the hands of the people waiting for him a large parcel which had all the appearance of a human body. He had also fancied that he heard a dull and plaintive groan from this bundle.

"What could it be?" Leon asked himself in vain.

At length he reached the Calle San Agostino. The door of Crevel's inn was ajar, and a bright light illumined the interior. Leon went in. Crevel, seated at his bar, was talking in a low voice with Wilhelm, who, with his arms leaning on the chimney, was probably telling him some improper anecdotes, for the two men were laughing most heartily. The unforeseen arrival of the captain alone arrested the flow of their hilarity, and they exchanged a meaning glance which did not escape Leon.

"Still up!" the latter said.

"We were waiting for you, captain," Crevel answered.

"Thanks; but I would advise you to extinguish your lights, for people might be surprised at seeing them so late."

"That is quite true," said the landlord.

"Give me the key of the green-room," Leon continued. "I need rest, and I will throw myself on the bed for an hour."

Crevel and Wilhelm looked at each other again, and winked in a most peculiar way.

"Did you hear me?" Leon resumed.

"Oh, perfectly, captain," the landlord replied. "You can go up, the key is in the door."

"Very good; in that case, give me a light."

"You do not require it, for there is one in the room."

"Ah! now I see that you really did expect me."

"Eh, eh, I am not the only one."

"What do you mean?"

"I? Nothing, captain. Go up and you will see."

"See what?"

"I beg your pardon, captain, I forgot that it did not concern me, and that——"

"Come, Master Crevel, will you have finished soon or not? Of whom and of what are you speaking? Make haste and explain yourself."

"Why, of the little senorita up there—by the gods!"

"A woman in my room! Tell me, Wilhelm, do you know what Crevel is talking about?"

"Well, captain, you must know that—well—since——"

"Ah! I really believe that it would have been wiser to go upstairs and look for myself, you scoundrels."

And he prepared to ascend the stairs.

"Ah!" he said, turning round and ad-

dressing Wilhelm; "do not stir from here without my orders, my boy, for I may want you."

"That is sufficient, captain."

Leon went out of the room, and, as he did so, heard the landlord, who was fastening his door, say to the German—

"The captain is a lucky fellow."

"That comes of being good-looking, Senor Crevel," the other replied.

More and more puzzled, the captain continued to ascend, and soon stood before the door of the green-room. Crevel had told the truth, the key was in it, and a light could be seen gleaming through the cracks. The greatest silence, however, prevailed inside. After a moment's hesitation, the young man turned the key and entered, but at the first step he took he stopped and uttered a cry of surprise.

A young lady, seated in a chair and dressed in the white garb of the novices of the Purissima Concepcion, was sobbing and hiding her face in her hands. At the captain's cry, the girl started and quickly raised her head—it was Maria de Soto-Mayor.

Leon dared not believe his eyes. Maria in the green-room! How did she happen to be here in the middle of the night? What could have happened? By what concourse of extraordinary events could she expect his coming? Wild with delight at this sudden apparition, the captain fell on his knees, murmuring—

"Oh, nina! bless you for being here."

And he tried to seize her hand and press it to his burning lips. Maria leaped out of the chair in which she was seated, and flashed at him a glance of supreme disdain.

"Whence, sir," she said, "do you derive the audacity to present yourself thus to me?"

"Senorita!" Leon said, surprised and discountenanced by Maria's hurried movement.

"Leave the room, sir," she continued, "and spare me at least the shame of listening to your remarks."

"Good Heaven!" Leon exclaimed, who began to suspect some infamous machination; "what have I done that you should treat me in this way?"

"You ask me what you have done? in truth, I do not know whether I am dreaming; would you learn it from me, then, and pretend not to know?"

"Oh, Maria! I am ignorant of the meaning of this: but on my mother's soul,

I swear that a thought of insulting you never crossed my mind."

"In that case, sir, how do you explain your unworthy conduct?"

"I do not know to what you are alluding."

"Your presence here, sir, is a sufficient proof that you expected to find me here, even if you thought proper to deny your share in the abominable scandal which you have caused. Ah, Leon! could I suppose that you would offer me this outrage by publicly dishonouring me?"

"Oh!" Leon exclaimed, "there is some infernal mystery in all this. Maria, once again I swear to you that your every word is an enigma, and I ask you how it comes that I find you in this inn-room when I believed you at the Convent of the Concepcion?"

Maria felt her convictions shaken by the accent of truth with which these words were imprinted: still, being unable to believe in the smuggler's innocence—so long as it seemed to her impossible that any other than he should have dreamed of tearing her from the convent—she resumed, though in certainly a milder tone—

"Listen, Leon. Up to this day I believed you a man full of honour and loyalty. Now, the action which you have committed is infamous; but tell me that it was suggested to you by some wicked creatures. Tell me that you have obeyed an evil inspiration, and though I could not forgive you, for you have ruined me, I would try to forget and pray Heaven to efface your image from my heart. For mercy's sake let us leave this den as quickly as possible, and do not prolong a captivity which covers me with infamy."

"Do you want to drive me mad! Good Heaven! what can have happened during the hour since I left prison?"

"Prison!"

"Yes, senorita, the day before yesterday, after the visit which I paid you in the general's company, I was arrested and taken to the Calabozo, whence I was released scarce an hour ago."

"Can that be true?"

"Yes, on my honour."

"But, in that case, on whose authority did the man act who entered the convent at the head of his bandits and carried me off by main force?"

"Oh, Heavens!" said Leon, "that man! Oh, I understand it all now. Tell me, Maria, did you recognise his features?"

"Stay—yes, yes, it was certainly he."

"Who?"

"Your friend who accompanied us on the journey to Valdivia."

"Diego!" Leon exclaimed.

"Yes, Diego."

"Oh, woe upon him, then!"

And seizing the bell-rope he rang violently. In about a quarter of an hour, Crevel thrust a startled face through the half-open door.

"Do you want anything, captain?"

"Yes; send up Wilhelm at once."

The banian disappeared. Leon, suffering from a furious agitation, walked up and down the room displaying all the signs of a passion on the point of exploding. His face was pale; his muscles were contracted, and his eyes flashed fire. Wilhelm came in. At the sight of him Maria gave a start of terror, but Leon reassured her.

"Fear nothing, senorita; you are under my protection."

The German understood that he had committed some folly.

"Wilhelm," Leon said to him, fixing on him a scrutinizing glance, "listen carefully to what I am going to say to you, and answer me."

"Very good, captain."

"Where did you go the day before yesterday, after my arrest?"

"To Rio Claro, to find the lieutenant."

"What did he say to you?"

"He told me that he wished to deliver you, and gave me the meeting for last night at ten o'clock."

"He came here? What next?"

"Next, captain," the German said, twisting his hat between his fingers.

"Well, it was——"

"Speak the truth; I insist on it."

"Well, the whole band was assembled."

"And what did you do?"

"Lieutenant Diego told us that you loved a novice in the convent of the Purissima Concepcion, that he had sworn to make her yours, and we must carry her off."

"And then?"

"Then he led us thither, and by his orders we carried off the senora and brought her here to Crevel's, while Diego went off with another girl."

"Another, do you say?"

"Oh, Heaven!" Maria exclaimed.

"But who was it? Will you answer?" Leon commanded him, with a rough shake.

"On my word, captain, it was Donna Inez, the sister of Donna Maria."

"Malediction!" Leon said, furiously.

"Oh, my sister!—my poor sister!"

"The infamous fellow!" the young man continued; "what frightful treachery! Henceforth all ties are broken between us. This, then, was the vengeance he coveted!"

Then, addressing the German, who was looking at him anxiously, he said—

"Wilhelm, there is not a moment to lose; assemble our men, and let them all be here within an hour."

"All right, captain."

And the German dashed down the stairs at a tremendous pace. Leon then turned to Maria, who was sobbing.

"Courage, senora. I cannot take you back to the convent, where you would no longer be in safety; but will you join your father at Santiago?"

"Do not abandon me, Leon, I implore you," she answered. "You alone can protect me. Oh, my poor sister!"

"If I cannot save her, I will avenge her in an exemplary manner."

The maiden no longer heard him. Absorbed in her grief, she dreamed of the fatality which had weighed on her ever since the day when her eyes first met Leon, and derived from them the love which was destined to change the calm life which she led at the convent into such terrible trials. Still, on seeing near her Leon—whose eagerness in lavishing attentions on her was incessant—she gave him a look of ineffable sweetness, while asking his forgiveness for having suspected him of complicity in the outrage of which she had been the victim.

"Maria," Leon said in reply, as he covered her hand with kisses, "do you not know that I would joyfully sacrifice my life at a sign from you?"

"Forgive me, Leon, for I should die if your love ceased to be as noble and pure as your heart."

"My love, Maria, is submissive to your wishes: it is the most fervent worship—the purifying flame."

"Leon, my sister is perhaps at this time abandoned defencelessly to the insults of her cowardly ravisher."

"Let me first restore you to your father, and then I will do all in my power to save your sister."

"What do I not owe you for so much devotion?"

"Have you not told me that you loved me?"

"Yes, Leon, I love you, and am proud of it."

"Oh, thanks!—thanks, Maria! God will bless our love, and I soon hope to tell your father of it. May he but approve of it."

"Does he not owe to you the life of his children? Oh, when I tell him how I love you, and how generous your conduct has been, be assured that he, too, will love you."

While the two young people were indulging in dreams of happiness and the future, Wilhelm was executing the captain's orders, and Crevel's posada was again filled by the members of the band. An hour had not elapsed when he came to tell Leon that everything was ready for departure.

"In that case," Leon said to him, "all you have to do is to select the best horse you can find in the landlord's corral, and get it ready for Senorita Maria."

"All right, captain," Wilhelm answered, who knew no phrase better fitted to display his obedience than the one which he habitually used.

"All along the road to Santiago you and Joaquin will keep constantly by her side, and watch her carefully so that no accident may happen to her. Do you understand?"

"Yes, captain."

"In that case make haste, and here is something to hasten your movements," Leon continued, taking from his pocket some onzas and handing them to the German.

"Thanks, captain. You can come down with the nina whenever you like, for we shall be ready in a moment."

Very shortly after, in truth, Wilhelm was standing before the inn door, holding two horses—one for Leon, the other for Maria. When left alone with the latter, the captain took from under his cloak a large black manta, which he threw over the young lady's shoulders, and pulled the hood over her face.

"Now," he said to her, "let us go."

"I follow you," Maria answered.

Leaning on the young man's arm, she cautiously descended the stairs, and found herself in the midst of the smugglers who had invaded the convent. But, knowing that she was in perfect safety by Leon's side, she manifested neither surprise nor fear. Assisted by him, she mounted her horse, seized the reins, and placed herself resolutely in the first rank between Wilhelm and Joaquin.

The captain, after giving a final glance at his band, to assure himself that everything was in order, leapt upon the back of his mustang, and gave the order to start. The smugglers then proceeded at a sharp trot across the Almendral in order to reach the Santiago road.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONFESSION.

GENERAL SOTO-MAYOR had been hurriedly raised by the volunteers, whom the report of the two pistol shots had attracted to his room, a surgeon attached to the reinforcing column was summoned, and hastened to dress the old gentleman's frightful wounds. The terrible pain which the scalping caused him, and the immense quantity of blood he had lost, had plunged him into a profound fainting fit, from which it seemed impossible for him to recover. Upwards of three hours passed before he gave any signs of life. At length a faint sigh issued from his oppressed chest: he made a slight movement, his eyes opened slightly, and he muttered, in a low and broken voice—

"Something to drink."

A servant brought him a bowl filled with a potion prepared by the doctor.

"Oh!" he said, a moment after, "my head is burning; what frightful pain!"

The surgeon begged him to be silent, administered a second potion, and a few minutes after the patient's eyes closed. He had fallen asleep.

"That is what I wanted," the surgeon said, as he felt his pulse and looked at him attentively.

"Well, doctor," an officer asked, "what do you think of the general's state?"

"I cannot say anything about it yet, gentlemen," he answered, addressing the persons who surrounded the old gentleman's bed; "his wounds are very serious, and yet I do not believe them mortal. We have numerous examples of scalped persons who have been perfectly cured. Hence it is not the wound on the head that alarms me the most, although it is the most painful. To-morrow, as soon as I have removed the bandages, I shall be able to tell you what we have to fear or hope. Now, be kind enough to withdraw; thanks to the potion, the general is enjoying a calm sleep, but the slightest noise might disturb him. I will instal myself at his bedside, and not stir till he is either dead or saved."

Upon this the doctor dismissed all the persons who filled the room, drew an arm-chair up to the bed, sat down in it in the most comfortable posture, took a book from his pocket, and prepared to spend the night as well as he could in reading. The peons accompanying the general, on seeing their master in so pitiable a state, unloaded the baggage and carried it into the casa. Then each resumed possession of his lodging, while congratulating himself in his heart at being no longer compelled to expose himself to the dangers of war.

After the misfortune which occurred to the general, the officer who took the command of the volunteers in his place, sent out heavy patrols in all directions in pursuit of the Indians; but their search had no result, and they returned one after the other without discovering the slightest sign which could put them on the track of the assassins. They were, therefore, obliged to give up for the present all thoughts of taking vengeance for the odious attack which had been committed on the person of General Soto-Mayor.

Still this affair exerted a salutary influence over the mind of the volunteers. At the sight of so terrible a fact as the one which had just occurred, they understood how necessary prudence was when engaged with enemies so invisible and formidable as the Indians. They, therefore, began subjecting themselves to the claims of discipline. In consequence, they ceased their cries and songs, and fulfilled their military duties much more seriously than they had hitherto done.

The rest of the night passed away calmly and peaceably, and with the exception of two or three false alarms which the sentries in their inexperience gave, nothing happened to disturb the tranquillity of the volunteers encamped under the walls of the Casa de Campos. At sunrise, when the country illumined by the hot beams had lost the sinister and gloomy aspect which darkness imparted to it, the Chilians who, without confessing it, had been in a state of real terror, gradually regained courage and recommenced their gasconade, though it was moderated by the recollections of the night.

At about eight in the morning the general woke up, and though he was very low and his weakness was extreme, the long sleep which he had enjoyed seemed to have greatly relieved his sufferings. The doctor, after carefully counting his pulse, began removing the ban-

dages which he had placed. The appearance of the wounds was excellent; the flesh offered no extraordinary signs of inflammation—in a word, the patient was going on as well as could be expected. The wounds were washed, fresh bandages put on, and another potion made the general fall back almost immediately into the lethargic sleep from which he had roused himself.

When mid-day came, the suppurating fever set in with great intensity. The old man uttered inarticulate cries, made fearful efforts to leap out of bed, and talked with extraordinary vivacity, making unconnected remarks, whose meaning it was impossible to understand. The names of Diego, of Tahi-Mari, and of the different members of his family incessantly returned. The general was evidently suffering from some horrible delirium aroused by the terrible scene of which he had been the victim on the previous evening. Four powerful men were scarce sufficient to keep him down in his bed.

From three to four o'clock in the afternoon an improvement took place; the fever relaxed, the sick man's eyes lost that frightful stare and expression of wildness which terrified his attendants. He recognised his domestics, the doctor waiting on him, and even the officers who surrounded him. Everything led to the hope that the general would be saved; such at least was the opinion of the surgeon, who expressed it loudly.

At about six o'clock, the officers whom the general had despatched to Santiago, returned to the country-house, bearing the instructions of the president of the Republic. The officer who commanded the expedition in the general's place, opened and read them. They were formal.

The president gave orders to General Soto-Mayor to proceed by forced marches on the capital, which was in the greatest peril: he added that he could send him no officers, in spite of his urgent request, and concluded by requesting the general to read the despatch to the soldiers, in order to make them understand how much he reckoned on their patriotism in answering the appeal of the menaced country.

The officer intrusted with the interim command obeyed the orders which he received. He assembled the troops, read to them in a loud voice the contents of the despatch, and made them a short speech, in which, while exalting the power-

ful help which they might afford to the inhabitants of Santiago, he asked whether he could really reckon on them. A universal and enthusiastic outburst was the response to the general's speech, and immediate preparations were made for the departure.

The commandant—who did not wish to abandon General Soto-Mayor defencelessly in his house, which was open to all comers, and might at any moment be invaded by the Indians—chose from among his volunteers fifty men, to whom he entrusted the defence of the casa, after exhorting them to behave properly, and placing them under the command of an alfez. Then, this duty fulfilled, he took leave of the surgeon, after recommending him to neglect nothing in restoring the general's health, and took the road to Santiago at the head of his volunteers.

The night passed without any incidents worthy of record. The men left in charge of the house had closed the gates and had entrenched themselves in the interior. Toward morning they heard the sound of a horse galloping at full speed. They had scarce time to notice the rider, who departed rapidly, after halting for an instant before the house. Some inarticulate sounds reached the ears of the sentries, but before the latter could think of challenging, horse and rider were a long distance off. It was Diego returning to Santiago with his victim.

The general's state was satisfactory; the fever had considerably decreased, the wounds continued to offer the most favourable aspect, and with the exception of the atrocious sufferings he felt in his head, the old gentleman had regained a little calmness. Suddenly a loud sound of horses was heard on the road, and a servant hastened into the sick man's chamber, announcing that Captain Leon Delbès had just arrived, and had important news to communicate to the general. The surgeon tried to oppose the interview which Leon requested, alleging that his patient needed absolute repose; but, on the repeated entreaties

of the latter, he was obliged to consent, though resolved to put a stop to it whenever he thought it advisable.

The captain, as we know, had left Valparaiso in the company of Maria, with the intention of proceeding under the escort of his band to Santiago, where he expected to find the general. But, while passing in front of the country-house, he was astonished at seeing the gates open, and a picket of lanceros in the courtyard. Not knowing to what to attribute the warlike appearance which this peaceful mansion had assumed, he halted his band and went up to the gate for the purpose of inquiring. The old man-servant, who had been left as guardian, and had admitted his master two days previously, was at this very moment occupied in front of the house, and Leon questioned him.

The worthy man then told him in the fullest details the assassination attempted on the person of his master, and the hopeless efforts which had been made to discover the perpetrators. On listening to this narrative, the captain trembled and guessed at once that Diego must have passed that way. In truth he was the only man he knew capable of committing a similar crime and surrounding it with such mystery. Moreover, the project of vengeance which Diego nourished against the Soto-Mayor family sufficiently indicated him to Leon for the latter to entertain no doubt as to his guilt.

Locking up in his bosom the feeling of horror which the half-breed's deed inspired him with, the captain returned to Maria to announce to her that her father, rather seriously wounded, was at the moment at the Casa de Campos, and hence it was unnecessary to go further, and if she saw no inconvenience, he would at once place her in his hands. The young lady who, in following Leon, had no other object but to join her father and place herself under his protection, begged to be at once led to him. But, on Leon remarking that her unexpected presence might be fatal to the general, by causing him too lively an emotion, she consented that Leon should warn him first.

(To be continued.)

MEDICAL POWERS OF MUSIC.

THE powerful influence of music on our intellectual faculties, and consequently on our health, has long been ascertained, either in raising the energies of the mind, or producing despondency and melancholy associations of ideas. Impressed with its sublime nature, the ancients gave it a divine origin. Diodorus tells us that it was a boon bestowed on mankind after the deluge, and owed its discovery to the sound produced by the wind when whistling through the reeds that grew on the banks of the Nile. This science became the early study of philosophers and physicians. Herophilus explained the alterations of the pulse by the various modes and rhythms of music. In the sacred writings we have many instances of its influence in producing an aptitude for divine consolation. The derangement of Saul yielded to the harp of David, and the hand of the Lord came upon Elisha as the minstrel played. In Egypt certain songs were legally ordained in the education of youth, to promote virtue and morality. Polybius assures us that music was required to soften the manners of the Arcadians, whose climate was heavy and impure; while the inhabitants of Cynæthe, who neglected this science, were the most barbarous in Greece. The medical power of harmonious sounds was also fully admitted. We find Pythagoras directing certain mental disorders to be treated by music. Thales, called from Crete to Sparta, cured a disastrous pestilence by its means. Martinus Capella affirms that fevers were thus removed. Xenocrates cured maniacs by melodious sounds, and Asclepiades conquered deafness with a trumpet. In modern times it has been related of a deaf lady that she could only hear while a drum was beating, and a drummer was kept in the house for the purpose of enabling her to converse. Aulus Gellius tells us that a case of sciatica was cured by gentle modulations, and Theophrastus maintains that the bites of serpents and other venomous reptiles can be relieved by similar means. Ancient physicians, who attributed many diseases to the influence of evil spirits, fancied that harmonious sounds drove them away, more especially when accompanied by incantations; and we find in Luther, "that music is one of

the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy."

In more modern times we have several instances of the medical powers of music, and the effect produced by Farinelli on Philip of Spain is well known. This monarch was in such a deplorable state of despondency from ill health, that he refused to be shaved or to appear in public. On the arrival of Farinelli, the queen was resolved to try the power of music, and a concert was ordered in a room adjoining the king's chamber: Farinelli sang two of his best airs, which so overcame Philip that he desired he might be brought into his presence, when he promised to grant him any reasonable request he might make. The performer, in the most respectful manner, then begged of the king to allow himself to be shaved and attended by his domestics, to which Philip consented. Farinelli continued to sing to him daily until a perfect cure was effected.—The story of Tartini is rather curious: in a moment of musical enthusiasm he fell asleep, when the devil appeared to him playing on the violin, bidding him with a horrible grin to play as well as he did; struck with the vision, the musician awoke, ran to his harpsichord, and produced the splendid sonata, which he entitled "The Devil's." Brückman, and Hufeland relate cases of St. Vitus's dance cured by music, which, according to Desessarts, also relieved catalepsy. Schneider and Becker have ascertained its influence in hysteric and hypochondriac affections.

A singular effect of music is related by Roger, in the case of a poor wretch broken upon the wheel. In his agonies he blasphemed in the most fearful manner, and cordially damned the spiritual comforter who sought to reconcile him to his sufferings. Some itinerant musicians chanced to pass by, they were stopped by the priest and requested to play to the patient, when, to the surprise of all around, he seemed relieved, and became so tranquil that he attended with calm resignation to their exhortations, confessed his manifold offences, and died like a good Christian.

Rousseau, who entertained a sovereign contempt for French music, observes, that the *Cantates* of Bernier cured the

fever of a French musician, while they most probably would have given a fever to a musician of any other country.

This remark of Rousseau reminds me of the French philosophical traveller (I believe it was Diderot), who, on his journey to London from Dover, while horses were changing, had the curiosity to see a sick ostler with a raging fever attended by a country practitioner, who, despairing most probably of his patient, said, that he might be allowed to eat anything he wished for. The man asked for a red-herring, which was forthwith given to him. Our tourist, generalizing like most of his brethren, immediately noted in his diary—*English physicians allow red-herrings to fever patients.*

Some months after he changed horses at the same inn, and asked how long the unfortunate creature had survived his herring, when, to his utter surprise, he was informed that the hale, hearty fellow who was bringing out the relays was the very man. He of course pulled out his journal, and entered—*Red-herrings cure the fever of Englishmen!*

Our traveller crossed over, and having accidentally seen in a French inn a poor devil whose case appeared to him similar to the sturdy ostler, he ventured to prescribe a similar remedy, which the patient only survived an hour or two; when his death was announced, he philosophically shrugged up his shoulders, and wrote in his book—

Though red-herrings cure fevers in England, they most decidedly kill in France.

Mad musicians seem to be more mad than others. We, however, frequently meet with lunatics who, although they have no remembrance of the past circumstances of their life, recollect and perform airs which they had formerly played.

Various well-authenticated cases lead us to suppose, that a sensibility to music long latent may be called into action by accidental circumstances. A case is on record of a countrywoman, twenty-eight years of age, who had never left her village, but was, by mere chance, present at a *fête* where a concert was performed, and dancing to a full band afterwards followed. She was delighted with the novelty of the scene; but, the *fête* concluded, she could not dismiss from her mind the impression the music had produced. Whether she was at her meals, her devotions, her daily occupation, or in her bed—still, or moving about—the airs

she had heard, and in the succession in which they had been performed, were ever present to her recollection. To sleep she became a stranger—every function became gradually deranged, and six short months terminated her existence, not having for one moment lost this strange sensation; and during this sad period, when any false note on the violin was purposely drawn, she would hold her head with both hands, and exclaim, “Oh! what a horrible note! it tears my brain!”

Sir Henry Hallford relates the case of a man in Yorkshire, who after severe misfortunes lost his senses, and was placed in a lunatic asylum. There, in a short time, the use of the violin gradually restored him to his intellects; so promptly, indeed, that six weeks after the experiment, on hearing the inmates of the establishment passing by, he said, “Good morning, gentlemen; I am quite well, and shall be most happy to accompany you.”

Curious anecdotes are related of the effect of music upon animals. Marville has given the following amusing account of his experiments:—“While a man was playing on a trump-marine, I made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, some cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard under the window; the cat was not the least affected; the horse stopped short from time to time, raising his head up now and then as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind-legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing at us, went forward; some little birds that were in an aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens, who were solely employed in scraping a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that the trump-marine afforded them pleasure.” That dogs have an ear for music cannot be doubted: Steibelt had one which evidently knew one piece of music from the other: and a modern composer, my friend, Mr. Nathan, had a pug-dog that frisked merrily about the room when a lively piece was played, but when a slow melody was performed, he would seat himself

down by the piano, and prick up his ears with intense attention until the player came to the forty-eighth bar; as the discord was struck, he would yell most piteously, and with drooping tail seek refuge from the unpleasant sound under the chairs or tables.*

Eastcot relates that a hare left her retreat to listen to some choristers who were singing on the banks of the Mersey, retiring whenever they ceased singing, and reappearing as they recommenced their strains. Bossuet asserts, that an officer confined in the Bastile drew forth mice and spiders to beguile his solitude with his flute; and a mountebank in Paris had taught rats to dance on the rope in perfect time. Chateaubriand states as a positive fact, that he has seen the rattlesnakes in Upper Canada appeased by a musician; and the concert given in Paris to two elephants in the Jardin des Plantes leaves no doubt in regard to the effect of harmony on the brute creation. Every instrument seemed to operate distinctly as the several modes of the pieces were slow or lively, until the excitement of these intelligent creatures had been carried to such an extent that further experiments were deemed dangerous.

The associations produced by national airs, and illustrated by the effect of the *Rans des Vaches* upon the Swiss, are too well known to be related; and the *mal de pays*, or *nostalgia*, is an affection aggravated by the fond airs of infancy and youth during the sad hours of emigration, when the aching heart lingers after home and early ties of friendship and of love. It is somewhat singular, but this disease is frequent among soldiers in countries where they are forcibly made to march: but is seldom, if ever, observed in the fair sex, who most probably seek for admiration in every clime, and are reconciled by flattery to any region.

The whims of musical composers have often been most singular; Gluck composed in a garden, quaffing champagne; Sarti, in a dark room; Paesiello, in his bed; Sacchini, with a favourite cat perched upon each shoulder. The extraordinary fancies of Kutzwar, composer of the "Battle of Prague," are too well known, and led to his melancholy but unpitied end.

Great as the repute of the most popu-

* Much curious matter will be found in Mr. Nathan's valuable work upon music, entitled *Musurgia Vocalis*.

lar musical performers, whether vocal or instrumental, in the present day may be, and enormous as their remuneration may seem, the ancients were more profuse in their generosity to musicians and the factors of musical instruments. Plutarch, in his life of Isocrates, tells us that he was the son of Theodorus, a flute-maker, who had realized so large a fortune by his business, that he was able to vie with the richest Athenian citizens in keeping up the chorus for his tribe at festivals and religious ceremonies. Ismenias, the celebrated musician of Thebes, gave three talents, or 581*l.* 5*s.* for a flute. The extravagance of this performer was so great, that Pliny informs us he was indignant at one of his agents for having purchased a valuable emerald for him at Cyprus at too low a price, adding, that by his penurious conduct he had disgraced the gem. The vanity of artists in those days appears to have been similar to the present pretensions of many public favourites. Plutarch relates of this same Ismenias, that being sent for to play at a sacrifice, and having performed for some time without the appearance of any favourable omen in the victim, his employer snatched the instrument out of his hand, and began to play himself most execrably. However, the happy omen appeared, when the delighted bungler exclaimed that the gods preferred his execution and taste. Ismenias cast upon him a smile of contempt, and replied, "While *I* played, the gods were so enchanted that they deferred the omen to hear me the longer; but they were glad to get rid of *you* upon my terms." This was nearly as absurd as the boast of Vestris, the Parisian dancer, who, on being complimented on his powers of remaining long in the air, replied, "that he could figure in the air for half an hour, did he not fear to create jealousy among his comrades."

Amœbæus, the harper, according to Athenæus, used to receive an Attic talent of 193*l.* 15*s.* for each performance. The beautiful Lamia, the most celebrated female flute-player, had a temple dedicated to her under the name of Venus Lamia. The *Tibicinæ*, or female flute-players, who formed collegiate bodies, were as celebrated for their talent and their charms, as for their licentiousness and extravagance. Their performances were forbidden by the Theodosian code, but with little success; since Procopius informs us that, in the time of Justinian,

the sister of the Empress Theodora, who was a renowned amateur *tibicina*, appeared on the stage without any other dress than a slight and transparent scarf.

In the early ages of Christianity, the power of music in adding to religious solemnity was fully appreciated, and many of the fathers and most distinguished prelates cultivated the auxiliary science. St. Gregory expressly sent over Augustine, the monk, with some singers, who entered the city of Canterbury singing a litany in the Gregorian chant, which extended the number of the four tones of St. Ambrose to eight. A school for church music was established at Canterbury; and it was also taught in the diocese of Durham and Weremouth. St. Dunstan was a celebrated musician, and was accused of having invented a most wonderful magic harp; it was, perhaps, to prove that the accusation was false that he took the devil by the nose with a pair of tongs. This ingenious saint is said to be the inventor of organs, one of which he bestowed on the abbey of Malmesbury. It appears, however, that instruments resembling the organ were known as early as 364, and were described in a Greek epigram attributed to Julian the Apostate, in which he says, "I beheld reeds of a new species, the growth of

each other, and a brazen soil; such as are not agitated by winds, but by a blast that rushes from a leathern cavern beneath their roots; while a robust mortal, running with swift fingers over the concordant keys, makes them, as they smoothly dance, emit melodious sounds."

The influence of music on the fair sex has long been acknowledged, and this advantage has proved fatal to some artists who had recourse to its fascinating powers; Mark Smeaton was involved in the misfortunes of Anne Boleyn; Thomas Abel, who taught harmony to Catherine, met with a similar fate; and David Rizzio was not more fortunate. They were, perhaps, too much impressed with the ideas of Cloten: "I am advis'd to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate."

It is worthy of remark, that no woman was ever known to excel in musical composition, however brilliant her instrumental execution might have been. The same observation has been made in regard to logical disquisitions. To what are we to attribute this exception?—are we to consider these delightful tormentors as essentially unharmonious and illogical? We leave this important question to phrenologists.

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

NEAR the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and, it might be safely added, nor devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighbourhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as old Bradley." One night, toward the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil plying his labours, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a vigorous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and, sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated—

"In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming—

"We've treed him at last! There he is!—seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order, but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed—

"Back! Touch him not: or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy!—an abolitionist hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know that you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"*Sus-pect-ed!* Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, of adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to no North!" he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without farther trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference."

"Not as long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then, pointing toward the door, he continued, "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke he again raised the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanour of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back in the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed—

"Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once!"

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night."

"To-night!"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop, and hurriedly said—

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?" Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and, in a sympathizing tone, continued, "Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just passed her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's house and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and, in a mild but firm tone, said—

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time is to be lost. The bloodhounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said—

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off in a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while other were cleaning their rifles and fowling-pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee Union regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home two of the party prepared to accompany her; but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat

surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go into the shop she thought she could hear the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, a waggon, containing two persons, drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five-and-twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanour of the girl, he continued, "Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"They have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, she exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this the other person in the waggon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like much to leave you, but den I'se like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valour. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay! fight to the death?"

"I'se fight for yous any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the ever-living God, that, if you falter or

shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling. "An' I hope that Gor Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you through fire and water and ebery ting!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master; then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene, he continued, "Now, Mattie, you get in the waggon, and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee. The committee met in a long room on the ground-floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival he was placed before the chairman for examination. The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harbouring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act you know is death. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I say that it is a lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peters's church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no!"

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who makes it is a villain!"

"I accuse him with being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union—I am still for the Union—and will be for the Union as long as life lasts!"

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast, but before he could make the fatal plunge a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; while at the same instant another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates

of the room were panic-stricken. In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a waggon, and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriot fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tear coursed down his furrowed cheek. He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his only child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the

parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State it will be necessary, in these troublous times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted-down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and, as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee!"

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THE magnificent character of this august edifice, in its combination of style, calls to mind memories of the Crusaders, as well as the Byzantine age of its erection. The convents that cluster round it, as if under its sacred shelter, add to its impressive majesty by increase of area, and to its picturesqueness by their harmonious irregularity. Constantine's mother, the Empress Helena, built the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It has been fired and ravaged, but not destroyed; and though restored and in some parts rebuilt by the Crusaders and other Christians, ancient or otherwise, retains its ancient form. When Jerusalem last fell under the Muhammadan yoke, the Syrian Christians ransomed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with a considerable sum, and monks repaired thither to defend with their prayers a spot entrusted in vain to the arms of kings. It is said that, within three centuries of our Lord's sacrifice, the Christians obtained permission to build, or rather rebuild, a church over the Tomb, and to enclose in the new City the spot venerated by the Christians. The places were afterwards profaned, but recovered and restored by the Princess Helena. The letter of Constantine the Emperor, to Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, is still extant, in which he commands him to erect a church on the place where the great mystery of Salvation was accomplished. Coming into the court we observe the pavement—worn under the feet of innumerable pilgrims—the high tower, the Saracenic arches of the windows and the entrance, as well as the ruins of pillars of Byzantine architecture. This court is paved with the common flag-stone of Jerusalem, and is about ninety feet long by seventy wide. The two ample doorways are elaborately ornamented, but the whole is greatly dilapidated. The tower on the west has a grand effect: there are now but two stories, and the ruins of a third, but there were once five. The under story is the Chapel of St. John; south of it is that of Mary Magdalene, and adjoining this is the Chapel of St. James; connected with it and facing the western side of the court, is a range of chapels; the apse, or semicircular opening behind the altar (by which the priest passes to prepare the Host), appearing externally as buttresses. The whole is a vast and beautiful monument of the Byzantine age,

of an architecture severe, solemn, grand, and rich. The monument appears, if not worthy of the Tomb of the Son of Man, certainly of those whose wish has been to do it honour. The small mosque which faces this magnificent edifice was built by Omar, when, after conquering the city, he came to offer his prayer at the Holy Tomb. But a difficulty arose in the generous mind of the pious Chief of the Faithful. The act of his kneeling there would immediately, according to usage, have converted the whole building into a mosque, and so deprive the Christians of their most cherished monument. Desirous, withal, of not passing the Tomb of the Prophet Jesus without offering up his thanks for the victory he had obtained, Omar ordered the place on which this mosque stands to be cleared of the filth and ruins which encumbered it, and, prostrating himself there, addressed a *namaz*, or prayer, to the Eternal, of which the mosque itself was, subsequently, erected in commemoration. The property in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is vested in the Sultan, as a means of ensuring free and joint access to all communities of the Christians and Turks; whose representatives, resident on the spot, would otherwise, as they too often do even now, profane it by their indecent quarrels. Even now, Turks and Christians alike unanimously refuse admission to the Jew, who, as a descendant of the Saviour's murderers, would enter at the sure peril of his life. The key is in the hands of the governor of the city. The door is opened only at fixed hours, and then only with the consent of the three convents, Armenian, Latin, and Greek. The rush of pilgrims this day is something tremendous: we have some difficulty in pushing our way through the motley throng. Every man of any sensibility must feel affected at the sight of so many people of all nations, thus pressing to the tomb of Christ the Saviour of all, and at hearing prayers offered up to Him in so many different languages, here on the very spot where the Holy Spirit gave to twelve humble men, the Apostles of God, the gift of speaking in all the tongues of the earth.

With this serious and solemn impression we enter the nave, passing the Turkish guard, who, sitting on a divan, in the western entrance, have their coffee

cups and pipes placed before them on the carpet. Pilgrims, travellers, and visitors of every hue and dye of the Frank order, are expected, if not required, to make bare both head and foot on entering any of the sacred localities of the Holy City, whether Jesuit, Moslem, or Christian; and at the Holy Sepulchre the visitor is expected to doff his shoes as well as his hat: nor must you cross your hands behind your back, or show the slightest gesture of "taking it easy," or longing disrespect—if such vulgarity of mind could by possibility display itself within such precincts, or in the presence of such memories. We see, at once, on issuing from the vestibule, that we are in the first of the three churches that constitute the great whole, and that the Church of Calvary, the first we enter, is built in the form of a cross, the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre constituting, in fact, the nave of the edifice. We stand at once under the large cupola of the dome. This grand rotunda is most striking and impressive. It rises to a height of about one hundred feet, and the circular opening at the top, for light, is about fifteen feet in diameter. We have to observe that, to the shame of Christendom, the roof is out of repair, for the covering of lead has been torn off by the wind, and there is a contest for the right of repairing it. Sixteen marble columns adorn the circumference of this rotunda. they are connected by seventeen arches, and support an upper gallery, likewise composed of sixteen columns and seventeen arches, of smaller dimensions than those of the lower range. Niches corresponding with the arches appear above the frieze of the second gallery, and the dome springs from the arches of these niches. The pictures of the twelve apostles, St. Helena and the Emperor Constantine, with some other portraits, unknown, that once adorned these niches, were destroyed by the fire in 1808. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands at the foot of Calvary, its eastern front adjoins that eminence, beneath and upon which are the two other churches connected with it by courts and staircases.

We have omitted to mention that in this original dome were large beams of the cedars of Lebanon destroyed by the fire of 1808, and impossible to be replaced. The Cedar of the Bible is now confined to one locality. The celebrated Cedars of Lebanon are situated high up in the mountains, ten hours (or about twenty-eight miles) south east from Tri-

poli. Besherrah is directly west in the romantic gorge of the Khadisha, two thousand feet below them, and Euden is three hours distant on the road to Tripoli. In no other part of Syria are the mountains so alpine, the proportions so gigantic, the ravines so profound and awful. The platform on which they stand is more than six thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and around it are gathered the very tallest and grayest heads of Lebanon. The forest is not large, not more than five hundred trees, great and small, grouped irregularly on the sides of shallow ravines which mark the birth of the Khadisha river. A night among the cedars is never forgotten—beneath the giant arms of these old patriarchs there comes a solemn hush upon the soul. Some of the trees are struck down by lightning, broken by enormous loads of snow, or torn to fragments by tempests. There is a complete gradation from old to young—young trees are constantly springing up from the roots of old ones and from seeds of ripe cones. The girth of the largest is more than forty-two feet: the height of the highest may be one hundred. These largest, however, part into two or three only a few feet from the ground. Their age is very uncertain; judging from what are called the *growths* or annual concentric circles, the birth of some of them may be carried back three thousand five hundred years. They are carved full of names and dates, and the growth since the earliest date has been almost nothing. At this rate of increase they must have been growing ever since the Flood!

Of this fire referred to the following account is given by an eye-witness:—"The heat was so excessive, that the marble columns which surrounded the circular building, in the centre of which stood the sacred grotto, were completely pulverised. The lamps and chandeliers, with the other vessels of the Church—brass, and silver, and gold—were melted like wax; the molten lead from the immense dome, which crowned the Holy Sepulchre, poured down in torrents; the Chapel erected by the Crusaders on the top of the monolith was entirely consumed; half the ornamental hangings in the ante-chapel of the Angel were scorched; but the cave itself, though deluged with a shower of lead and buried in a mountain of fire, received not the slightest injury internally; the silk hangings and the painting of the Resurrection

remaining, in the midst of the volcanic eruption, unscathed by flame, the smell of fire not having passed upon them."

The Greek church opens from the Rotunda, and is in a line with it, though separated by a partition of painted wood hung with pictures, and singularly profuse with ornaments of every description. It is a gorgeous affair, blazing with gold quite up to the dome. It has a high altar at the east end, and wide transepts at the west, and is about a hundred feet from west to east, and the same from north to south. The dark-looking chapel of the Latins, opening from the north-east, will not sustain a comparison with the gorgeous glitter of the Greeks; nevertheless, these churches altogether do not fail to create a solemn and impressive feeling. Erected as they are on an unequal surface, illumined by a multitude of lamps, a sombre, dim, religious light pervades the whole, and is singularly mysterious. Priests of the different divisions of Christianity are seen moving about the building. From the arches above, from the chapels below, and subterranean vaults, their songs are heard; the organ of the Latin fathers, the cymbals of the Abyssinian priest, or the plaintive accents of the Coptic friar, alternately or at once assail the ear. You inhale the perfume of incense all around, and merely perceive the pontiff—who is going to celebrate the most awful of mysteries on the very spot where they were accomplished—pass quickly by, glide behind the columns, and vanish in the gloom of the sanctuary.

There are some seventy "stations" within, and connected with this mass of buildings, and a visit to them all is no light achievement. The whole pile of edifices is three hundred and fifty feet long from St. Joseph's sepulchre, within the aisle on the west of the Rotunda, down to the extremity of the Chapel of the "Invention" on the east, and it is not less than two hundred and eighty feet to the north side of the apartments belonging to the Latins. We will, therefore, for the sake of a more lucid order in visiting the shrines, resume our footsteps in the procession of Our Lord towards Calvary, and pass through the localities of the last impressive scenes described in the Evangelists. We enter the Latin Chapel, and cross it to where, at the right hand, is the Altar of the Scourging, where, through an iron railing, is a portion of the pillar to which the Saviour was attached while

flogged by the soldiers in Pilate's courtyard. There are pilgrims here, like the curious country folks who, when they visit London exhibitions, desire to touch everything. For these is provided a long stick, with a handle outside, which the pilgrim thrusts in to touch the pillar, and then draws out to kiss the point, made sacred, as he supposes, by the contact. Passing hence, to the extreme of the left nave, we enter a small vaulted chapel—seven feet long and six wide—called the Chapel of the Bonds, where Our Lord was confined pending the preparations for his crucifixion. This chapel is on the opposite side to Mount Calvary. In the circular cave adjoining is the shrine of St. Longinus, the Jewish soldier who pierced Our Lord's side after death. Here he retired after the deed, and reflecting on what he had seen, received the inspiration of his new faith. In this chapel the inscription on the Cross is said to have been long preserved. Very close to this is the "Chapel of the Division of Garments," five paces long and three broad, standing on the very spot where Jesus was stripped by the soldiers before he was nailed to the Cross, where they mocked him, cast lots for his apparel, and divided it among them (John xix. 23). This is called the "Tenth Station." Leaving this chapel, and turning to the left as we come out of it, we find a great staircase pierced through the wall—(on the other side of this opening is the small "Chapel of the Mocking")—and, diving down, dark and mysteriously, into a kind of cellar dug out of the rock, pass by a flight of thirty broad stairs down to a most striking spot, on the left. This is the Chapel of St. Helena, a large chamber, nearly a square, of eighteen paces, with a small cupola in the centre, having four small windows, that admit a dim light. The cupola springs from arches supported by four short Byzantine pillars, with ponderous but picturesque capitals. Strings of ostrich eggs, suspended from pillar to pillar, and a few silver lamps, are the only ornaments. The pavement is broken and rugged. Here the Empress Helena offered up her prayers, and here is the marble chair on which she sat and watched the workmen digging for the True Cross. Lower and lower we descend, by thirteen steps, into the subterranean cave. This is covered with red tapestry, and a marble slab, bearing on it a figure of the Cross, closes up the mouth of the pit from which

the venerated relics of the True Cross were dug out, "together with the nails," the crown of thorns, and the head of the spear, after lying buried in this place upwards of three hundred years.

There are but few lights here—the scene is solemn and impressive: what wonder that the o'er-wrought feelings of enthusiastic pilgrims have regarded even the moisture exuding from the heart of the rock as tears wept for sorrow at Our Lord's sufferings! It is affirmed that the True Cross on which the Saviour had suffered was brought to light and verified under the following circumstances. The Empress Helena, on making a pilgrimage to the Holy City, having by divine direction and guidance at last discovered the Sepulchre, was much perplexed by three crosses, a tablet, and some nails close by. The tablet, however, not being in connexion with either of the crosses, it was still uncertain which was the true Cross. But Bishop Marcarius happily suggested an expedient by which their harassing doubts were immediately relieved, and the perplexing question at once and for ever settled infallibly. The three crosses were successively presented before a noble lady of the Holy City that lay hopelessly sick. The first exhibited produced no effect whatever; neither did the second; but no sooner was the third one placed near her, than she sprang up perfectly restored.

Returning up the double flight of steps, emerging from the sombre cavern to the still dim light of St. Helena's chapel, into the fuller twilight, as it then looked to us, of the great church, studded with lamps like stars, we feel the full effect of its solemn antiquity and sacred gloom, its dim retiring arches and shadowy corridors, its lamps and lights and pictures, its pealing organs and chanted prayers; while fancy called before our mind the long array of knights and pilgrims, who, century after century, through so many perils, had come to kneel around the Sacred Tomb, and, like us, turned their feet, shuddering and awe-struck, towards Calvary. Immediately after coming up the forty-nine stairs we see, on our right, the "Chapel of the Mocking," a little place four yards long and two and a half broad, under the altar of which is a pillar of gray marble spotted with black, two feet high, on which Jesus was forced to sit down while the soldiers in mockery crowned him with thorns, and cried, "Hail! King of the Jews!" and smote him. Forty yards farther on we come to

a narrow staircase of eighteen marble steps, up which we ascended to the top of Mount Calvary, the place of the crucifixion. This place, once so ignominious, having been sanctified by the blood of Our Lord, was an object of particular attention of the first Christians. Having removed every impurity, and all the earth which was upon it, they surrounded it with walls, so that it is now like a lofty chapel inclosed within this spacious church. It is fifteen feet square, paved with marble in mosaic, and hung on all sides with silken tapestry, with lamps descending from the ceiling. Two short pillars support the spring of two arches; that towards the north is the spot where Our Lord was nailed to the Cross, and is the "Twelfth Station" of the Pilgrimage. Here thirty-two lamps are kept continually burning, which are attended by the Franciscan Brothers, who daily perform mass in this sacred place. In the other part, which is to the south, is where the Holy Cross was erected. You still see the hole dug in the rock to the depth of about a foot-and-a-half, besides the earth that was about it at the time. This is at the foot of a large altar at the end, adorned with paintings and figures. Under that altar is a round plate of silver, with a hole in the centre. On each side, rather close, is another, wherein the crosses of the two thieves were erected. That of the penitent thief was to the north, and the other to the south, so that the first was on the Saviour's right hand, who had his face turned towards the west and his back to Jerusalem, which lies to the east. Fifty lamps are kept constantly burning on this spot, which is the "Thirteenth Station." The thieves, it must be noticed, are said to have been buried, as was the custom with such culprits, close by their crosses—generally with them—and it is said that, under the pavement of St. Helena's chapel is a hollow place that was used for that purpose. Look down on this same platform of marble (for all is richly encased), and you will see some brass bars, having a silk cover over them. Lift that silken cover, and you will observe a fissure or crevice in a rock—the rock that was rent asunder by the dying cry of Our Lord in the agonies of Death—"My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" There is an iron grating, with steps, down which you may descend and see the cleft, going further into, and splitting the rock.

Opposite this place is a large monument, said to be erected over the skull of Adam—a singular Arab tradition strangely connecting with the Saviour's death on this spot the first man through whom all sinned, and the God in man through whom the sins of man are remitted. There is evidently some very ancient tradition respecting a skull connected with this locality, for the names of Golgotha and Calvary given to it in the old times are, otherwise, inexplicable; and the learned, who have not taken this tradition into account, or perhaps have never heard of it, seem to have puzzled themselves greatly about the interpretation of these words.

We descend from Calvary down by a second staircase, that brings us out again to the porch of the Church; so that we now see before us, level with its pavement, surrounded by a railing, with six colossal candlesticks burning beside it, a long flat slab of white marble, not quite eight feet in length and about ten feet in width, round which crowds of pilgrims, old men, young women, and children are prostrating themselves—the rich man and the beggar, the pale Frenchman and the swarthy Copt, kneeling, praying in all attitudes, and kissing the “Stone of Uncion,” for such it is; that upon which the body of our Lord was said to have been anointed with myrrhs and aloes before it was laid in the Sepulchre. This consequently is the “Fourteenth Station.” This stone is by some said to be of the same rock as Mount Calvary; others assert that it was brought to this place by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who were secret disciples of Jesus Christ. There are pieces of it to be seen in different parts of Europe, which are of a greenish colour; indeed, so indiscreet were pilgrims in breaking away relics that the whole would have been lost, and it was at last found necessary to cover it with white marble and surround it with an iron railing. On the left is another spot encircled also with railing, and having a lamp burning within it. Here stood “the women,” the Virgin Mother and Mary Magdalene, and the Sister of Lazarus, sadly gazing on the loved and honoured dead during the anointing.

The Entombment follows the Anointing. It is the last stage (the Fifteenth Station of the pilgrimage) in the awful story. Thirty paces further on, to the right, we are under the cupola; just in the centre of the great dome, approached

by a slightly elevated platform, reached by two steps from the side, but gradually led up to from the front, we perceive sixteen golden candlesticks, exceeding the height of a man, with blazing wax candles of colossal dimensions, placed in front of a beautiful Edicula or small marble church enclosing the tomb in which the Lord of Life lay in death. It stands quite alone, and is about ten feet in breadth and twenty feet in height, and twenty-six feet long. It is here that the pilgrim is expected to throw off his shoes, “for the place is holy.” We enter within the first of these two sanctuaries into which it is divided; here is the stone where the Angel was seated when he addressed the two Marys, “He is not here, but he is risen;” and as well on account of this, and to prevent the Sepulchre from being entered, the first Christians erected before it a little chapel, which is called the Angel's Chapel. The second Sanctuary incloses the Sepulchre itself, which is, in fact, the rock that contained the Sepulchre hewn bodily away, as the rock itself can be seen under the lintel of the low entrance. Within is a sarcophagus covered with white marble, and the rock itself is all cased round with greenish marble, like verd-antique. Forty lamps of gold and silver, always burning night and day, light this chapel. The air is warm and balmy with perfume. You enter through a curtain, and if possible—except on such days as this, of Easter festival—alone, with but one guardian monk. The interior of the Sepulchre is nearly square; it is six feet in length (except an inch), and six feet (all but two inches) in breadth; and eight feet high from the floor to the roof. The entrance, which faces the east, is only four feet high, and two feet and a quarter broad, so that all must stoop that enter. Nor within is there much room, for the solid block of the same stone, left in excavating the other part, and hewn into the sarcophagus shape, is two feet four high, and being six feet (but one inch) long, and two feet wide, it occupies half the Sepulchre. On this table the body of Our Lord was laid, with his head towards the west, and the feet to the east; but on account of a notion of the Oriental Christians that, if they place their hair on this stone, God will never forsake them, and also because the pilgrims broke off pieces, it was covered with white marble.

We enter with reverence, and we come forth with awe. Such impressions admit

not of words. "Death," says Chateaubriand, "lies conquered and enchained in this monument." "All the pious emotions," says Lamartine, "which have affected our souls in every period of life; all the prayers that have been breathed from our hearts and our lips in the name of Him who taught us to pray to his Father and to ours; all the joys and griefs, of which these prayers were the interpreters, are awakened in the depths of the soul, and produce by their echoes, by their very confusion, a bewildering of the understanding and a melting of the heart which seeks not language, but transpires in moistened eyes, a heaving breast, a prostrate forehead, and lips glued in silence to the sepulchral stone."

This stone has been aptly called the material visible foundation of the whole edifice of Christians. The respect which all men acknowledge to have felt on coming near to these relics is one of the most remarkable facts in the modern world. An incontestable truth seems to take its departure from this spot. Doubt, hesitate, suggest, as many do,—it has been found impossible by any to approach this one spot without awe and veneration. "To the Christian or the philosopher," as has been finely said, "to the moralist, or to the historian, this tomb is the boundary of two worlds—the ancient and the modern. From this point issued a truth that has reversed the universe; a civilisation that has transformed all things; a word which has echoed over the whole globe. This tomb is the sepulchre of the whole world, cradle of the new; never was earthly stone the foundation of so vast an edifice; never was tomb so prolific; never did doctrine, inhumed for three days or three centuries, so victoriously rend the rocks which men had sealed over it, give the lie to death by so transcendent a resurrection."

Twelve yards from the Holy Sepulchre is a chapel containing a large block of grey marble, about four feet in diameter, placed there to mark the spot where Our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalene in the form of a gardener. (John xx. 15). Farther on is the "Chapel of the Apparition," where, as tradition asserts, Our Lord first appeared to the Virgin Mary after his resurrection. The Copts, a very small community, have an altar immediately behind the Holy Sepulchre itself. In a straight line from this, the Syrians have a chapel, behind which is a small door between two pillars to the left, as

we stand with our backs to the Holy Sepulchre. In this cavern are two openings, constituting, as we are told, the Tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. As you pass from the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre, into the Greek Church, you see in the centre, under the cupola, a spot marked out as the navel or centre of the world. But it is Easter Sunday, and the Turkish Guards are entering, for it is now mid-day, and the great Greek ceremony of the Sacred Fire is about to take place. We must pass, therefore, with rapid glance, the Tombs of Adam and Melchisedek, an Arab and Turkish introduction into the Church. Greeks, Arabs, and Copts, Germans, French, and Italians crowd in upon the entrance, and all rush tumultuously towards the orifice on the right side of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek Archbishop, with a long retinue of priests, marches in procession round the tomb. At last the Archbishop enters the Chapel of the Angel, and, after a few moments of awe-stricken silence,—the multitude expecting the Divine presence, and a miraculous fire from within,—thrusts through an opening in the *Edicula*, a bunch of thirty-three wax candles—one for each year of the Saviour's life. These are alight, and are received from him by a person specially privileged. It is impossible to describe the tumult that ensues. There were thousands of pilgrims of all nations present, all in a state of frantic excitement, and they shouted and screamed. The tremulous motion of the arms of so many people at once raised above their heads was in itself surprising. Hands were crossed in every direction, torches blazed in every hand, and a mounted horseman waiting at the gate rides off full speed to Bethlehem to light up the Greek altars there from this sacred fire. The Archbishop was carried back in triumph to his sanctuary, brandishing his torches as he went, and looking like one possessed. The smoke of the torches, and the waving lights, and the shouts of the people, create an intensely exciting scene. The first hurry is to get a light for the candle each carries, and then each tries to snuff out his candle, after a short time, with his skull-cap of linen, called *tekke*, and worn under the turban, tarbush, or fez. This is to be reserved for his burial head-dress. The noise increases, until fervour rises to fury, and enthusiasm becomes converted to a riot; so, at last, the Turkish soldiers quietly but uncere-

moniously clear the church of its excited and exulting congregation. As we go forth, we look in at the side of the vestibule, at the tombs of Earls Baldwin and Godfrey de Bouillon, the crusading Kings of Jerusalem, which are two stone coffins supported by four little pillars. The epitaphs, which were inscribed in Gothic letters, but are now effaced, may be Englished as follows :—

“Here lies the renowned chieftain Godfrey of Bouillon, who gained over the whole of this land to the worship of

Christ. May his soul reign with Christ Amen.”

“Baldwin the king, another Judas Maccabeus, his country’s hope, the strength of the Church, the valour of both, whom Candia, and Egypt, and Dan, and even the murderous Damascus, held in terror, and paid tribute to, lies below, inclosed within this narrow tomb.”

The pious deliverers of Jerusalem were worthy of reposing near the tomb they rescued from the infidels. These are the only mortal remains interred near the shadow of the tomb of Christ.

A HOUSE IN THE HEART.

THE analogy between a human heart and a house is very close. It applies in either the internal or external view, or both. Indeed, the analogy is so exact that we can find the resemblance in almost every part. Let us trace the similarity, first as a whole and then in the different parts.

The house is an enclosure for the shelter and comfort of individuals. The heart is an edifice for the residence of passions. Houses differ greatly in size; some being able to accommodate hundreds, while others can receive but a few. The same is true of hearts, some accommodating the passions in their thousand varied forms, while others have but one or two residents. Houses differ in their material, some being delicate and light, while others are coarse and heavy. So with hearts; some are delicate, and are built for the finer varieties of feeling, while others are heavy and coarse, being constructed for the coarser kinds of passion.

The house is a possession, to which the owner has an exclusive right. He may exclude any one from its privileges, or he may admit any one to enjoy them, either in whole or in part. If a strong man occupies the house by force, the stronger arm of the law will drive him out. The same is true of the heart. It is a possession to which the man has an exclusive right. He may shut it against the whole world, and no one can force it open. He may open it, and invite the multitude to flock thither. He may admit them to one apartment, or give them the range of the whole. There is but one power

strong enough to take the heart by force, and this strong one, Cupid, about always makes a fair exchange, a heart for a heart.

A house is full of rooms. So is the heart. A house has a reception-room, a study, dining-room, sitting-rooms, bedrooms, and generally an unoccupied room, where the insects hold high carnival. Let us trace the analogy between these and similar apartments in the heart.

The reception-room.—This is the room where the soft carpets hush the heavy fall of the feet; where yielding sofas and divans invite the visitor to repose in tranquil rest; where the unfortunate piano too often is made to murder the harmonies of music; where, in a word, the visitor is led to believe that the occupant is a person of refinement and taste. Some, when they enter this apartment, believe that they have seen the house, but if they could look (as too often they might), into the scantily furnished family rooms, and the almost empty larder, they would reverse their decision.

The heart has its reception-room; where the soft words of flattery hush the tread of the unwelcome guest; where yielding opinions lure the self-opinionated to at least a transient rest; where the dicta of fashion destroy the beautiful harmonies of the soul! where, in a word, the observer is led to believe that the heart is a model of worth and excellence. Some do believe thus easily, being attracted by the glitter of show, but if they could look into the other rooms and see the scantiness with which they are furnished, they would

soon cease to believe that the reception apartment is the exhibition-room of the real character.

The study.—This is a room well calculated to deceive. It may have a well-appointed library, and everything requisite for the studious mind, and still be anything but a study. A single glance at the books will not settle the matter. You must take down the volumes and examine them. If they are clean and uncut they have never been read. But if they are soiled on the edges, they have been studied. The extent of the soiling determines the extent of the study. A glance at the titles will reveal the nature of the study. With these data given, you can easily determine the character of the owner for intelligence and cultivation.

The study in the heart is equally deceiving in its appearance. It may have a well-selected variety of passion-books, and every convenience for studying them, and still not be a study. Here books must be treated as we treated the printed volumes. A showy appearance is not a proof of merit. We must look at the edges of the leaves, and form our judgment as to the extent and nature of their perusal by the amount of soiling they have received. With these data we may determine the extent of the owner's investigations.

The sitting-room.—This is the room where the family circle gather to exchange kind words and cheerful smiles, or to indulge in bursts of passion. Its furniture is plain and neat, being used for comfort rather than show. In this room the owner exhibits the social phase of character, and presents a partial view of his inner life. It is well worth observing. If he returns the merry laugh of the child prattling at his knee, you may be sure that he has one warm spot in his heart. If his words are gentle, and his actions kind, he is a warm-hearted man.

The heart has just such an apartment, or room, where the few friends assemble to exchange words of comfort or sorrow; where the veil of ceremony is laid aside, and the person appears in a nearly true light; where one of the bright sides of character is exhibited. But even here there is a tendency to deception. The mask of secrecy is sometimes worn, and the inner doors of the heart locked firmly, so that only an apparently real character appears. But generally the real character

appears; and at least socially you may see the character of the man.

The dining-room.—This room is a place of ceremonies, or unceremonious actions. It is the former when the table is covered with the best china, and surrounded by *honoured* guests. It is the latter when the ample table is covered with substantial dishes of wholesome food, and the chairs occupied by a hungry family. The former view we dismiss with the single remark, that ceremonious dinners are not an evidence of genuine hospitality. But on the other view of the dining-room let us pause for a moment. To see a man eat is to read one chapter of his character. To see him eat with the family is to read another. In the family dining-room he appears as he is, smiling, frowning, fretting, scolding, or laughing. You can then see the affection he has for his family. You can measure its length, its depth, its height and its breadth.

There is a dining-room in the heart. Some are obliged to enter in full dress. Others are made welcome in any dress, and at any time. Some are fed on unwholesome dainties; others are furnished with the substantials of a true heart-life. To some the host is but a mere machine to furnish them with a meal; to others he appears as the genial, hearty soul, who is glad to share his bounty with another. For some the table is set with costly vessels of meaningless and false compliments, furnished with mechanical smiles. For others the table of affection glows with beautiful flowers of love and friendship, which give zest to the ample store of kind words and loving smiles. And thus we might continue to enumerate the similarities, but time compels us to pass to the next apartment.

The bed-room.—This room in a house, if its walls could speak, would tell many a strange story: but without calling the walls to our aid, we can sometimes get much important information. In this room, if anywhere, the occupant acts out the greater part of his real nature. He feels, when the door is locked behind him, that for the time he is free from the inquiring eyes of an inquisitive world, and rejoices in his independence. But when he reposes on the bed, unconscious of danger, then the controlling power having ceased to act with its full strength, the unguided tongue gives expression to many of his secret thoughts. It is said that we are not responsible for what we

say when asleep; but we are. The habit of thought formed in our waking hours continues when we are slumbering; and if we have formed a bad habit, the evil, like murder, will out when we lose the control of the tongue. But as this room is held sacred from intrusion, we cannot venture across its threshold except under extraordinary circumstances. When these occur we may read a strange page of human history.

There is a bed-room in the heart; a room where a man retires, as it were, within himself, and where intruders are not allowed to enter. When the man betakes himself thither he feels that he is safe from the observation of both friend and foe. When a man is silent and reserved, he may be said to be in the bed-room of his heart; and when during the long period of repose he is heard muttering to himself, he is then, as it were, "talking in his sleep." If you could collect and arrange the broken sentences you might read many a tale of crime or love, of which the world knows nothing. It would be mean to take such an advantage. When the eyes are closed the mind is masked, and the hand of a friend will never tear that mask away to read the unconscious utterings of a sleeping soul.

The unoccupied room.—In almost every house there is such an apartment. Around each is clustered a host of sad memories, which when awakened pain the soul. The feet of the afflicted scarcely ever cross the threshold, and when they do, who would wish to look in a grief that ought to be held as sacred? The mother with an aching heart looks on an empty crib, whence infant feet found the road to heaven; or on the silent couch whence a lovely daughter went out to the home of a cruel husband; or on the mementoes of a darling boy whose vicious actions have whitened her hair. All the members of the family avoid such rooms; but these are not the only memories awakened. Some of these rooms reflect scenes of cruelty and suffering, caused by those who avoid them, and grim skeletons

stretch forth their bony hands to welcome them. It has been said that there is a skeleton in every house, and we believe it, for in every house that we have searched we have found one, and also found that it occupied a room alone.

The heart has its unoccupied rooms. In each of these there are sad or fearful memories. To the careless observer a heart may appear to be full of joy and happiness. But in a quiet hour a secret door will be unlocked, and the soul will commune with the silent dead. A single illustration will be sufficient. A man appears to be a social, happy fellow, whom everybody loves. He has a smile and a hearty grip for each of his friends, and some may even say that he has never known any trouble. But watch such an one in the thoughtful hours of the twilight, when memory is most active. His brow will become shaded, his eyes will become dreamy, and his whole appearance will be that of languor. He has opened an unoccupied room in his heart, and is living again in the past. He remembers the time when that apartment was dedicated to love, and occupied by one whom he idolized. He recalls the many happy hours spent there with his darling, and for the moment his heart grows light. But when he remembers that she voluntarily resigned that apartment and went with the stranger, the shadows gather darkly on his brow, and the tears dim his eyes. He would not invite her to return, for when love wavers it ceases to be love, but instead he lays away his own strong love, locks the door, and goes again into the world, not a heartless but a loveless man, determined never to admit another to the room where his love is concealed. This is no fancy sketch. The reality exists almost everywhere, but the world seldom sees it.

Thus, in an imperfect way, we have attempted to trace the analogy between a house and the human heart. We leave it with you to decide whether we have succeeded.

WHO WAS TO BLAME ?

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By JOSEPH VEREY, Author of "Roland the Painter," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CONTRAST.

THE house where scarcely two years before I had taken my young wife, full of hope and felicity, looked gloomy enough as I saw it now. It had no pretensions to architectural beauty at any time, but, like many others of the same class, it had a character of its own, which, singularly enough, seemed to reveal the condition of its owners.

When I first married and came here, every pains had been taken to give it an ornamental and cheerful character, and the house showed plainly to the most indifferent passer-by that it was cared for, and that the inmates were on good terms with it; but now, from roof to basement, the house revealed the change that had passed over it. The windows were begrimed with dust and smoke. The doors looked as though they had not been opened for years. Even the little garden partook of the general change. The fountain was choked up. The creeping plants which had been trained over the summer-house, hung heavily now across the doorway, as if to bar the ingress of any adventurous stranger who would peep into it. The lawn was unmown and looked ragged and miserable in the extreme, and the weeds had grown so fast on the gravel that one could hardly tell where it was separated from the lawn. Some ivy, which had picturesquely covered a fence at the end of the garden, had been blown down, and now was lying sprawling across the path-way.

In the faint moonlight, which streamed through the windows as I walked in a vacant mood from room to room, these things could be seen with sufficient distinctness, and looked even sadder than in the daylight.

Every trace of Constance had been removed. Everything in any way appertaining to myself had been left. It seemed a mockery of my present position when, holding up the light as I entered the drawing-room, I saw a portrait of my mother hanging upon the wall, and remembered it was my good old, eccentric

friend, Miss Verschoyle, who had placed it there.

I was in one of those moods when the feelings aid the imagination powerfully. I could almost fancy as I looked at this portrait, that the tender mother who had undergone so much for her child's sake, and whose fate had been so singular and so unfortunate, was looking at me now with pitying eyes, and seeming to watch my every footstep.

I went back to my lonely little sitting-room downstairs, and ate in silence and deep sadness the homely fare which Mrs. O'Hara had prepared for me. I sat a long time, brooding dismally over the past, and at length, weary and desponding, sought my bedroom.

Here, even, I could not turn my head without being reminded of past happiness. There was a small engraving of a child kneeling in prayer at his mother's knees. This picture deeply affected me, for it recalled the beautiful form of her who had so often kneeled with me at this very bedside. The suggestion was horrible when placed beside her recent conduct.

The foreman's wife had done all she could in a short time to make the room available for me; and at last, tired out, rather with my thoughts and feelings than any fatigue of body, I went to bed.

I lay awake hour after hour, while the branches of one of the garden trees waved to and fro, filling the room with ghostly shadows. It seemed to me in that melancholy time as though my interest in humanity was obliterated. Most of the material objects around me had not changed; they remained, while the spirit and feeling which gave them interest had passed away.

The tall black chimney loomed in the distance. The sun next morning glittered upon the factory windows. The huge building itself looked solid and substantial as ever—a monument of my skill and industry in past years. The house in which I now sat was the same in which I had spent such happy hours—disordered it was true, but capable of being made as convenient and cheerful as ever. But where was the tone which animated the

whole, and imparted a living, breathing interest to every brick in yonder building? It had all evaporated, and I was a changed man.

I rose the next day to go about my usual occupations, but the zest for them had departed. Let the reader who has come back from a delightful tour to resume wearisome but inevitable duties, consider my state of feeling when appealed to in fifty quarters for advice and instruction upon matters in which at present I could not possibly feel any interest.

My favourite dog came leaping toward me, delighted to regain his liberty. I, however, hardly took any notice of the poor animal. Such a torpor had fallen upon me that I could feel no interest in anything that passed. Occasionally, I would so far forget the present that I would stand still, looking round me and trying to recall my happier days. The silence of the open country oppressed me now. There was no sight or sound that could restore my peace of mind. The echoes from the town only distracted me with thoughts of those who had happy homes and families to work for, and whose society they could enjoy when the cares of the day were over. If I wandered into the country, it was the same. I listened to the song of a countryman who walked beside his team, chanting a doleful West-country ballad of love and despair in a minor key, which often had amused me before, but now seemed only a mocking echo of my own distress. Each sound appeared to be sad, yet when silence came I was still more depressed. The day was calm, the sky sombre, the wind scarcely moved the leaves on the trees, and the light clouds glided past as though with lazy indifference to my joy or sorrow. I felt in that moment as though my interest in life had wholly passed away. In all lives there are moments when the outer world ceases to charm, and sad indeed it is when we can no longer feel delight and satisfaction in the small circumstances and monotonous incidents of our daily lives. Especially in the calm of the country one must be joyously happy or quietly resigned; for the tranquil objects of nature so largely increase or diminish the force of one's own feelings. I felt this now keenly, and it was at last with almost a sigh of relief that I turned to the business of the factory, feeling that I should better stifle my regret thus than amidst the solitudes of woods and fields. There was nothing to hope for, nothing to expect,

nothing to imagine. I could only try to dispel this melancholy tone of mind by incessant labour or study.

But it was impossible at first to banish the remembrance of the past, and before I could nerve myself to those duties which I felt must be the only solace for such a trial as mine, I found relief sometimes in wandering the whole day in the country lanes, often not returning till the daylight was fading into the soothing twilight, which falling like a veil over the face of nature, softened and subdued me also; and at times, even amidst my sorrows, hope whispered in my ear of happier days to come.

Sorrow, however deep, rarely lasts in all its first intensity for any great length of time. However poignant, however sudden, however unexpected, it is a happy dispensation of Providence for human nature that our feelings must become subdued with time. Gradually entering into the routine of my former duties and occupations, and gradually, also, taking part in those duties with persons whose manners and faces had become familiar to me for years, I became calmer. Days, weeks, months passed away in this isolated life, but I gathered little strength of mind or comfort from my solitude. Except when I went to the factory to give necessary directions, I rarely spoke to any one, nor did I encourage any visitors. In business, reading, or study, I spent all my leisure time. Sometimes O'Hara, leaning his back against the factory wall, would drone out some long yarn, with evident desire to amuse me, but I listened only because I would not seem unkind to him. He evidently watched the altered state of things with intense disgust. He had been in the factory all his life. He had grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, till he had become as much part and parcel of the concern as the tall chimneys. He had watched with interest my upward progress, with such sympathy as workmen often feel for those who have superior faculties or greater energy than themselves. It was with no feeling of jealousy, but rather calm admiration, that O'Hara saw me rise above him day by day to my present position, and now my vague, indefinite notions respecting everything connected with business really grieved the old man.

Mrs. O'Hara managed the little household with much judgment, and spared me all unnecessary consideration upon domestic matters.

Business called me one day to the neighbourhood of my old friend Cary, whom I had not seen for a considerable time. He was delighted to see me again. I found him sitting lost in thought when I entered, leaning his arm upon the table, and a quantity of blotted paper before him. It was evening: the room was lighted by a tiny lamp, which left every corner of the room besides in complete gloom. This was just what pleased Cary, and I could but remark, as he sat there oblivious to everything but the creations of his own fancy, what a fine fellow he was. Infinitely my superior, I said mentally, as I looked at him. And yet he was still a poor and almost unknown artist, for he had as yet only acquired a local celebrity. His large eyes, as he sat there meditating, fascinated me by their evident fulness of imaginative power. Poor fellow! how little sympathy he must have met with in those days! How rarely could he have spoken on the subjects which most interested him! Such fine capacities ought to have done something more for him than to have brought him only this shabby lodging and shabbier dress. Genius must have some consolations of which we outsiders know nothing, or how could a fellow like this contentedly dream away his life, smoking his meerschaum, eternally sketching bits of landscape, perhaps never more to see the light, except when the servant takes some of them to light the fire, a fate which had often befallen some of Cary's best imaginative bits?

Those who have been held by the button-hole by a man of genius, will easily imagine how delighted Cary was to see me again. I should have remarked that he was an excellent musician as well as artist, and to-night he seemed to be in one of those fanatical moods which had often amused me when the spirit of art almost worked him into a frenzy. Hour after hour I listened to chord upon chord, scale after scale, shake after shake, run upon run; and the whirlwind of the chromatic scale tormented my ears like the shrieks of demons. It was only late at night that I could pursue the real object of my visit; for although I loved Cary as a brother, I had another object in my visit, which was to learn what I could respecting Eleanor. Cary had known her through teaching at the school where she was educated, and had continued to give her lessons at Lymington occasionally.

To my surprise, although I knew he had been to Lymington lately, he was ex-

tremely reserved upon the subject, and I left his lodgings no wiser than I came.

I still, in spite of myself, wandered back in fancy to the few moments I had spent in her society. The more fatal the fascination seemed, the more madly did I pursue it. To say nothing of Mr. Softon, who appeared to be paying his addresses to Eleanor in due form, and who was encouraged by Mrs. Verschoyle, was not Constance yet living, and were not the whole circumstances of my life known to Eleanor. For what reason Cary should have been so reserved upon this subject I could not divine. I determined to pay him another visit shortly.

CHAPTER IX.

A DISCOVERY.

I SAW Cary again soon after this, when he was less reserved, and spoke of Eleanor freely

"When I last saw her," said Cary, "I promised to set some words to a melody I have written, which she admired; but I have so little talent for poetry that I have not advanced beyond a single stanza. You had better find the words, and I the music. Perhaps between us we may manage something passable."

"I am afraid, Cary, I have no more poetic talent than you have; indeed, I question if I have half as much. But come, my chaise is waiting at the door, take a drive with me; perhaps the open country and the fresh air may improve both of us."

As we rode along, the thought occurred to me to embody my own feelings towards Eleanor in certain lines which Cary could set to music, little dreaming the use he might make of them.

We had been riding silently for some time when Cary turned towards me, evidently wondering what had made me so reserved and silent.

"I am trying to think of some words," I said; "but, whatever my faculties may be, I am afraid they do not lie in a poetical direction."

"You have only to fancy yourself in love," said Cary, "which I am sure is not very difficult."

I felt too keenly the remark to say anything in reply, but falling into a reverie, I murmured almost unconsciously—

Oh, maiden, if your heart has ever known
The fatal touch of Love's electric dart,
I will not speak the one wish of my heart,
So quickly will your spirit read my own.

"Bravo!" said Cary; "the sentiment is capital, as if you had been speaking out your own thoughts, my dear fellow."

"I am no poet," said I, diffidently. "I was only muttering some vague nonsense to chase away an unpleasant remembrance."

"The lines are rather long," said Cary, "but they will fit nicely with my melody. Pray repeat them again."

"I cannot," I said; "I do not remember what I have said—I must have been dreaming."

I laughed, uneasily; in fact, I dared not repeat the words and let them go in the form of a song to Eleanor.

There was a constraint upon both of us during the remainder of the ride. I almost regretted an invitation I had given, which Cary had accepted, to stay with me for a time. But I would not be churlish, whatever I felt, and pressed the invitation upon him still.

Accordingly he came back with me. As we passed into the house the nightingale was singing from a neighbouring wood. The notes gave me a strange sensation, for on the evening I had left Lymington the nightingale sang as I left the house, after shaking hands with Eleanor.

"God bless her!" said I, mentally. "I dare only hope so much, whatever may befall her. But oh, what would I give to recall the past two years of my life!"

It was late when we got back, and Cary, seeming tired, was shown to his room at once; but I was surprised to see, long afterwards, a sudden light stream from his window, which announced that he had got up again. I found that the words I had foolishly muttered had lingered in his mind, and in order not to forget them again he had put them down in a manuscript book he always carried with him, for fear any great idea should be lost to the world; which, considering how short the world is in ideas, would have been a pity. I went to bed, but I fancied I heard the romantic fellow chiming away a melody to my words long after; but whether the inspiration he wanted would not come, or whether sleep was more powerful than inspiration, I cannot tell, but he soon went to bed again.

"You will soon have a nuptial ode to compose, Cary," said I, when we came down to breakfast.

"Ah, indeed! Who is that for?"

"Why, for Mr. Softon," I answered,

"upon the occasion of his marriage with a charming friend of ours."

"That will never come to pass," said Cary.

"Indeed! You seem positive."

"I am confident that can never be," said Cary; "and yet," continued he, musingly, "things more unlikely have come to pass."

"Why should it be unlikely at all?" I asked.

"Because Eleanor is pure, gentle, and good, and high-minded, and Softon is a fool, full of pretence and vanity."

"That is no argument against her marrying him," said I, bitterly.

"Perhaps not, but it ought to be," said he, and there was a sadness in the tone of his voice which surprised me greatly. "Eleanor, I swear," continued he, with great energy, "has no affection for that conceited ape. She tolerates him in deference to her mother, but that is all. He is there daily; he buys her handsome presents, which she accepts coldly, but she can never love such a fellow as that. She is capable of the most passionate devotion, but the time for that has not yet come."

I was astonished to perceive the altered mien of the artist. His form dilated. He was greatly excited, and instead of sitting in a slouching manner, as was usual with him at table, he got up and paced the room with lengthened strides, being evidently under the influence of strong emotion. After a time he sat down, and was silent for some time.

"Cary," said I, in a low tone, "I think I have made a discovery. You love Eleanor?"

"I will not answer that," said he. "But, my dear friend, whatever you think, do not speak of it again."

"I will not. I am sorry, my dear fellow, that I have spoken so now, and have been drawn into saying what has wounded you."

Cary took my hand and pressed it affectionately, but said no more.

The day passed away. We had taken tea together, and were walking in the garden. Suddenly I said, half aloud—

"I wish I dared to ask them here."

"Why not?" said Cary, knowing full well who I was alluding to, and answering the remark as though it had been addressed to him.

"I should have that fellow Softon here," I said.

"No; you invite them, I will answer for keeping him away."

"How will you do that?"

"I don't know; but I will find some way."

Only a few days elapsed before I was once more at Lymington. Like a moth round a lamp I hovered round Eleanor, partly repelled, partly attracted. Eleanor was just at that captivating age when impressions are so easily and yet so strongly made, and which are ever after so difficult to erase. I trembled when I reflected that it rested perhaps with me whether the career of this innocent and charming girl should be happy or miserable; and when I found myself again in sight of the enchanted house, I felt almost like a criminal.

Already she had learned enough of my history—had seen enough of my nature to feel deep pity for me; and she, as I fancied, was disposed to exonerate me from blame. It is to be observed generally that women always find excuses for men in such matters—rarely for their own sex. A cynical philosopher might remark that it is not complimentary to the sex that it should be so; but the fact remains the same.

Before inviting the family,—for I knew I must invite Mrs. Verschoyle and her sister-in-law, or there would be no chance of the young ladies—I took the earliest opportunity of sounding Eleanor.

I had so much to say of myself, of my place, of a thousand things, which I hoped would please her, that Eleanor listened for a long time with her eyes fixed on mine before she had the chance of saying a word.

Something must have escaped me during my conversation with her—something in manner, look, or tone, that revealed more than I intended. Whatever it was, it is certain that in a moment my hidden thought became clear to her. It will sometimes happen thus. Some one with whom we have, perhaps, but a passing acquaintanceship—with whom we may have daily, perhaps for years, exchanged courtesies—by a chance word or trivial act, of no importance in itself, becomes at once a new character to us upon the stage of life. Thus it was with Eleanor and myself. The hieroglyphics which nature carved upon the human face suddenly cease to be a dead language. The various lights and shadows of expression take new meaning—a glance is a volume, a smile a revelation.

By an unlucky chance—I must call it unlucky, because it could only lead to

mutual regret and distrust—I had touched upon the subject of my unfortunate marriage.

"I have often wished to speak to you upon the subject," said Eleanor, "but I feared to offend you."

"That would be impossible," I said.

"I don't know that," Eleanor answered. "You have been extremely unfortunate. I cannot understand why it should be so, but Aunt Mary is always upholding the principle that the good are invariably unfortunate. That seems a hard doctrine. I think you are good" (she said this with an almost childish candour), "and I am sure you must have suffered greatly. We have often talked about you—my aunt and I; she adores you, and maintains that it was no fault of yours that your——"

Eleanor stopped. Evidently there was a latent feeling in her mind which made even the pronounciation of that name alarming to her.

"That is like you to believe so," said I, eagerly, scarcely heeding her embarrassment.

"Oh, pray, Mr. Irving, let us talk of something else. You were asking us to pay you a visit. Of course you must consult mamma upon the subject."

"I fear she will have her own reasons for refusing."

"And why?"

"I cannot explain without again touching upon the subject you wish avoided."

"Your mother's sympathies are with Mr. Softon?"

Eleanor looked uneasy, gave a sort of shiver, but said nothing.

"Ah, Mr. Irving," said Eleanor, seemingly quite unable to restrain her feelings, and unconsciously putting her hand upon my shoulder, "do you know, with all my pity for you, I have sometimes thought you may not have done all that might have been done. Tell me now—would you not forgive her if she came back penitent?"

"Good heavens! Miss Verschoyle! Eleanor, are you aware what you propose? Do you know anything of the world? Forgive? God help me! I cannot forgive if I would—that is past. Fancy what my life would be if she came back. The fact of what she has done proves what she is capable of doing. It proves her to have no stability of character, no real affection for me, no deep reverence for morality and virtue. If upon such slight occasion she could leave me thus, what guarantee have I for the

future? If in the past, when I watched over her so tenderly, when every act of my life, almost every thought, tended to her welfare and happiness—if this was not a chain strong enough to bind her to an honourable course of life, what else could I hope for? Let us speak of her no more. I am glad that her name has not passed your lips. I know why you have spoken, and will bless you for your sympathy as long as I live; but do not advise me. You do not, you cannot understand the base, false, worldly nature of the woman you would shield. You judge your sex by yourself."

"There must have been something in her character or manners to tempt you to marry her," said Eleanor, with firmness.

"There are deeper mysteries in life than my marriage with Constance, and so you will learn with larger experience of the world. I believed then that a form so beautiful, an expression so sweet, intelligence so apparent, could only belong to a pure soul. In her, perhaps, it may be so; but I have found it possible for a woman to have the aspect of an angel with the spirit of a fiend. I fancied—any reasonable man might have fancied—that beauty, talent, and accomplishment on her side, coupled with wealth, industry, and intelligence on mine, the whole thus created being guided onward by earnest and mutual affection, could not fail to result in a supremely happy marriage. But see what has come of it. I did my best, but the result is shame to her and unhappiness to me."

"From my heart I grieve for you," said Eleanor, with a trembling voice. "I can only repeat what aunt so often says, that it is the will of God that some should be unhappy."

"Rather say, it is His will to punish those who commit folly," said I, almost sternly. "It was not His will that I should blindly marry a woman whose only recommendation was her beauty."

"Pray forgive me, Mr. Irving. I should not attempt to advise you, I know; you are older than I am, and must know more of the world. But, pray remember this world is not the end. If we are unfortunate, we must also be resigned."

CHAPTER X.

MY VISITORS.

Mrs. VERSCHOYLE entered the room before either Eleanor or myself could say

another word. Assuming a gay manner quite foreign to me at the moment, I said—

"I have a favour to ask of you, Mrs. Verschoyle. Will you honour me with a visit to Starcross? The weather is beautiful, the scenery in my neighbourhood enchanting. I can find room for you all, including Aunt Mary.—I have invited your favourite artist, too," said I, turning to Eleanor; "in fact, he is there now."

Mrs. Verschoyle at first assumed an important air, and would have made excuses; but, whether in love or war, I never allowed the grass to grow under my feet. I touched delicately upon the great benefit it would be to her health, and the great charm which her society would confer upon me. The widow fell into the trap, conquered by politeness—a more potent antagonist than man-traps or spring-guns—and actually consented.

Eleanor smiled—half glad, half sorry, at the result of my diplomacy; she felt that I was only giving myself unnecessary pain, and had I asked her first, she would doubtless have excused herself, and have persuaded me against appealing to her mother; but the entrance of the widow had settled the matter at once, and she did not wish to attract any attention by objecting now.

"Will it not be advisable to invite Mr. Softon?" asked the widow.

"I thought you would prefer to make it a family party, my dear madam; but invite him by all means."

"It might seem slighting him—might it not, Mr. Irving?"

"Please yourself, my dear madam, and you will please me."

"I will invite him myself," said the widow, without any reference whatever to Eleanor's wishes in the matter; in fact, it was not her practice to consider the wishes of others—that was not one of the widow's foibles.

Miss Verschoyle was invited; but the old lady was by no means enthusiastic on the subject of country villas.

"A nasty lot of frogs and toads croaking in the fields," said she; "ducks quacking, fowls cackling, and cocks crowing at four o'clock in the morning; oxen bellowing, and pigs grunting; dogs barking, and donkeys braying. No, thank you, it will amuse the young folks; I will stay at home."

It was late when I took my leave. I said no more to Eleanor further than an ordinary "good-night;" but there was

an expression of tenderness in her face which, as I rode home, made me happy in the prospect of the forthcoming visit. Silent and thoughtful as she was, I said to myself, "She is not displeased with me; she pities me: she does not blame me. Dare I hope that she will one day love me? God help me, what a villain I am to encourage these wild visions, yet how powerless I am to put them aside!"

Not many days elapsed before the promised visit was paid. The widow was gracious but condescending. She believed that she had done me great honour in coming to the factory, and was dignified in consequence—examining everything she saw with a most critical air, and patronising O'Hara and his wife extensively. O'Hara put his tongue in his cheek, and was, or pretended to be, so humble and respectful, that the widow allowed him to talk to his heart's content respecting the wonders of the factory, or the talent of his master subjects, of which O'Hara did not easily tire.

Cary was by no means at his ease. The widow only tolerated such people in the subordinate capacity of teachers. To raise them to the rank of companions or equals, the widow thought to be an infringement of an almost divine right. Poor Cary, as a visitor, was a subject of horror to the widow. He was apt to smell fiercely of tobacco, and was so extremely careless of his dress, that his hat, and his hair too, for that matter, did not get brushed for days together. Yet, with his generous nature and fine talent, he was a match for any nobleman in England, when considered simply as a man.

We had a merry dinner, for my visitors arrived early. I was pleased to see that the good understanding between Eleanor and myself had not evaporated during the few days we had been separated. I determined to make the most of the time present, and enjoy Eleanor's society without a thought of the future.

We rambled out on the downs, which spread away above the vale in which the factory was situated, coming back in time for tea; after which Cary, who had mysteriously disappeared all the day, sat down to the piano with an air of importance.

"I have something new for you, Miss Verschoyle; will you sing it?"

Eleanor sang it very nicely. Once or twice Cary looked round at me. I was sitting composedly enough, delighted with the song and the singer. One thing puz-

zled me. I wondered where I could have heard the words before. They affected me deeply, appealing as they did at the moment to my own sentiments. Eleanor also appeared somewhat agitated in singing the second stanza, which I now remembered was my own, being made up of the words I had murmured to Cary as we rode together.

Cary was as mute and cold as a statue. Only when the song was finished he said—

"If you would like to know the author, Miss Verschoyle, he is not far off."

After which he vanished, and was seen no more during the evening.

"He is a good fellow," said I. "You little know, Miss Verschoyle, how devotedly he is attached to you."

"Attached to me?" she said, with astonishment.

"Yes; and no wonder, having once known you."

A slight frown came over her face. She was vexed to hear me speaking thus of Cary; but she was so amiable and kind-hearted, that the artist, having a heart and eyes and taste, naturally admired her. Something of this sort I could not help telling her.

"Really, Mr. Irving, you will turn my head with such nonsense. All I want is to go through life as cheerfully as I can, doing some good, and as little harm as possible. I do not expect praise for that."

We had strolled into the garden. The temptation was too strong to keep silent, and as we walked I said—

"I have thought much of our conversation at Lymington. I feel and know that you are in the right in saying that I must be resigned; but, with my temperament, how hard it is to be so! I am not like Cary; he can dream away his life in happy indolence, careless if he be appreciated or not. I burn with impatience for results in whatever I do."

We were seated in the twilight shadow of a huge tree, separated from the rest of the party. I still hovered about Eleanor, intensely anxious to know her real feeling toward me, and equally anxious also to know what she thought of Mr. Softon. It was difficult to introduce the subject without abruptness. My curiosity at length got the better of me.

"Mr. Softon is a clever musician," I said.

"Passable," Eleanor replied. "He has no deep knowledge. He plays pretty

well for an amateur; he might do better if he took pains."

"He is a worthy fellow—is he not?" I asked.

Eleanor smiled and glanced at me as she said—

"That is such an odd question, Mr. Irving, I fear I cannot answer it."

"Why do you consider it odd? I suppose you have formed an opinion respecting him?"

"Scarcely, indeed. I have hardly given the subject a thought, I assure you. You seem curious about him."

"I cross-question you for your own good," said I.

"That is kind," replied Eleanor, smiling; "but now, since you are anxious to know what I think of Mr. Softon, I will consider his merits with you, and decide as fairly and honestly as I can. First, then, I do not consider him bad-hearted. He has also a certain amount of wit and gaiety which pleases some people."

"Are you of that number?" I asked, eagerly.

"I confess I am not. I think his gaiety and humour assumed and superficial; but we have all our faults. I consider that is one of Mr. Softon's failings."

"Has he been long a visitor at Lymington?"

"A long time. Mamma is partial to him, as you know."

"And Eleanor loves him," I absurdly retorted.

"If your supposition proved to be true, what then?" said Eleanor, with evident annoyance.

I was silent. I had not expected to be answered thus. A bitter smile passed over my face, which made Eleanor quite uneasy; but she looked at me steadily nevertheless.

"Ah, well!" said I after a time, "God knows what is best for us."

Eleanor was distressed by the turn the conversation had taken. Perhaps she fancied it would be better to treat me in a light, off-hand way, and prevent my speaking seriously upon a subject which could only bring me unhappiness and disappointment; yet, when she heard my bitter tone, she could not help, if only from an impulse of generosity, saying—

"You are quite mistaken respecting Mr. Softon, if you—; but tell me why you have such a great dislike to him."

"Because I believe him to be thoroughly false and hollow-hearted. Because I be-

lieve he has very little natural talent, but makes impudence and effrontery supply its place. Because I believe he anticipates money with you, which he would soon spend foolishly, and leave you miserable; and most of all do I hate him because he would bring upon you a fate like mine."

"I think you are unjustifiably severe upon him," said Eleanor.

"I, less than most men should be so," said I, "when all who know my history smile at me; I am too sad myself, and have too great need of sympathy, to censure others carelessly. I will only say to you, Eleanor, when you are disposed to think favourably of Mr. Softon, keep a corner in your heart for me also."

"That I shall not fail to do," Mr. Irving. "Heaven knows I am anxious for your welfare, which is why I condemn what appears to be thoughtless in you."

"Be assured I am not thoughtless, Miss Verschoyle. Too occupied with my own grief, I am apt to forget those valuable forms and observances which tend so much to keep men in a proper habit of thinking and living; but in my heart I am not indifferent, as I fear you suppose I am, to the value of Christian effort under trial. I need no better evidence of the value of a Christian life than your own conduct and character; in your thoughtfulness for others; your self-denial and virtue; and last, though not least, your habitual cheerfulness and good-humour. If Christianity can do so much, it would be worth adopting, if only for this life, and if it had no value beyond."

"Eleanor, my dear," said the widow, from a distant part of the garden, "come here a moment. Clara wants your assistance."

Eleanor ran immediately. Greatly to my chagrin Clara had caught her dress in a prickly shrub, and required help before she could extricate herself. This accomplished, Eleanor came back quite naïvely.

We sat down in the same place as before, but the thread of our conversation had been broken, and we were both silent for a time.

"What motive have you for thinking Mr. Softon otherwise than an honourable man?" said Eleanor, after a time, with apparent curiosity.

"My dear girl, I have no special motive whatever. I have seen little of him, and I know nothing of him beyond what his face and manner indicate. I have rarely been deceived in that way, and I should

not judge favourably of Mr. Softon from what I have seen of him. I am convinced he is false."

Eleanor said no more. I still remained dissatisfied respecting her feeling for Mr. Softon. Was it possible, after all, that she entertained any affection for this man? It was useless to conjecture, I thought, and dismissed the subject from my mind for a time at least, and talked with her upon indifferent topics; spoke of the garden—the scenery around—of O'Hara—of Cary and his studies—of anything, in short, except what interested me most. How gladly would I have opened my heart to Eleanor, and have showed her all that passed there! but I dared not hazard the total deprivation of her society, which I felt would be the result of such a declaration. So I continued chatting on; the only satisfaction being the bright thoughts and fresh ideas which the charming girl threw into her answers and remarks upon whatever subject passed in review. So time glided away.

Mrs. Verschoye called to Eleanor again—

"We had better go in, my dears. The dew is falling, it is quite damp; you will catch cold, child. As to Mr. Irving, he is doubtless quite used to it; it will not hurt him."

So they went into the house, leaving me with a feeling that I had had a narrow escape in not speaking more warmly to Eleanor. But I murmured to myself as I saw them disappear into the house—"Would to God it could always be thus; that I could see her, hear and feel the magic of her presence near me thus, till my eyes were closed in death!"

CHAPTER XI.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

ALL my efforts could not succeed in keeping my visitors longer than a few days; at the end of which time the widow persisted in returning home. It may be that she had some inkling of the state of my feelings, and conceived that Eleanor's sympathy for me might not work favourably to Mr. Softon's cause. At all events, whether this was the case or not, no inducements of mine could prevent her from hurrying away. As to Mr. Softon, that gentleman had failed to make his appearance at Starcross, greatly to Mrs. Verschoye's regret; and probably this

fact also accelerated her departure. She had many times wondered how it was that he had not paid us a visit. I thought of what Cary had promised about Mr. Softon, and guessed that he had in some way been instrumental in keeping my rival (for such I inwardly considered him) out of sight, though I could not conjecture how this had been effected.

The time for their departure having arrived, O'Hara brought the chaise round to take the ladies to the station. The old man had taken this office upon himself, no doubt, because he saw what great attention I had shown my visitors, and consequently deemed them of considerable importance, otherwise he would not have taken so much trouble.

This was in accordance with O'Hara's code of laws, which frequently caused me some inconvenience as well as amusement. If I spoke hastily respecting any fault or shortcoming in the mill, O'Hara took his cue from my tone; and it sometimes happened that for days after the unfortunate hand would suffer quite a persecution. Again, if by chance I chatted for a few minutes with any of them, or uttered a few words of commendation, O'Hara would show so much attention to the favoured one, that all the other hands would be jealous; and sometimes nothing short of my personal interference would set matters straight again.

I accompanied the ladies to the station, enjoying a quiet chat with Eleanor on the way. It was but a short ride to the station, and was early in the morning. There being but little traffic to the station where they got out, there was consequently only one up-train in the morning which stopped at their station.

The widow, fatigued with rising some hours before her usual time, fell asleep as we rode. I had no objection whatever to the widow's somnolency, as I was anxious to say a few words to Eleanor before we parted, perhaps for a long time. I saw clearly the course I was bound to pursue as a man of honour: I must be silent henceforward respecting my own feelings—I must not encourage Eleanor to think of me otherwise than as a friend who would always take an especial interest in her; yet I was at the same time as anxious to know her feelings as to conceal my own. Strange it seemed, that the prospect of securing this young girl's friendship merely was now the sole link that bound me to society—the sole channel through which any interest in life

could flow to me; and riding now by her side, I felt almost happy we had not spoken to each other. Eleanor seemed to have given herself up to the influence of the country and the delicious summer morning. So we rode till we came within sight of the station. Mrs. Verschoyle was still asleep.

We had none of us thought of Cary. He had not been seen. Eleanor now remarked it for the first time. I supposed the young artist was still in bed. This was quite a mistake, as I discovered afterwards. Cary had risen an hour before the rest of the party, and had wandered down to the seaside, not coming back again till our visitors had gone.

The vehicle stopped at the station.

"O'Hara will take care of you," said I. "You will not forget me, Eleanor?"

"Are you going off so hastily?" said she. "I will wake mamma."

"No, do not; she will think me a bear, I dare say, but that will be nothing new. It is better we should part thus; I could not bear a long farewell. In fact, ever since I was a child I had a horror of long partings. You are not offended with me?"

"Why should I be offended? You have done your utmost to make us comfortable and happy during our stay."

I did not say another word. Shaking hands with Clara first, who no doubt wondered at our earnest and almost whispered conversation, then with Eleanor last, but without looking at her again, I jumped out of the carriage before it even stopped, and in a moment was hidden by the lofty elms which overshadowed the lane.

I walked on slowly. Sometimes oppressed by my thoughts, I hardly moved for nearly an hour, without meeting a single person. I could hardly realise the events of the past week. The journey I had taken a few weeks before seemed almost like a dream. I questioned myself respecting the past—I speculated upon the future—I tormented myself with wondering as to Eleanor's secret feeling for Mr. Softon. She had not appeared to expect him, or to be disappointed because he did not come. All at once a new light seemed to beam upon me. I smiled at myself for not thinking of this before. I little doubted that Eleanor's ambiguity respecting Mr. Softon had been assumed, merely to check my own impetuosity. At first I felt delighted at this, but again I regretted it. The more I

pondered upon the subject, the more I wished that she cared for him, because I felt my courage and self-denial so impotent before the all-engrossing passion which consumed me, and which seemed hourly to increase in intensity.

The noise of wheels interrupted my reverie. It was O'Hara returning from the train. I questioned him eagerly about them all, but of course he had little to tell, and that little rather unfavourable to me than otherwise. The widow, he said, had severely ridiculed me for the manner in which I had left them. This O'Hara had taken as a personal insult, and in consequence, when Mrs. Verschoyle had offered him half-a-crown as they got into the train, he had declined the gift with no little dignity, saying—

"Faith, ma'am, the masther maybe has his own raysons for going off in a jiffy. Whin a jintleman has so much to think about as Mr. Irving, it's mighty small change ye'll get from him."

The widow had not deigned, of course, to notice O'Hara's concluding remarks. The train started, and that was the last of them for the present.

I jumped into the carriage again, and rode home. The spell which had been thrown around me had been broken. It was as though a veil had been lifted to disclose a skeleton, so bare, blank, and ungrateful seemed every object which had before glowed with infinite grace and beauty.

The glory of the summer morning—the freshness of the air—the glittering dew—the fleecy clouds—the twittering birds—the distant roar of the tide—the glorious lights and shadows upon the distant hills, were all passed heedlessly by, and I awoke from a confused day-dream at the door of my own house, which I entered with a sigh, and sat down on a chair which Eleanor had occupied not an hour ago. A moment after, Cary entered the house. I made no allusion to the fact of his disappearance when our visitors departed; in fact, we were both silent because we understood each other. There was no necessity for any explanation of the motives which had influenced us.

One thing I now remembered with some self-reproach—I had not thanked Cary for the part he had played in keeping Mr. Softon away; for I felt sure the credit of this little plot was due to him, and I asked him how it had been accomplished.

"When you were at Lymington some

time since, you had some conversation with Mrs. Verschoyle."

"I did; but that can have nothing to do with Mr. Softon."

"On the contrary, it has everything to do with him."

"How so?"

"What was the subject of your conversation with the widow?" said Cary.

"I can have no hesitation in telling you it was respecting a lawsuit in which she has been involved for some years. She unwillingly sought my advice, I know; but she had some reason for supposing that her solicitor was not a man in whom she could place confidence. Contrary to the advice of her sister-in-law, she had advanced him considerable sums of money, and still the suit made no progress. At length, yielding to Miss Verschoyle's advice, the widow consulted me, knowing that I had at least some experience of business. I went into the matter calmly, and in spite of the complicated nature of the legal details, I was convinced that she had been spending her money with very little chance of ever benefiting herself or her family. The person who had undertaken to conduct the case had been recommended by Mr. Reedy, the smooth-tongued gentleman you may have seen there. Mr. Reedy had so much influence with the widow, that I am by no means sure she will take my advice even now. He resented my interference, of course. He was too cowardly to openly object to anything I proposed, but I fancy he has wormed himself into her confidence again by a series of artful manœuvres; the consequence of which is that the widow has been colder ever since in her manners toward me."

"Is this affair known to anybody else?" said Cary.

"I should imagine not; yet, from Mr. Softon's familiarity with the family, it is just possible that he may have known something respecting it."

"He does," Cary answered.

"Indeed!" I said; "how came *you* to know that?"

"I have been able to surprise him with the extent of my information, and to prove the truth of all I have said concerning him."

"What on earth is all this?" I asked, curiously. "Put an end to the mystery, Cary, and let me know all."

"It is soon told. Mrs. Verschoyle has lost her suit during her stay here. The contending parties, disgusted with her

lawyer's quibbles, and feeling certain that the case would terminate favourably for them, brought the matter at once to an issue, and Mrs. Verschoyle is beaten. She will only learn the intelligence when she returns."

"I am grieved to hear this," I said; "but let me hear more."

"Simply that I worked upon Mr. Softon's cupidity. I showed him the paper which contained an account of the trial, and took care to make the most of it."

"I am very sorry, Cary, for this, because I fear the widow has so much pride that she will not allow me to give her any advice."

"I think," Cary replied, "that you may be able to help them greatly, and in a way that you have, perhaps, not calculated upon; which, in fact, will leave no obligation whatever."

"I cannot see, Cary, how that is to be accomplished. You speak in riddles to-day."

"No; I have thoroughly good grounds for all I say. You may be able some day or other to make them happy without any sacrifice, and even secure your own happiness in doing so."

"I am still in the dark," I said; "you must enlighten me, Cary."

"Read this, then," said the artist, taking from his pocket a London newspaper. "You have no occasion to read this page; it is merely a brief report of the trial, the result of which I have already told you. The paragraph to which I would draw your attention is here," and he pointed his finger to the bottom of the page.

I took the paper with a trembling hand, for there was something in Cary's tone which seemed as though intended to warn or astonish me. I read as follows:—

"The public will learn with the deepest regret that the fascinating and accomplished cantatrice, Madlle. Constance, [which was the name my wife adopted when she appeared on the stage] has just died at Baltimore. The gifted lady was making a professional tour in the United States, and had everywhere been received with the greatest enthusiasm. It is supposed that a cold caught during her journey, ending in fever, has been the cause of her untimely death. She was only twenty-five years of age. The name of Constance was assumed, she having married a few years ago an eminent manufacturer in the West of England.

The union, however, was not a happy one, and it was from this circumstance that Madlle. Constance was induced to devote her great talents to the Opera."

I read and re-read the paragraph. Was Constance solely to blame? I asked myself, with tears in my eyes, as I laid the paper softly down. I was human, I hope, and I could not thus learn the fate of one who had once been dear to me without deep regret, when I remembered what might have been; nor without pity that one so beautiful and gifted should have so grievously lacked the first elements of a happy and virtuous career.

I paced the room greatly agitated. I was totally oblivious to the presence of my friend, being lost in a troubled dream of my past life. I looked up, and my eyes fell upon a mirror which had often reflected her beautiful features. I sat down—it was upon a chair she had often occupied. Whichever way I turned there were souvenirs of the past which obliterated for the time all trace of her who had so lately occupied my thoughts.

Taking up the paper, I folded it abstractedly and put in my pocket. I was about to say something to Cary, but when I looked up the artist was not there.

Cary had left the room as soon as he had given me the paper. This was like him; there was an instinctive delicacy in everything he did, which never deserted him, and which I always gratefully remembered—never more so than now.

CHAPTER XII.

IMPATIENCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING Cary's genial temperament, and the affection I had for him, there was a coolness springing up between us. Perhaps he felt that, as soon as the natural regret which I must feel for the loss of my wife had subsided, my thoughts would turn toward Eleanor with greater force than ever. There was a mutual embarrassment which frequently made us equally desirous of avoiding each other.

Cary, perhaps, felt it more keenly even than myself, for he took his leave upon an early day after the event narrated in the last chapter. I remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to keep him longer.

"No, no, my dear fellow; it won't do. I might enjoy this delicious country life as only the poet or artist can enjoy country

life, and dream away the remainder of my days here."

"And I am sure, my dear fellow, you should be welcome to do so."

"There are reasons against that, which will presently grow stronger," said Cary, making a movement as though to go on the instant.

"Surely you cannot be going off this instant," I said; "you cannot wish to go to-night."

"Yes, I shall go by the late train," Cary answered; "and do not think me premature. I had decided to do that from the moment I saw that paper."

He scraped together some sketches and odd scraps of music which he had brought with him, with other trifles, not forgetting his inevitable meerschaum, and was ready.

I said little more to my friend, and we parted almost in silence, although neither would be glad to say much to the other.

A few days passed like a dream. What I did in that time I can never remember, so engrossed was I—so full of thought. I regretted Cary's absence at first, but soon ceased to do so; my whole soul soon became bent upon accomplishing the one wish of my heart.

I made such arrangements as would leave me freedom from business for some days, and betook myself once more to Lymington. Taking up my quarters at the hotel, I was not long before I visited the Verschoyles.

Cary must have been somewhat mistaken as to the effect of the intelligence he had brought me. The failure of the lawsuit had been by no means so injurious as I had been led to suppose; and this fact, too, Mr. Softon must have learned speedily, for he had again established himself as a constant visitor, and seemed gayer than ever. He was by no means delighted with my frequent visits, though it was clear he had not regarded me in the light of a rival, being cognizant of my marriage, and, I suppose, still ignorant of the manner in which that tie had been broken. Still, he saw that I had some influence with Eleanor, and therefore treated me, if not with actual disdain, at least with much condescension. Finding, however, that his haughty tone produced no effect upon me, he next tried conciliatory measures, and passed many underhand compliments from one to another intended for my ears. Seeing through these suspicious attentions, I received them complacently. I was sadly worried,

and the difficulty of getting a word with Eleanor was so great, that I should have quickly left the house again, had I not been bound to Miss Verschoyle, in the hope that the old lady would pave the way for me.

Eleanor, I feared, avoided me. I lingered hour after hour, and still the opportunity I courted never came. My eyes followed her every movement—not without a sort of confident pride in the idea that there was now nothing to stand in the way of my future happiness, and, I believed, hers also. For I could not believe it possible that Mr. Softon had any claim upon her affections.

Eleanor, however, was extremely reserved—so much so that Mr. Softon rallied her upon it. This, coupled with my presence, somehow told upon the young amateur. He could not talk—he would not sing, and was rapidly getting sulky. No doubt he remembered Lord Chesterfield's advice—never to keep ladies' society when we are sulky or out of humour; and would gladly have left the house, but for leaving me behind him. It only required Cary to be there to make his discomfiture complete.

Meanwhile, with womanly tact, Eleanor could discern that there was something unusual passing in my mind. There would not have been the unusual sparkle which I felt was visible in my eyes, nor the unusual eagerness which I could not refrain from showing in my manner, but for some unexpected emotion. What it might be she did not seek to discover. She had so thoroughly realised the fact that my marriage had placed a barrier between us, which even friendship could but partially remove, that even with friendship (and I was giving little chance of discontinuing this friendship) there ought to be even a greater coldness and distance between us than already existed; and thus, rather than encourage me, she no doubt felt it to be her duty to withdraw from any explanation with me.

This, however, I was determined to prevent, and at last, after hours of watching and waiting—the old ladies had settled themselves to a game of cards, two or three young ones had grouped together over an illustrated paper, and Mr. Softon had been induced to take his seat at the piano and favour the company with a ballad, which he had already sung twenty times in the course of the past month—seizing a momentary lull, I said, softly—

"I know by your manner, Miss Ver-

schoyle, that you imagine something extraordinary has happened to me; and you are right."

There was an unusual timidity in Eleanor's manner as I spoke thus. She would willingly, if possible, have turned the conversation into any other channel whatever; but it was impossible—she was helpless, because she was afraid. There was something in my fiery energy which Eleanor felt was capable of bearing down all opposition, and this it was she feared. She would not willingly allow her partiality for me to be thus placed, as it were, in a defensive position.

"I hope it is good news of some kind," she said at length, faintly.

"You shall judge for yourself," said I, I fear not without a certain triumph in my tone, and pulled from my pocket the newspaper containing the report of my wife's death.

Eleanor read it tremblingly. Meanwhile I sat down exactly opposite her, without once taking my eyes from her face.

"Anything important in the *Times* to-day?" said Mr. Softon, coming up to us at this moment.

He had seen me hand the paper to Eleanor, and, being always on the alert, had even finished his song without the customary cadence at the end, in order to gratify his curiosity.

Eleanor handed me back the paper at once, and did not even reply to Mr. Softon. That gentleman, somewhat huffed, joined one of the card parties, and I was again alone with Eleanor.

She would gladly have remained ignorant of this intelligence, and still more gladly would she have refrained from any comment; but a certain freedom of manner had been established, and she could hardly be silent.

"Pray forgive me if I am silent just now," said Eleanor, with an effort. "Your intelligence has startled and grieved me. You are staying at the hotel, are you not?"

"Yes."

"And you will call before you leave?"

"With your permission."

"I am not the mistress of the house, Mr. Irving."

"But the mistress of my heart," said I, softly, and took my leave at once.

My departure, as I learned, was the signal for Mr. Softon to shine. But his fund of anecdotes, most of them told before—his jokes, stolen from *Punch*—or

his lively humour, did not prevent his observing that Eleanor was troubled. She retired early, and Mr. Softon was astonished. The utmost stretch of his imagination could invent nothing to account for her sudden despondency.

If Mr. Softon went home and did not sleep from jealousy and mystification, I was sleepless from another cause. All my life I had been accustomed to battle with circumstances—with difficulties. This was an obstacle—a difficulty—to be fought against—to be vanquished. I felt as a general who knows the danger, but feels confident of victory. I had looked upon happiness in married life as a thing to be achieved by my own merit, affection, conduct, or position; not as a thing wherein a thousand chances might defeat any merely human plan. It was in this that my great error had consisted. It was this over-confidence that led to my hasty marriage in the first instance. It was this same over-confidence that led me to think in my secret heart that I could be happy with any woman that I loved, whether she loved me or not. In plain terms, I had only stayed to consider if I

loved the woman of my choice, as though it was morally certain that she could not fail to love me.

Therefore, even now, when I lay sleepless from overwrought feelings, I had not the least doubt of the future. I recalled the past—I thought of Constance, so young, so beautiful, so talented; but I thought of her with only the regret that a stranger might feel to see a human being degrading and deadening the exquisite faculties, the noble thoughts, the pure aspirations which seemed properly to belong to a form and face so bountifully endowed by nature. Only one dubious thought passed through my brain during the whole of that long night, and this was a thought which no sophistry entirely prevented from recurring to me; and this question was—

“What if it should not be true?”

This thought I fought against with the whole strength of my soul. We are so apt to believe that what we ardently wish for must come true at last, that we resolutely set ourselves against the suggestions of common sense and plain fact.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW YEAR.

MERRILY, merrily, comes the new year,
Sang a maiden blithe and gay;
And her heart beat high with hope at the thought
Of coming festivity.

Happily, happily, comes the new year,
Sang a young man in his prime;
And his eye was bright, and his heart was light,
As he thought of the coming time.

Mournfully, mournfully, comes the new year,
Said a widow in sorrowing tone,
As she cherished tender memories
Of the loved ones who were gone.

Solemnly, solemnly comes the new year,
Said an old man whose locks were grey,
Nearer and nearer draws the hour,
Closer the dawn of the day,
That blissful day when my sorrows shall cease,
And I enter my home of perfect peace.

VENETIA.

OLD CROSSES.

It has been maintained by some writers, that veneration for the sign of our Lord's sufferings and death was never testified by the Christian Church till after the Emperor Constantine gained his final victory over Maxentius on the 28th of October, 312. The authorities cited by Bishop Gibson in his *Codex*, and by Alban Butler in his work on *Moveable Feasts and Fasts*, are amply sufficient to refute this opinion; and if we may place faith in such writers on *Underground Rome* as Aringhius and Baldetti, the early Christians, when driven by the terrors of persecution to practise their devotions in the catacombs, depicted their sacred symbol in mosaic work upon the walls of these old stone-quarries, and adorned it with representations of precious stones and costly gems. But as it is not our present purpose to discuss this question, we may readily grant that the first Christian emperor and his pious mother, St. Helena, greatly contributed to foster and encourage the outward expression of this feeling of veneration.

Long before the death of Christ the cross had been used as an instrument of punishment for slaves and criminals of the worst character, and in many public and open places it might be seen standing as a terror to evil-doers, much in the same manner as the gibbet might have been seen upon the highways and open moors in our own country not very long ago. But with Constantine's change of feeling in reference to Christianity this was all done away. His reverential regard for the symbol of Christ's death caused him to abolish the punishment of crucifixion, and to exalt the cross to due honour. Accordingly, as appears from both Pagan and Christian writers, he passed a law that criminals should no longer be sentenced to suffer death upon it. He, moreover, erected it as a trophy, used it as a military standard, and placed it as the noblest ornament upon his diadem.

We need not now repeat the oft-told story, of the miraculous appearance of the cross, which is said to have originated this peculiar regard. Historians, both sacred and profane, have all recorded it upon the testimony of Eusebius, the friend of Constantine and the learned author of his *Life*. Although some writers have asserted it to be a fiction, it is certain that the Emperor caused his

own statue to be erected in the midst of Rome as a memorial of the event. This represented him bearing a cross in his right hand, with an inscription referring to the virtue of this sacred sign, the triumph of his victorious arms, and the deliverance of the empire from the dominion of a tyrant.

From this time forward, and more especially after his mother, St. Helena, discovered the true cross upon Mount Calvary, and erected in its honour a church at Jerusalem, the hitherto persecuted followers of Christ more openly displayed their feelings of reverential regard for this memorial of the sufferings of their Saviour. Hence we find the Christian writers of this period delighting to point out the form and likeness of the cross stamped upon almost every object of nature and art. They saw it in the human face, in the flying of a bird, in the swimming of a man, in the intersections of any two lines, in the standard of an army, in the crossing of the yard upon the mast of a ship, and in almost everything upon which the eye could rest. We need not be surprised, therefore, that when Christian missionaries came into these lands they readily turned the old crossed stone monuments called *Cromlechs*, which had before served as instruments of Druidical superstition, into the more noble use of Christian memorials. In this they acted quite in accordance with the genius of Christianity, which takes the works of nature and art, and ennobles them by using them for its own lofty purposes. Thus it is, as has been well set forth by a talented writer on *Christian Art*, that we find "the oldest catacomb paintings bear an unmistakable resemblance to the Greco-Roman art of the period" when the persecuted followers of Jesus were fain to hide themselves in the old Roman stone-quarries. The Christians of the early Church at once saw the glorious object to be attained by enlisting the arts of fresco-painting and of working in mosaics into the service of religion, and accordingly, even when compelled to practise it in the underground chambers and labyrinths of the Roman catacombs, they adopted these arts for the purpose of exhibiting to the eye of the initiated the symbols of their faith and hope. Upon a like principle the first idea of constructing

Christian churches in the form of an Apse seems to have been borrowed from the shape of the Roman Basilicas, buildings at that time used as exchanges, market-places, public halls, and courts of justice. So too with the cross itself. Originally regarded with contempt by the Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans, on account of the degrading purposes for which it was used by all these nations, Christians exalted it unto honour because it had been the instrument of Christ's death; and, after the fires of persecution had been extinguished, it was soon seen to form a conspicuous decoration on every church and every altar, and was employed as an outward sign in every religious ceremony. It was even used as a symbol of trust in worldly transactions, and became an inviolable test of all diplomatic compacts and agreements.

From what we have already said, our readers will not be surprised to find that, wherever the early Christian missionaries went to preach Christianity to the Pagans, they left their tracks marked by the cross. Hence this symbol was everywhere erected to serve various public uses. At one time it meets us as a landmark which none might venture to remove; at another time it arrests the eye above the entrance to a church, and calls those to recollection and reverence who are going to join the devotions of the faithful. The traveller upon the highway meets it to remind him of that Saviour who died upon it, or else at the graveside it bids him offer up a prayer for the soul of some one departed into the world of eternity. Standing in the market-place, it served as an elevated platform from which to address the multitudes upon the saving truths of the Gospel, and at the same time reminded the buyers and sellers that an hour would come when they would have to stand before Him who had died upon it to save them, and give an account to Him as the just Judge of every transaction of life. If a battle was fought and a victory won, the conqueror not unfrequently erected a cross to commemorate the event. It was often raised as the memorial of a murder or of some fatal casualty. It is found in many places at the meeting of four cross roads, and at the junction of four streets. If the body of the dead rested on its way to its last earthly dwelling-place, the surviving relatives frequently raised a cross upon the spot, as

a token of the love they bore towards the departed, and the grief with which they bewailed the loss they had sustained. It gave safety to those who fled to it for sanctuary; and at its base were read public prayers and public proclamations; whilst, as expletive of the old North of England proverb, "he begs like a cripple at a cross," the beggar stationed himself at its side, and asked for charity in the name of Jesus.

We shall now proceed to give our readers an account of some of these interesting monuments, which we shall classify under the general heads of Boundary and Sanctuary Crosses, Monumental and Memorial Crosses, and Market and Preaching Crosses.

Numerous are the examples of those which fall under the first class. In the neighbourhood of Croyland Abbey, fragments and bases of several have been found, and one of these tells by an inscription upon it the use for which it was erected. The inscription runs thus—

"Aio hanc petram,
Guthlacus habet sibi metam."

Some of these boundary crosses bear the name of stump-crosses. Such was the cross at Frisby, which served to mark the boundary line between that village and Ashfordby. A similar stone, five feet high, stood upon the top of the hill at Townley, in Lancashire. At the head of the river Dudding there is a stone which marks the spot, on Wrynose Mountain, where the county of Cumberland is divided from the adjoining county of Westmoreland; and the boundaries of Yorkshire and Cumberland are, in like manner, marked by a cross, which stands on Stain Moor. This cross also served as a monument of that treaty of peace which William the Conqueror entered into with Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, having been erected as a testimony that the former ceded Cumberland to the latter by reason of the ill-success of his arms against him.

Of Sanctuary Crosses, Camden gives us instances in Mugdrum cross, near Lundorfs, in Fifeshire, and in the crosses at Ripon, in Yorkshire. The Mugdrum cross, upon which were some "old barbarous verses," derived its name from a tradition that it was dedicated to a certain St. Magrim. Whoever this saint might be, his name, however wanting in euphony, seems to have been embalmed in the memories of the people of Fife;

for, about three miles from his cross, there was, in Camden's time, a cairn, on which was raised a kind of obelisk of rude stones, called Magrim's Seat. The Ripon crosses marked the boundaries of sanctuary of the collegiate church. Three of these were named Athelstan's Cross, Kangel Cross, and Sharow Cross.

On the way leading to parochial churches, crosses were usually erected. At Hornsby, in Norfolk, there were four, which have been supposed to define the limits of sanctuary in that place. Even where crosses upon the highway were without the sanctuary boundaries, they appear to have been endowed with its privileges; for, according to some ancient canons, if any condemned person escaped and fled to a church, churchyard, holy place, or *cross fixed upon the earth*, civil justice should leave him in peace until he quitted his place of refuge.

Some writers have striven to show that the oldest of these sanctuary crosses are of Scandinavian or Danish origin, and they have given to them the name of Runic Crosses, from the word *rune*, which signifies a superstitious invocation. This idea, however, has been well combated by a writer at the beginning of the present century, the Rev. J. Evans, in his *Letters written during a Tour in South Wales*.

We may here refer to a curious abuse to which this system of erecting crosses was put on many occasions. It is expressed in the following words of the second statute of Westminster, cap. 37, as quoted by Du Fresne, under the word *Crux*, in his Glossary:—"Because many tenants erect crosses on their tenements, or permit them to be erected, to the prejudice of their lords, in order that they may be able to defend themselves against the capital lords of the fee, by the privilege of the Templars and Hospitallers, it is hereby determined that the said tenants, in so doing, shall incur a fine to the said capital lords or to the king."

Crosses erected as funeral monuments are so numerous that we can mention only comparatively few. The following are some of the most interesting:—

In the Island of Iona, the burial-place of the ancient Scottish kings, there were at one time not less than three hundred and sixty crosses of this kind. Unless they served as gravestones, it is difficult to understand what could be the object of all these crosses in so small a place. The Russians seem to use crosses for this pur-

pose. Hence, when the Russian residents in Guernsey were compelled to return to their own country during the war at the beginning of the present century, they left more than fifty wooden crosses in their burial-ground, which were used for firewood during the following winter by the poor inhabitants of the neighbouring cottages. The only cross now remaining in Iona is that known as St. Martin's Cross, standing in the cathedral grounds. It is in an excellent state of preservation, distinctly showing the carvings upon it. The preservation of this cross, when so many others around it have been destroyed, reminds us of the following anecdote, which tells of the manner in which a cross was preserved in the graveyard of the village of Hemskerek, in Holland:—

The Dutch painter, Martin Hemskerek, had laboured diligently in his profession and amassed considerable wealth. Anxious to leave to posterity some memorial of himself, he bequeathed sufficient money to serve as a marriage portion for some one young woman of his village annually. The testamentary condition of this grant was curious. It required that the bride and bridegroom should go every year, upon the anniversary of their marriage, and dance upon the grave of their benefactor. This condition, we are assured, was most religiously observed; and when the people, at the change of religion, caused all the crosses in the graveyards to be destroyed, the inhabitants of Hemskerek still preserved the copper cross upon the grave of the painter, and caused it to serve as a sign of the deed of settlement which secured to their daughters their marriage portion.

There is a curious monumental cross preserved in the churchyard at Penrith. It consists of two circular shafts, ornamented with fret-work and mortised into pedestals. They stand fifteen feet from each other at the extreme ends of what appears to have been a grave, and "the space between them," to use the words of Pennant, "is enclosed on each side with two very large, but thin, semicircular stones, so that there is left a walk between pillar and pillar of two feet in breadth."

In the churchyard of Bewcastle, Cumberland, there is a highly ornamented shaft of a cross, which formed some years ago a subject of no little controversy amongst the most learned antiquarians. Some maintained that it was a Danish monument, whilst others, with every show of reason in their favour, declared that it

was absurd to suppose that Pagans would erect monuments which were adorned with what to them was an opprobrious sign, and in places dedicated to the worship of Christ.

We might point out many other crosses and monumental stones in various counties in England. Cornwall abounds with them, and they are chiefly formed by a single shaft of granite. A representation was given, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1806, of the ornamental shaft of a cross in Norfolk, near Langley Abbey—a Premonstratensian monastery, founded in the year 1198. Another at Stalbridge, in Dorsetshire, is described and illustrated by an engraving in Gough's Edition of Hutchin's *Dorsetshire*. Britton, in his illustrations of the *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, gives an engraving of a cross, raised on steps, in the street of Cricklade, Wiltshire, and he describes it as "ornamented with quatrefoils on the base and niches with canopies at the top," which "appear to have been formerly decorated with statues, as a similar cross is situated close to one of the churches in the same town, and contains the crucifixion in alto relievo, with other figures." In Gough's *Camden* there is an account of a monumental pillar at Doncaster; and upon it is an inscription, which, when translated out of the original Norman French, is to this effect:—"This is the cross of Ote de Silli, on whose soul God have mercy, Amen." The de Silli here mentioned is described as "senescallus comitis de Conigbroc" in the time of Stephen and Henry II., and was "witness to several grants of land in this neighbourhood to abbies."

Pennant, in his *Tour in Scotland*, gives a description of a tall sculptured monumental cross which stands in the churchyard of Glamis. It is called the gravestone of King Malcolm, and is supposed to have been erected in memory of the assassination of that monarch during an insurrection which broke out in the year 958. "On one front is a cross; on the upper part is some wild beast, and opposite is a centaur; beneath, in one compartment, is the head of a wolf: these animals denoting the barbarity of the conspirators." An engraving of this interesting monument is given in Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale*.

In Ireland there are several very fine old monumental crosses. One of these is at Old Kilcullen, in the county Kildare, and is described as very "grotesque and

uncommon in this kingdom." Upon its shafts are ornaments and sculptured representations of ecclesiastics, with "bonnets, tunics, and trousers," and beards of very singular cut. At Monasterboice, in the county Louth, there are three very fine crosses, standing amidst a crowd of tombs and headstones of various ages, and near to the ruins of a round tower and two small churches. The traveller who visits this once celebrated religious establishment is particularly struck with the silence which reigns around its lonely ruins. At whatever time or season his visit is made, he rarely, if ever, sees one human face. A poor crazed woman used indeed, some years ago, to frequent the burial ground, and, throwing herself upon one particular grave, generally uttered a loud Irish lament in tones of heart-rending melancholy. Her son was drowned, and she laboured under the persuasion that he was not lost, but would in time return to her and bless her, and then close her weeping eyes in everlasting peace.

At Clonmacnoise, on the banks of the Shannon, there is an ornamented cross fifteen feet high, and standing near the western door of Teampull Mac Durmuid. The shaft and intersecting stone at the top are embellished with a sculptured design of what would appear to be a deer-hunt, in which are seen men, dogs, horses, and chariots. Dr. Ledwich supposed that these sculptured representations have some direct reference to the contiguous church. May they not have been intended to symbolize the human soul seeking to escape from the many enemies which are ever striving in this world to hunt it down to the regions of eternal woe? The following legend connected with this cross, and embodied in the many strange traditions of the King's County peasantry, may serve to give it an additional interest in the minds of our readers.

In ancient days there was one portion of the King's County which was well known under the name of the Mac Coghlan's Country, from the powerful family to whom it at that time belonged. The Mac Coghlan's then exercised great sway over that tract of country now known as the barony of Garry Castle—a name derived from the Mac Coghlan's Castle, the ruins of which may still be seen not far from the town of Banagher, on the road to Parsonstown. The head of the family was a kind of patriarch on

his own domain, and administered his affairs on the old patriarchal system—in perfect accordance with the laws and prescriptions of the Brehons—he himself being the centre of authority, the fountain of all justice, and, in many cases, even executing upon offenders the judgments which he passed upon them.

Among the Garry Castle retainers was one whose daughter was well known for her beauty, and for the tragic end to which it brought her. She commonly went by the name of the Banagher Black Eye, or, "Brigid the beauty of Mac Coghlan's Country." She was the pride of her people, and, in innocence, was the boast of the Mac Coghlan of the day. In an unhappy hour a stranger, who had been permitted to enjoy the hospitalities freely dispensed at the castle, set his eyes upon the people's pride, won her affections, sued for her hand in marriage, and was refused by the patriarch, who claimed over her the rights of parental authority. The result was what might have been expected, sin and shame. Her deceiver had no sooner effected his wicked purpose than he fled, and left his victim to face the anger of an incensed judge, and to undergo the punishment which Mac Coghlan himself inflicted with no light hand. But this was not all; she had yet to meet the priest in confession, and this she felt more than either Mac Coghlan's punishment or the public shame. At length Easter came, and poor Bridgid must needs go before her spiritual judge, or fall under the ban of excommunication. She therefore went to confession, and with tears of real sorrow sought for the priest's absolution, and obtained it; but at the same time a penance was imposed upon her, which was to hold her up as an example in all future time to women in general, and to beauties in particular. She was required to go alone, three times every year, to Clonmacnoise, and there to kneel, for one day and one night, repeating her rosary before the old stone cross. It was a terrible sentence, and heavily did it hang upon her soul. Day and night she had that fearful doom before her mind, until at last it seemed to have nearly deprived her of reason. Yet she performed her penance on two occasions, and on the third—which was the anniversary of her public shame—she went and repeated her paters and aves, but how she knew not; her mind was not in them, her soul went not with them. Her thoughts the while

were upon the figures carved in the stone before her, and she felt that hunted deer was a symbol of herself, driven to utter ruin by the severity of her fellow sinners. Then came the night. To pass that in the lonely graveyard was perhaps the most awful part of her punishment. There, alone, she was left to her thoughts and fears, and her mind, never strong, became haunted by visions of spectres rising forth from their graves. One of these was terrible beyond expression, of gigantic form and power. It approached her, and seizing her by her long, black, and beautiful tresses, rose up with her into the air, and, by some nameless power, bearing her over the loftiest of the round towers, let her fall into the Shannon, which flows at the foot of the rising ground on which the ruins of the old churches of Clonmacnoise stand. Her body was found a few days after washed upon the opposite bank of the river, not far from the town of Banagher. Such is the legend connected with this ancient cross.

In regard to memorial crosses, we may say in general, that they served to commemorate either some event of local importance, or the remembrance of some one who had been the object of more than ordinary affection. Of the crosses which have been erected to perpetuate the memory of battles or of victories won, we may mention one at Blore Heath, in Staffordshire, where a battle was fought in the year 1459. Camden tells us of another, called Camus Cross, erected about six miles from Dundee, in Scotland, "in memory of Camus, the Danish general, who, being defeated at Panbride, and retreating towards Murray, was surrounded by the victorious Scots, and lost his life at this spot." Perhaps the best-known cross of this kind is that called Neville's Cross, erected not far from the city of Durham, in commemoration of the glorious victory obtained over David Bruce in the time of the first Edward, when two archbishops and their suffragans led on the English soldiers against those of Scotland, and made the Scottish king a prisoner.

Those crosses, however, which may be said to come more especially under the designation of *memorial*, are such as are popularly known by the name of *Norman crosses*. For the most part they resemble a Gothic turret either placed on the ground, or on the base of a few steps, with decorations of pinnacles, niches, and figures.

In former times, among the many cus-

toms peculiar to the Church of Rome was that of erecting crosses, not only where the bodies of persons of distinction were interred, but also wherever the dead was permitted to rest on its way to interment, whether on account of the length of the journey or for other reasons. Hence throughout this country there were very many places where memorial crosses were erected, some of which were very beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture, whilst others were of a much more unpretending character. Few of these, comparatively speaking, now remain, but wherever they are known to have existed, it is even yet the custom of the clergy of the Church of Rome to stop those bearing the body of one who has died in their communion, until a *De profundis* has been repeated for the soul of the departed. There is in the town of Kendal, Westmoreland, a place called the Cross Bank, from the fact that upon this more elevated part of the street (Highgate) there once stood a simple stone cross, part of the shaft of which is built into the front wall of one of the houses. We have ourselves often seen the late priest of Kendal, when accompanying one of his departed flock to the graveyard of the fine old parish church, cause the funeral procession to halt at this place, till he, standing with his face turned towards the head of the coffin, said the 130th Psalm. We have also seen the same at another place, called Stone Cross Barn, about half a mile out of the town.

Du Fresne tells us, in his *Glossarium*, that on the way from Paris to St. Denis, where the French kings were formerly interred, there were a number of these crosses standing by the roadside; and the same writer mentions one made of wood, which was erected on a bridge, because the relics of St. Wandrigrisilius had rested there.

The best known examples of memorial crosses, and those which to Englishmen are perhaps the most interesting, are the monuments erected by King Edward I., at the different stages where the body of Queen Eleanor rested on its way from Nottingham to London. Mr. Gough, who gives many interesting particulars concerning this king and his beloved queen, is of opinion that there were originally fifteen of these elegant specimens of architecture; three only of which now remain. Historians, however, do not agree in reference to either the time and place of the queen's death, or the num-

ber of crosses at first erected. The most probable account is that she died at Hereby in Nottinghamshire, November, 1290. Wherever the dead body halted for the night, which was not improbably near some abbey or religious house, the king caused an elegant cross to be raised to her memory. Those which are still standing are to be seen at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham. They are all highly decorated, and contain statues of the queen in whose memory they were raised, standing beneath very beautifully ornamented canopies. It would take up too much of our space to enter into minute descriptions of each. These the curious reader will find, accompanied by very full illustrations, in Britton's *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, a work to which we have before had occasion to refer.

It has not been ascertained with any degree of reliable testimony, to whom we owe the designs for these elegant structures. Some have supposed that they were planned by Peter Cavallini, a Roman sculptor, whom either the king or Abbot Ware invited from Rome to superintend their erection. This Cavallini is the same person to whom, as Mr. Gough says, we owe the design of Edward the Confessor's shrine in Westminster Abbey. On the Northampton Cross there are two Latin inscriptions—the one importing that it was repaired in 1713, the other telling of a similar work in 1762.

Two more of these crosses formerly stood, one in Cheapside and the other at Charing. The former, considered in its day the most elegant cross in England, was defaced in the night of June 21st, 1581, through the fanaticism of the times. It was not, however, the original structure, but one far more beautiful, built in 1441 by permission of Henry VI., at the expense of John Hatherly, the lord mayor, and several of the wealthy citizens of London. It was adorned with several large statues, and finished in 1486. Thirty-six years afterwards it was gilt. Heylin, in his *History of Presbyterians*, says that the lower images were broken and defaced in the night of the date we have given above. According to Stow, the religious images which ornamented this cross were defaced in 1596. If our first date be correct, the fact related by Stow must refer to a second defacement of the statues. We may add, that after this "there was set up a curious wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same

an alabaster image of Diana, and water, conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast." Some writers have thought that it is in allusion to this image that our immortal dramatist put into the mouth of Rosalind, in *As you Like it*, the words—"I will weep for nothing, like Diana at the fountain." Of Charing Cross the name alone now remains, but in it we may still trace the reference to the dear queen—*la chère reine*. It was taken down in 1646, and a ballad, preserved in Percy's *Reliques*, was written to satirize the folly of the times.

The crosses under the last head of our classification were as varied in size as in formation. The general design of market and preaching crosses was to draw men to do public homage to the religion of Christ crucified, and to excite in them sentiments of piety and a due regard to those principles which our Great Teacher requires his followers to practise in the ordinary transactions of life. Formerly one of these crosses was to be seen in almost all towns which contained any abbey or noted religious house. A reference to one which stood near the minster of Friars Preachers is contained in the following lines of the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*:—

"And a curious cross craftely enlayted
With tabernacles ytight to totenal abouten,
The pris of a ploughland of pennies so round,
To aparriele that pylar were pure lytel.
Then I wunte me forth the mynstere to
knownen," &c.

When people went to market to sell the produce of their farms, &c., it was the usual custom in old times, as it is now, to pay certain tolls, many of which formerly went to swell the revenues of the monastic institutions of the neighbourhood. To promote the payment of these, as well as to advance the cause of religion as then taught, preachers from the religious houses addressed the multitudes on the market and fair-days, teaching them the necessity of leading lives suited to their christian profession, to practise industry in their callings and honesty in all their dealings. Many of the crosses from which these addresses were made still remain, and by their great beauty testify to the skill of the architects and sculptors of the times in which they were raised. Among these, the crosses most worthy of mention are those at Glastonbury, Leighton-Buzzard, Stourehad in Wiltshire, removed from

Bristol, Cheddar, Coventry, Gloucester, Malmesbury, Chichester, Winchester, and that called "White Friar's Cross," situated on the road-side, about one mile from Hereford.

Tradition has preserved the following story amongst others in regard to the origin of the last of these crosses. It appears that in the year 1347, the entire county of Hereford was ravaged by a most infectious disease, which displayed its malignity, as most diseases of a similar kind generally do, in those parts which were most thickly inhabited. On this account the market was removed from the town to a distant piece of waste ground, where Dr. Lewis Charlerton, afterwards bishop of Hereford, is supposed to have caused the cross to be erected. There is upon each face of this cross a shield with a lion rampant in relief. This was the bishop's armorial bearing, and as one similar is upon his monument in the cathedral, it is highly probable that this is the true origin of this cross.

The market-cross of Malmesbury stands near the centre of the town. Cobbett, who delighted in Malmesbury, because its remains of former days, compared with its present condition, afforded him, as he thought, an argument in favour of that strange fancy of his—that England was once more populous than it is now—used to say that it was worth going a hundred miles to see Malmesbury cross. It is an octangular stone building with flying buttresses, a highly ornamented turret, and figures in basso-relievo, one of which represents the Crucifixion. Leland calls it "a right fair and costly piece of workmanship, made all of stone, and curiously vaulted for poor market folks to stand dry when rain cometh;" and, he adds, "the men of the town made this piece of work *in hominem memoria*." He wrote this in the time of Henry VIII. It adorns a town which has produced several literary celebrities, among whom we may mention the monkish historian, William of Malmesbury, and Hobbes, the sceptical metaphysician.

The market-cross at Chichester was erected by Bishop Story, who was consecrated to the See of Carlisle on the 14th of October, 1468, and translated to the see of Chichester ten years later. Beside building this cross, he is said to have left an estate at Amberley, the rent of which was to be set apart in order to keep it in a state of complete repair. For beauty

of design and richness of ornamentation, it is scarcely surpassed by any similar structure in the kingdom. A large clock was placed in it in 1724, at the expense of "Dame Elizabeth Farrington, as an hourly memento of her good-will." When we saw this cross some years ago, its top was ornamented by a turret, in a wretched style of architecture, and of a much later erection than the rest of the cross. If it still remains in the condition in which it was at that time, little credit is reflected upon the citizens of Chichester by this incongruous adjunct being permitted to continue where it is.

As a work of art the cross at Winchester is undoubtedly the finest of its kind in England, although it is not so well suited to the purposes of the market people as those of Chichester and Malmesbury.

It is popularly called the "Butter Cross," because country people were in the habit of selling butter here until the market-house was built, in the year 1772. It was most probably erected some time in the fifteenth century, and is supposed to have replaced a more ancient structure. Standing upon five stone steps, it consists of three tiers, or stories, adorned with open arches, niches, and pinnacles. Originally there would appear to have been four statues, one only of which now remains. According to some antiquarians this figure was intended as a representation of St. John the Evangelist, but, as it bears a palm branch in its hand, it is more likely intended as the statue of some martyred servant of God. Mr. Britton says that this cross measures $43\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the ground to the summit. The lower tier of arches is 7 feet 10 inches high, and the statue is 5 feet 10 inches.

In the year 1770 it was upon the point of being taken down. It seems at that time there were in the city certain commissioners of pavements, who were in all probability descended from the race of Huns or Vandals. They certainly were not Goths or even Visigoths. These men, possessed by the destructive spirit of the people from whom they sprung, had become so blinded by their love of paving-stones as to be unable to see the beauty of their market-cross. Accordingly they condemned it to destruction, and having gathered together a regiment of "roughs," were upon the point of laying siege to this splendid structure with picks, spades, and hammers—the engines peculiar to their mode of conducting an attack upon such

places—when the genius of William of Wykham descended from his bright abode, and inspired some of the citizens, who had preserved a peculiar regard for his memory, to go and remonstrate with the barbarians. Whether their remonstrations needed to be enforced by bribe or by threats we are not told, but certain it is that they succeeded in saving this splendid masterpiece of art, and it now remains as a monument not only to testify to the architectural genius which planned and executed it, but also to do honour to the memory of those who rescued it from the destructive madness of the Winchester pavement commissioners.

It is possible, and we think by no means improbable, that market-crosses and preaching-crosses were at first intended to serve the same purpose—as stone pulpits or oratories. If so, the former, like the latter, were constructed with a view to shelter the preacher or officiating priest whilst reading some portion of the service for the dead, and whilst addressing a large concourse of people in the open air. The cross at Ire-Acton, in Gloucestershire; that of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire; and that at the south side of Shrewsbury Abbey, commonly called "St. Winifred's Pulpit," were crosses of this kind.

There was formerly a preaching-cross at Spitalfields, when that now densely-populated place was fields; but it, like many other monuments of the artistic genius and taste of the Middle Ages, fell a victim to the image-breaking spirit of a past day. It was at this cross that the sermons, known as "the Spital sermons," used to be preached in Easter week, the lord mayor and the principal civic dignitaries, with their wives, regularly attending in state to hear them. These sermons were preached not many years ago in St. Bride's church, London.

The most celebrated of all the crosses for preaching, was that known as St. Paul's-cross, in the city of London. It stood near to the old cathedral, a little to the east of Cannon-alley. We read of it as early as the reign of Henry III., and it was standing in the time of Dugdale, but like many others it excited the iconoclastic ire of the predominant party of the day, and therefore Parliament ordered it to be destroyed. This interesting cross was essentially intended as a pulpit from which to deliver public addresses, although history records that it was sometimes used as a place where scandalous sinners were made to do public

penance. Our readers will remember that it was at this cross that Jane Shore, the victim of the malice of King Richard III., was held up as a public example. According to a manuscript in the British Museum, Mary Frith did penance at this cross, for the shameless vices which rendered her so infamously public in her day. She was commonly known by the name of Mall Cutpurse, and it is to some picture of this woman that Shakspeare refers in *Twelfth Night*, where Sir Toby Belch uses the words, "like Mistress Mall's picture." It was from this cross that Doctor Goddard, the chaplain to the great Earl of Warwick, used his eloquence to convince the people of London that Edward IV. was an usurper, and that Henry VI. ought to be restored to his throne. It was at St. Paul's-cross that Doctor Shawe preached that infamous sermon, in which he eulogized the usurper Richard to his face, whilst he at the same time strove to prove that the children of Edward were illegitimate. In front of this cross the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey sat and listened to the anathemas fulminated against

the great reformer, Luther; and ten years later, when the political and religious atmosphere of the kingdom had changed, preachers, employed by Wolsey's royal master, loudly proclaimed, on the same spot, the principles of the Reformation. In short, it was here that Elizabeth, "the most high, mightie, and magnificent empress," as Spenser calls her, attended to hear a thanksgiving sermon after the Spanish Armada had been defeated, and its boasting monarch had been made to bow in humiliation before Britannia, the mistress of the seas. Such are some of the interesting circumstances connected with this well-known preaching-cross. Though often turned to base uses by the agents of the prevailing political or religious party, it ought never to have been destroyed. However, it is gone, and with it must end our *causerie* on ancient crosses.

We are fully aware that we might have said much more upon our interesting theme, but our closing space bids us check our pen, lest our essay should exceed its due proportions.

BIBLE WOMEN.

No. 5.—RUTH.

THERE was a voice of mourning in Moab. A young man revelling in the pride of youth and health was suddenly cut down in his prime. Yesterday he trod the earth a bright and glorious creature—now he lies lifeless and motionless upon his flower-strewn bier. Around him are weeping friends; and the wail of hired mourners is the only sound which disturbs the silence of the death-chamber.

At the head of the bier sat a melancholy group—his aged mother Naomi, and her daughters-in-law. The years of Naomi had been many, but the days of her pilgrimage had not been cloudless. Still, grief had not bowed her down. Many a lightning shock had struck her, and strewed the leaves of her beauty, and torn away her branches; but firm, and trusting in her God, she bent to the blast only to arise more erect than before.

Many years since a grievous famine drove her forth from her pleasant home in

Bethlehem to seek subsistence beyond the Jordan. Although leaving her home for a strange land, the hope and courage of Naomi failed not, for her husband, Elimelech, and two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, were with her. Elimelech, being a man of rank, was well received by Eglon, King of Moab, then ruler of Israel, which he had lately conquered by his arms, and who bestowed his young daughter Ruth upon Mahlon, the eldest son of Naomi. Their happiness was short—Ehud dethroned Eglon—poverty and death overtook the family of Naomi. Her heart was filled with sharp anguish, but she knew her King, Jehovah, had called her husband and sons, and her loyal heart submitted without a murmur. Mahlon, her last son, now lies a corpse before her, but yet she sits erect beside it.

Cast upon the floor in anguish of soul, her head buried in her mother's lap, Ruth, the widow of Mahlon, seems some tender

flower, torn from its resting-place by cruel tempests, and clinging for support to the nearest thing. Orpah, widow of Chilion, sat on the other side of Naomi, wetting with her tears the long glossy tresses of the fair Ruth as she bent over to comfort her, or looking up in wonder at the noble fortitude of the high-souled Naomi.

Although Naomi bowed not at the storms of fate, there was a blight at the core. She felt not her griefs the less that she gave them not utterance. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Apparently calm she sat beside the bier of her last cherished one, her eyes fixed upon the funereal linen which enveloped his body; but her thoughts were sad, as they recurred to her early home, her beloved husband, and darling boys. Happier days arose before her; loved forms came to view, and voices of cherished lost ones were sounding in her ear. Mournful and lonely felt she, then, when the death-trump summoning them forth aroused her, and the last link which bound her to earth was torn away. Her heart yearned for her home and friends of other days, and she inwardly resolved to leave the land where she had suffered so much misery, and return to her loved Judea again.

A few days after the burial a train of camels was seen winding up the side of a steep hill, which arose on the confines of Moab—it was Naomi, with her daughters-in-law, wending their toilsome way to the land of Judea. The females alighted upon the summit; and, while supper was preparing under the oak trees, advanced to the brow of the hill, to gaze around them. They looked upon a gloomy scene. Before them lay the Dead Sea—dark, stern, and motionless—none could look upon its cold, still surface, without a shudder. Bare, jagged cliffs, and hills of everlasting granite arose from its shores, shooting up their sterile peaks in every direction. Orpah and the Princess Ruth gazed with sadness upon this desolate scene, but a mournful smile broke over the face of Naomi.

"My daughters," she said, "behold the famed salt sea! and, beyond, the hills of Judea; my loved home, I see thee at last! Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace."

This distant glimpse of the land they had chosen for a home was anything but cheering to the forlorn young strangers; and turning from it with a sigh, they

gazed out over the verdant plains of Moab, adorned with the glittering waves of the silver Arnon; over rich valleys, noble temples, and cities now lighted up by the sun's last rays.

"Oh, Moab, my country!" cried Orpah, stretching her arms towards it, while tears rushed over her face—"beautiful Moab; I shall never see thee more; for the last time I gaze upon thy hills and palaces!"

Ruth gave not way to the passionate grief of her sister-in-law, but stood with her arms crossed in resignation over her perfect form; her lovely cheek pale with suppressed emotion, and her dark eyes fixed mournfully upon the home she had left, thus brightly contrasted with the one she was seeking.

Naomi gazed upon her daughters-in-law, and her heart reproached her for accepting their dutiful offer of accompanying her to Bethlehem. They were young, and had many years of life and happiness before them; why should she tear them from their home and friends to follow her footsteps to a strange land?

"My daughters," she said, advancing toward them, "pardon the selfishness of age and sorrow. I have suffered my griefs so far to usurp all feeling—all thought—that not until now have I seen the extent of the sacrifice you are making in leaving your homes to accompany me. Return, beloved ones, ere it be too late, each to her mother's house; there you will find wealth and repose, while with me will be toil and care; and the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me!"

Ruth, without speaking, threw herself into Naomi's arms and wept. For one moment a flush of joy passed over the face of Orpah, but, checking it, she turned to her mother-in-law.

"Nay, mother," she said, "ask us not to leave thee, for thou art old and lonely, and we will return with thee to thy land."

"Not so, my daughters. I have not many years to live, but ye are young, and should marry again. In a strange land, alone, what would ye do if I should die and leave ye? I have no more sons to give you to protect you when I am gone."

"Mother of my Mahlon!" said Ruth, raising her head from Naomi's bosom, where she had wept in silence—"oh, bid me not leave thee! With thee is every recollection of past happiness—past never

to return! I have gazed with thee on his form in its pride, and with thee have I wept in despair over his bier; can I then lose the light of that face and that voice which ever brings his remembrance to my heart?"

The mother and widowed daughters lifted up their voices and wept. Soon, however, Naomi resumed her solicitations, and Orpah, after many passionate adieus, turned from her lonely mother and sister, and departed—but Ruth clave to her.

"Ruth, my daughter," said Naomi, mournfully, "behold thy sister-in-law hath returned to her people and her God; follow her then, ere it be too late."

"Entreat me not to leave thee!" exclaimed Ruth, pressing her mother's hand to her lips—"whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge! Tell me not of my people and my God, for thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Mother! where thou diest I will die, and there I will be buried—and the Lord judge me if aught but death part thee and me!"

Hour after hour passed away, and all were buried in sleep, except Naomi and her faithful daughter-in-law. Upon the brow of the hill they still remained in deep converse on high and holy matters; for Ruth had asked her mother to instruct her in the faith of Israel.

Her memory stored with the traditions of her people, Naomi poured into the wondering ear of the young Moabitess, the extraordinary history of her race.

With mingled emotions of joy and sorrow Naomi stood on the shores of Jordan. That stream, so celebrated in the history of her nation, told of home and country. She remembered the day when she had passed it with her husband and children—but now she had returned old, poor, and lonely. Repressing these feelings, she strove to cheer up Ruth—plucking for her the oleanders and myrtles with which its borders were adorned, and pointing out to her notice the broken walls and ruined fanes of Jericho; never to be rebuilt, under pain of God's curse. A dark spot were these gloomy ruins upon the fair plains stretching around it, now rich with ripened harvest, and gay with the bright anemone and far-famed rose of Jericho. A toilsome journey among hills and ravines brought them in sight of Bethlehem. Yon green hill clothed with rich groves of olive-trees, and crowned with

graceful clusters of stately white buildings, is indeed her home; but where are those whose noble forms were at her side when, ten years before, she had left those walls? The gate of Bethlehem was a noble structure, whose cool deep arch was the favourite resort of the citizens for the purpose of talking over the news of the day, or of gazing upon the travellers who passed through there. Some of the friends of the bereaved widow were then seated there, who gazed at her with earnest eyes as she rode along. Time and sorrow had done much to change her, but she was recognised at last.

"Naomi! Can it be?" they cried. "Welcome, long-lost Naomi—thy name speaks truly now, for *pleasant* art thou to our sight once more."

"Call me not *Naomi*, my friends," said the widow; "call me *Mara*, for *bitterly* hath the Lord dealt with me. I went out full, and the Lord brought me home empty. Why then call my name *Naomi*, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?"

Once more settled in her native home, the widow's humble calmness returned. Her friends were rejoiced to see her and flocked around her, endeavouring to alleviate her sorrowful fate. The years of famine and trouble which they had seen left them little to give—but her own, and Ruth's industry, placed them above want.

Without the city gate arose a lordly mansion, surrounded by fields and groves. This belonged to Boaz, a rich man, and relative of Elimelech, the husband of Naomi. To him she purposed to apply should she need succour, but for the present her humble wants were fully supplied. During the time of barley-harvest Ruth observed her neighbours returning each evening laden with grain gleaned from the fields around—why should she not do the same, and thus add to the comforts of her mother-in-law? It was true her rank had prevented her from becoming familiar with these menial offices, but she had devoted her life to her mother, and determined to leave no efforts untried to soften her lot. Filled with these thoughts she sought Naomi.

"Mother," she said, "I see my neighbours returning each evening laden with corn; let me, then, go into the fields and glean after any one in whose eyes I shall find grace?"

"Go, my daughter," said Naomi, "and

the Lord bless thy kind endeavours to lighten thy mother's cares."

The next day Ruth passed out of the gate, her heart joyous with the idea of rendering her mother a service. It was a glorious morning, and one moment she stopped to gaze out upon the fair and extensive view spread beneath her. Over plain, hill, and vineyard the morning sun was glancing, but she turned from the beautiful picture, and sighed, as her eye fell upon the gloomy waters of the Dead Sea, which lay darkly gleaming in the distance, for beyond its rocky shores arose the hills of her own loved Moab. She turned hastily away, and sought the nearest farm. It chanced to be the estate of Boaz, her husband's princely relative. Already were the reapers, each laden with a leathern bottle or gourd of water, hastening to their work; and as they passed her, each turned to gaze upon her stately loveliness. Ruth inquired for the overseer, and proffered her humble request that she might glean in the fields that day. Pleased with her sweet gentleness, he gave her the permission.

Soon after, the gates were thrown open, and Ruth, looking up from her work, beheld a stately man approaching. His tunic of the softest wool, his crimson silk girdle richly embroidered with gold and with silver, and his mantle of the finest linen, proclaimed him a man of rank and wealth. It was Boaz, the owner of the farm. "The Lord be with you," he said to the reapers as he passed.

"The Lord bless thee," they answered him.

"What lovely damsel is this who followeth the reapers?" he asked.

The overseer of the reapers told him she was Ruth the Moabitess, and repeated what he knew of her sad story.

"See to this young woman well," said Boaz; "let her glean among the reapers, for such piety deserves reward. Let her not follow the men, for she is too lovely, but place her among my maidens."

Ruth now approached, and Boaz called her to him.

"Hearest thou, my daughter?" he said; "wander not about the fields, but glean here in mine, and keep fast to my maidens. When thou art athirst, ask the young men to draw for thee. I will speak to them that they treat thee well."

Ruth, grateful and surprised for this notice from the master of the field, knelt at his feet and bowed her head before him, saying—

"How have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest thus kindly notice a stranger?"

"All thou hast done to thy mother-in-law since the death of thy husband hath been fully shown me," said Boaz; "and how thou hast left thy father and mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wing thou hast come to trust."

The heart of the grateful Ruth swelled within her.

"Let me always find favour in thy sight, my lord," she said, "for thou hast comforted me, and hast spoken friendly unto thy handmaid, although I be not one of thy maidens."

At mid-day the reapers all assembled to dinner, accompanied by Boaz. Ruth was called, and was served by the master of the farm, who gave her parched corn, bread, and vinegar with water, sufficient. When Boaz departed, he gave Ruth into the care of the overseer, with a charge to the reapers to leave a little for her to glean as she followed. In the evening all departed, and Ruth with them. She had beaten out her gleanings, which amounted to a bushel of barley. Smilingly she showed the treasure to her mother-in-law, who in surprise exclaimed—

"Truly, thou hast been successful, my daughter! where wroughtest thou to-day? Blessed be he who thus favoured thee."

"The name of the kind man in whose field I gleaned was Boaz," Ruth replied.

"Blessed be the Lord, who hath not ceased his kindness to the living and the dead," said Naomi. "The man is a near kinsman to us. Keep, then, with his maidens, Ruth, and wander not in other fields. The Lord will reward thee, my child, for thy industry and thy piety."

The words of Ruth awakened a new hope in the aged widow's heart. She remembered the law of Israel, which, when a man dies, obliges the next of kin to marry his widow, and raise up an heir for his brother's name and estate.

"Our kinsman Boaz winnoweth barley to-night on the threshing-floor," said Naomi to Ruth. "Wash thyself, therefore; anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the threshing-floor; make not thyself known to him until he hath done eating and drinking; when he lieth down, mark the

place; and when he is asleep, lift up the mantle which covers him, and lie down at his feet under cover. In our nation, it is a token thou claimest the fulfilment of the law and his protection."

"All that thou biddest me I will do," said the obedient, trusting Ruth.

That evening Ruth took her way to the farm of Boaz. The threshing-floor was a large level space in the field, surrounded by low walls and barns. It was now piled with grain, among which the reapers were busy, some driving oxen, others beating it out with a flail, or tossing it on high that the wind might blow away the chaff, while the grain fell in a heap on the ground. Boaz was there directing, and occasionally assisting, his men. At nightfall they all partook of a feast together, master and men. When all were satisfied, they departed, some to their houses in the city, some to rest among the straw under the wide-spreading trees. Boaz had eaten and drank, for his heart was merry while thus feasting with his men, and being weary, he threw himself upon a heap of straw, and, spreading his large mantle over him, was soon asleep. Ruth, who had been concealed, now approached. She feared not to follow her mother's directions, for she knew the wise Naomi understood the customs of Israel well. Softly she came, and lifting his linen mantle, laid herself down beneath its folds. At midnight, Boaz, in turning himself, awoke and discovered a woman at his feet—a woman who evidently had a claim upon him, for she had sought the protection of his mantle.

"Woman! who art thou?" he exclaimed, in surprise and dread.

"I am Ruth, thy handmaid," she answered. "Spread therefore thy skirt over me, for thou art the nearest of kin to my husband."

"Blessed be thou, my daughter," said Boaz, "for thou hast shown more judgment and kindness in thy latter end than at the beginning, as thou followest not young men, whether poor or rich. Now, my daughter, fear not, I will do all thou requirest me, for I am thy near kinsman, and all the city does know thou art a virtuous woman. Still, Ruth, there is a nearer kinsman than I, whom thou knowest not: tarry this night, and in the morning I will speak with him, and if he will perform unto thee a kinsman's part, and take thee to wife, it is well; let him do a kinsman's part according to law: but if he will not perform his duty to thee, then

will I, as the 'Lord liveth! Lie down until morning."

Ruth laid quietly at her kinsman's feet until daybreak, when she gently arose to withdraw. Boaz, who was awake called to her—

"Hold out thy veil, and take a measure of barley," he said. "Go not empty to thy mother-in-law."

Ruth was enveloped in a large linen wrapper, used as a veil, one end of which she held out, while her generous relative poured into it six measures of barley. Then, receiving his blessing, she hastily returned home.

That day Boaz appointed ten of the elders of Bethlehem to meet him at the city gate. It was the hour when he knew the other kinsman of Elimelech would be there. He had saluted the elders, and they had taken their seats, when the kinsman appeared.

"Ho, Peloni! turn aside and sit down here," cried Boaz.

He obeyed the call, and Boaz addressed him thus—

"Naomi, who has lately returned from the land of Moab, intends selling a lot of ground which belonged to her husband, our kinsman Elimelech. Thou art nearest of kin, and I thought thou wouldest like to purchase it, that it go not into a stranger's hand. If thou wilt redeem it, it is well; if not, I, who am next of kin to thee, will redeem it."

The kinsman, after thanking Boaz, declared himself willing to take it. Boaz had hoped he would refuse, and thus let the matter be settled. He said—

"With this land thou must take Ruth the Moabitess, as this land was inherited by her husband, Mahlon, since dead; thou must take her to raise up an heir to inherit Mahlon's land, according to our Jewish law."

"Nay, that I cannot do," said the kinsman, "lest I mar my own inheritance by bringing in a wife and more children to maintain. I give thee my right as kin, for I cannot redeem it."

Boaz willingly agreed to take the land and Ruth. In fulfilment of the law used on all such occasions, he plucked off his kinsman's shoe, in token he took from him the inheritance. Then turning towards the elders and people who were gathered around, he said, with a loud voice—

"All ye assembled here are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all Chilion's, and all Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi; more—

over, Ruth, the Moabitess, the widow of Mahlon, have I taken to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that his name be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his city. Ye are witnesses this day!"

The elders and assembled people answered—

"Yea, we are witnesses!"

When all were silent, one of the elders spake in a solemn voice—

"The Lord make this woman, that is come into thy house, like Rachel, and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel."

Ruth was married to Boaz, and lived a long and happy life with her husband and mother. All that wealth and affection could bestow was lavished upon the aged Naomi. Her ardent wish to behold a child of Ruth, and heir of Mahlon, was gratified, for a son was born to Ruth. The neighbours of Naomi gathered about her to offer their congratulations.

"Blessed be the Lord," they said, "who hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, and that his name may be famous in Israel. He shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and nourisher of thy old age; for thy daughter-in-law, who loveth thee, and who is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him."

Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became its nurse.

Thus did the virtuous Ruth reap the reward of her heroic sacrifice of home and

country, to solace the declining years of her aged, poor, and afflicted mother-in-law. She partook of the promise made to Abraham, and in her seed were all the nations of the earth blessed. From her were descended David the King, a man after God's heart; Daniel, beloved of the Lord; and, above all, our blessed Saviour, according to the flesh, Jesus Christ the Redeemer.

The beauty of filial piety is brightly portrayed in the character of Ruth. It was no light thing to leave home and friends, to accompany an old woman to a strange land; and to devote her time and her young sorrowing days to the task of soothing the declining years of desolate old age. Born to princely rank, according to the Jewish Rabbis, she refused no menial service, nor to glean with the poor in the fields, in order to add to the comforts of her sorrowing mother-in-law. With what gentle obedience she obeyed her every command! She undertakes at her bidding the difficult and delicate task of reminding Boaz of his duties towards her as her kinsman. This conduct appears in our age very singular and questionable: but, we must remember, the customs and laws of the Israelites were very different from our own, and that which seems improper in this day was then most commendable. May we all look upon our female aged relatives with the kindness of the pious and humble Ruth!

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

WAXEN FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

THE desire to imitate the beautiful works of nature has always been general, and good paintings of them have always found admiring purchasers. Good artificial flowers, made of coloured textile fabrics, have secured, and always will command high prices. The modelling of flowers has not been carried to great perfection till comparatively recently; but we are happy to say that this charming art, owing to its simplicity, and the few and cheap appliances required in the manipulation, is likely to become a fashionable amusement. We say "we are happy" that this is the case, because the patterns here to be followed are the most lovely and various objects in nature, and because the practice of the art of modelling fruits and flowers in wax directs the mind to study what is beautiful and wonderful; and hence to feel, after all, how utterly beyond imitation in detail are the marvellous handiworks of the Creator!

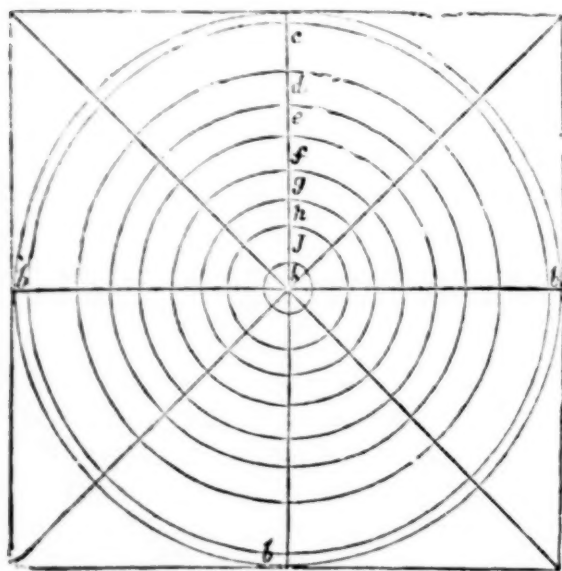
There are two methods in which to give instructions in this art. The first is, to instruct how to prepare the various materials, and then proceed to describe in detail the making of a flower or fruit; the second is, to avail ourselves of ready-prepared materials to show the learner how much beauty can be readily produced, and how easily some of the most charming flowers can be imitated, and then to give

most successful method of *teaching*. Of course, it need not be added, that to be able to make your own materials is absolutely necessary to attain great proficiency, besides which it is a great saving of expense.

The petals, leaves, &c., of wax flowers are made of coloured sheets of wax, which may be purchased in the shops at six shillings per gross of sheets, made up in dozens of various colours. The stems are made of wire of various thicknesses, covered with silk, and overlaid with wax, and the leaves are commonly made each with two thin sheets of wax pressed closely by the thumb upon an embossed leaf of calico. These calico leaves may be purchased for a small sum. The general plan of proceeding may, perhaps, be best understood by a preliminary description of the manner of making a blossom with many leaves of *petals*. A piece of card-board, *at least* a foot square, should be marked out upon the plan of the above sketch.

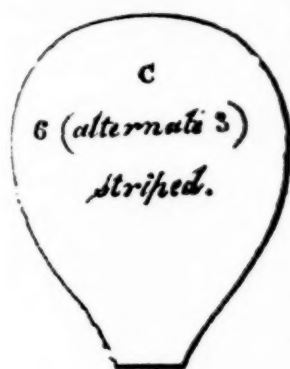
The pattern flower being then held in the hand with the face upwards, the outside or lowest leaves *near* the flower called *bracts*, should be carefully picked off, and laid on the card-board in their relative positions, with regard to the centre of the flower, on the outside double line marked *b*. The parts of the *calyx*, or outside leaves *close* to the flower, should in the same manner be carefully removed, and placed in their relative positions in the circle *c*. If there are two rows they must be laid upon the circle *d*—arranged alternate with, or opposite, as in the flower, to the parts already laid out. The flower may be thus dissected: the *petals*, *stamens*, &c., being laid out in order, and the seed-vessel, or little central lump of the flower, laid upon the centre of the card-board. For convenience, a few small pins may be used to keep the parts in their places. Patterns of each of the different leafy parts may then be cut in paper, and marked, lettered, and numbered. The patterns for a *Camellia* are subjoined as a practical illustration.

This being the pattern for the *calyx* was laid upon the circle marked *c*, and is marked with that letter accordingly. These leaves are six in number, and



full directions how the various materials may be prepared by the pupil. Though the former may be more orderly, as it begins at the beginning, the latter is the

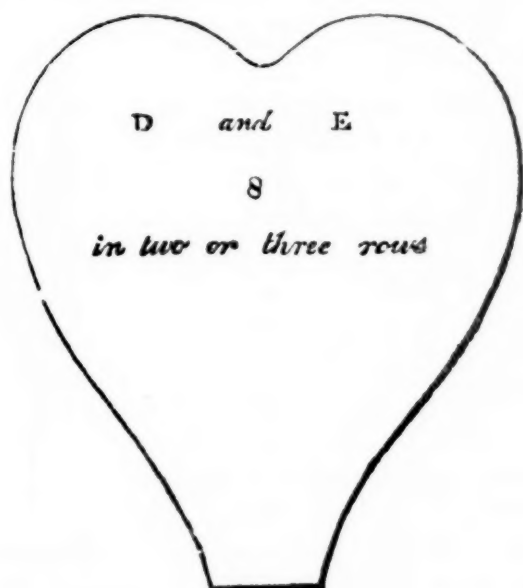
arranged alternately in two rows of three—hence the pattern is marked 6 (*alternate 3*). The edges of the *sepals*, or parts of the *calyx*, are striped with crimson finely at the edges, and this is indicated upon the pattern.



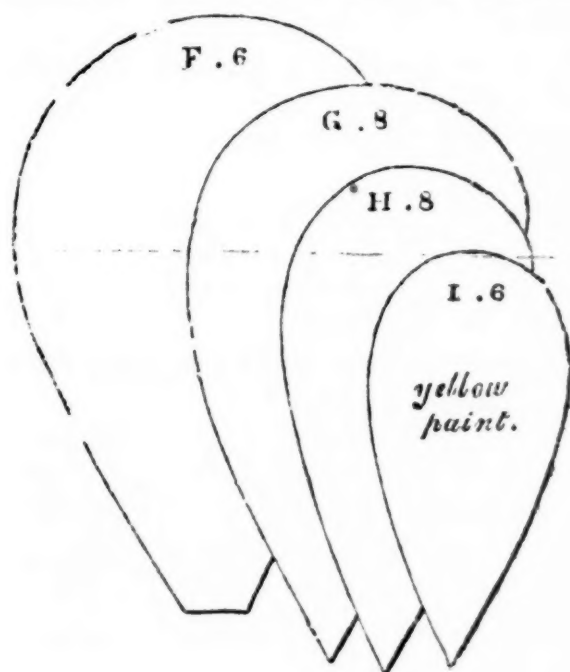
D and E is the pattern for the eight outermost petals.

To economize room we have given the next patterns (F, G, H, I) as if laid one on each other.

From these sketches paper patterns may be cut. These having been laid upon a sheet of white wax, the proper number



may be cut out singly with a loose-jointed pair of scissors, made moist by frequently dipping into water, to prevent the wax sticking to them. The putting together



of these wax leaves requires little ingenuity, after a foundation has been made

with a little knob of white wax upon the bent end of a piece of middling-sized stalk wire. The scraps remaining from the sheets out of which the patterns have been cut, will supply materials for this which represents the central seed vessel, to which the petals are applied in the following order:—6 of I, 8 of H, 8 of G, 6 of F, 8 of D & E, and 6 of C. This will be more fully described in the next lesson. In the meantime we hope our friends will learn, from elementary works on Botany, the names of the different parts of flowers, as this will be a material assistance as they proceed. If they procure the materials, and cut out the leaves as directed, they will be ready to commence the operations we shall next describe.

Very few instruments are requisite in the making of wax flowers, and these of the most simple character. Of that most useful is what has been appropriately termed the *curling pin*. It is desirable to have two, of the following sizes and form.

The wires should be of steel, the heads of smooth glass. These pins may be purchased for a few pence, being not unfrequently used as shawl fasteners. The greater the ingenuity of the pupil, the fewer instruments will she require, and *vice versa*.

The central part of the flower, or seed-vessel, having been made by folding the scraps of spare wax upon the double end of the wire, till it attains the size of a large cherry-stone of this shape, the whole should be put aside while the petals are prepared for attachment. It will be found exceedingly convenient to have a wide-mouthed bottle upon the table, into which the wire stalk can be placed, so that the flower need never be



laid down; many fractures of the delicate wax *laminae* will thus be prevented, and much trouble saved. The wire should be of that kind which is covered with green

silk, and should be eight or ten inches in length.

One of the petals marked I, should now be taken and laid with the dull side up, flat along the inside of the second joint of the first finger of the left hand; the curling-pin should at the same time be held in the right hand, with the point towards the palm, and the knob free to press and curl the wax. The wire of the pin should rest upon the centre of the ball of the thumb, taking care to allow it to revolve easily. The natural concavity is given to the petal by rolling the head of the pin close to the edge of the petal on each side. The head of the pin should be previously dipped in water to prevent the wax sticking to it. When, by this process, the wax leaf is hollowed out and curled, it must be applied to the base of the seed-vessel, and pressed there with the thumb and finger, so as to adhere as



in the annexed engraving. Another leaf must be then similarly treated, and applied opposite to the first, taking care in each case, by pressure at the point A, to incorporate the wax of the petal with that of the seed-vessel. The four remaining leaves of the I series will require the application of yellow

paint, which brings us to that department of our subject which refers to the application of colours—and which it will be necessary for us to explain before we proceed further.

The bright surface of the wax being slightly greased in the process of cutting into sheets, the colours must always be applied on the dull side. The wax, however, will not receive common thin water-colour applied in the usual manner. Powder colours—of which a small stock should be kept—are used in the following manner:—Having taken a very minute quantity of colour-powder on the blade of a pen-knife, lay it upon a palette, or the under-side of a plate, and press it with the blade to destroy any lumps. With



the pen-knife also add a very small quantity of *weak* gum-water, and work the mass to the consistence of cream. The colours must be applied with tinting-brushes, which are sold in the shops for oriental tinting, with points as in the engraving. Each colour requires a separate brush, as powder-colour will not mix like fluid ones. The brush must be held upright at right

angles to the wax, and the colour applied in the direction of the graining. *The colour must be applied at once.* Yellow paint should be thus applied to the remaining

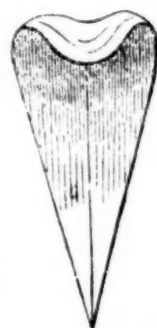
four petals of the I series, taking care that the pigment does not touch the point where it is intended to adhere to the basement. (*See cut.*) After allowing a minute or two to pass, take the first painted, and having slightly curled it with the dry curling-pin, fix it a little higher than the

former ones, and a little on one side of the middle line, so that one leaf cannot come exactly behind another. The cut represents the flower with the petals on one side torn away, to show the position of the leaves on the other. The four painted leaves should stand thus, with regard to each other, looking in at the top of the flower.

The next size, H, gives two rows of four, the points being placed opposite the vacancies between those previously used. No paint is applied to these, and they must be less curled. Before fixing the G series, having curled each petal by rolling the head of the large pin round the *upper edge*, the wire should be laid along the centre of the leaf, and the upper edge allowed to turn over, so as to present at the back view a slight mark like a central leaf-vein, and to make the upper edge slightly everted. (*See cut.*)

The petals are more and more everted as the subsequent rows, including the F series, are attached.

The next step is the making of the calyx. The parts may be made of green wax, or of white wax with green paint laid on. In addition to the green in the centre of the leaf, the edges must be striped *finely* with a purple tint, *like the edges of a tulip leaf.*



The latter colour may be made with carmine and ultramarine, and applied with a common camel-hair pencil. As indicated upon the pattern at page 56, the parts of the calyx are to be applied in two rows of three each, with the painted side inwards. If the calyx is properly curled, it should appear a little crumpled by the harder pressure of the smaller pin; and the upper edges should be much everted, to show the striping.

The flower-head is now complete. The stalk is made by covering the wire with green wax cut in narrow strips, and pressed on lengthwise. This stalk wax should be made to cover the lower part of the calyx, to steady and strengthen the petals, &c.

To make the leaf, the usual and most simple proceeding is as follows:—Having selected a camellia leaf of *embossed calico*, a thin wire of about eight inches in length should be laid along its upper side, in the hollow of the central vein, leaving the stalk free; a sheet of dark-green wax, with the glossy side outwards, should then be so pressed with the thumb and finger to the calico that it completely adheres, and holds the wire in its place, between the wax and calico. If this is properly done, the impression of the calico should be indistinctly impressed *through* upon the layer of wax. The under side of the leaf of the camellia, like that of most evergreen leaves, is of a very light colour, and therefore a light-green shade of wax is chosen to cover the calico on the under side, in the same manner as on the upper. When thoroughly adherent,



the superfluous wax must be cut away, leaving the edge *serrated*, or cut like a saw; the superfluous wire should then be twisted spirally round the principal stem, so that the base of the leaf is close to it, the leaves of the camellia being nearly stalkless or *sessile*, like those of its near relation, the orange-tree. There should be two leaves—one close to the flower, the other lower on the stalk: when these are attached, the stalk covered, and the leaves arranged tastefully, the flower is complete.

As the sheets of wax of which artificial flowers are composed may be easily procured, we shall postpone for the present

the instruction in the method of preparing materials, and give instruction for the formation of another flower, taking for granted that for the purpose of learning, the pupil has procured a small stock of wax in sheets, and the brushes and colours named previously.

Should this have been neglected, however, it will be absolutely necessary to make this provision. All the materials for the making of wax-flowers may be obtained from Barnard and Son, Oxford-street.

At p. 56 will be found a diagram, or plan of a piece of card-board, marked with circles and divisions in such a way as to enable the learner to lay out the parts of a natural flower in a particular order. We have been thus particular because we wish the beginner to learn how to imitate real flowers in wax, and not servilely to stick together pieces of wax cut according to pattern. In ignorance of natural flowers, the wax-flower maker must depend upon patterns purchased, and will make the bouquets in a stiff and formal manner: in the other case the artist in wax will be able to make all her own patterns, and will learn lessons of elegance which will give a peculiar gracefulness to her arrangement of leaves, flowers, and stems, and add a natural charm to her groups of waxen portraits which the mere worker by card patterns can never attain. We do not wish our pupils always to be dependent upon us, but rather to be able at any time to imitate the exquisite gems of the meadow, hedge-side, or green-house, *without* our directions.

We now propose to gather a fuchsia, and to proceed, step by step, to its facsimile in wax.

The first thing to be noticed is the general appearance of the plant. There is a great variety of fuchsias, and each of them has peculiar *habits*—*i.e.* each of them carries its stalks, and leaves, and flowers in a slightly different manner.

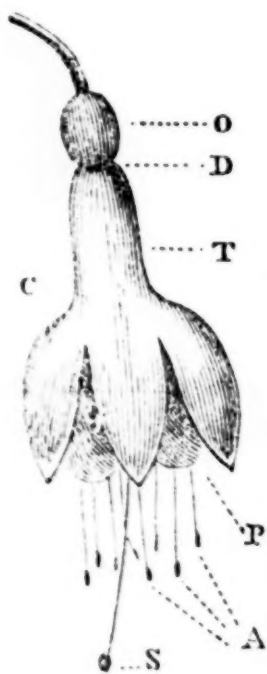
Of the varieties which look well in wax, that with the pale-pink calyx (or outside leaves of the flower), with the vermilion corolla (or inside part of the flower), is the best. It is to be found in every green-house, and almost every cottage window where flowers peep out at the casement. It is less difficult to imitate *well* than the deep crimson fuchsia, which is known by most gardeners as “the old original.” Having procured a specimen of the variety we have first described, the

card-board plan should be laid before the learner, and the sprig, with the flowers and buds upon it, held in the left hand.

It will be observed that the leaves are arranged opposite each other on the stem. The stalks of the leaves E, growing out from the stem D on either side, have in their axil (or arm-pit), a bud more or less developed, according to



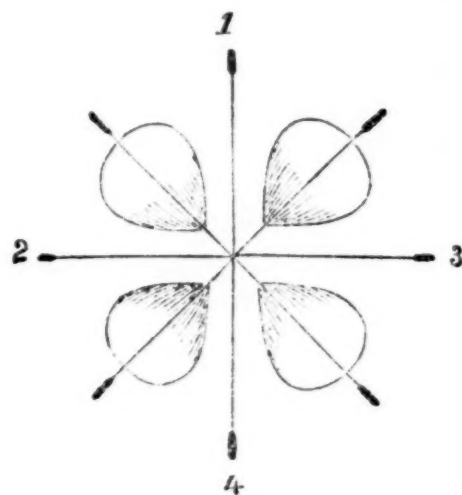
the lateness of the season, and a flower on a pendulous stalk. The next set of leaves grows out of another aspect of the stalk, and the mark of one is seen at A, while the base of its fellow leaf would be on the other side of the stalk indicated by C. All these points are important to those who wish their flowers to bear criticism. Having noticed the drooping position of the flowers, pick off some of the best leaves, and lay them upon square pieces of gummed paper, press them close and lay them on one side—then pick off a bud and lay it on the corner of your card-board, and put a pin through it. Having taken one of the best flowers, pin it in like manner to another corner. This will



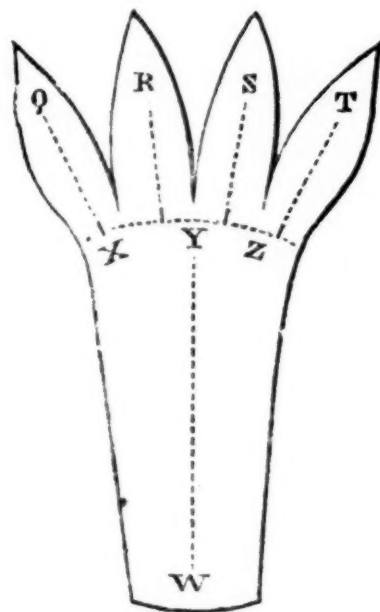
serve as your guide to the putting up of your waxen model when your parts are ready. A flower slightly faded may be used to pick to pieces.—The flower is suspended upon a thin drooping stalk, and is joined, as it were, to the coloured calyx by a green knob, the seed-vessel, or ovary (O). Beyond this is a tube, extending and dividing into four segments. This is the coloured calyx (C). A division may be made at D, and the stalk and

ovary may be pinned down on another corner of the card-board. The tube of the calyx (T) should then be slit up with a sharp-pointed knife to the base of one of the notches between the segments, and opened out. The stamens whose points or anthers are marked A in the diagram, and the leaves of the corolla, P (the purple petals), will be found to adhere to this tube; these must be carefully removed and laid out in their proper order on the card-board. As there is only one

row of petals, they may be laid in any of the circles, *f*, *g*, or *h*. The numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4, are understood to be points representing the segments of the calyx. The stamens should be then arranged with reference to the petals, as in the diagram, as that is the relative position of these parts in the flower. The long pistil



marked S in the diagram of the complete flower, and the tube of the calyx, will now remain in the left hand; the former should be stuck in a pin-hole in the centre of the card-board, with its delicate knob or stigma (S), upwards; the tube of the corolla should be laid flat on a piece of very thin card-board, and a pattern cut



from it at once. The segments are never exactly regular in size, but the above diagram will be found a pretty good guide. The pupil is now ready to commence making the wax flowers, but before doing so it is recommended, to save future trouble, to cut out in card-board a pattern of the shape of the leaves of the corolla, and mark it according to directions before given. A piece of starched



braid with a small knot at the end could be cut the length of the pistil, and eight pieces of cotton with knotted ends, as mementoes of the length and number of the stamens.



We subjoin patterns of the proper length of the pistil S, and stamens A. The former is attached to the seed-vessel as a suggestion of the distance required between the point of the pistil (the stigma S) and the ovary (O), in laying the foundation of the flower, which we shall now proceed to describe.

Several flowers should be made before they are attached to the main stalk. Several pieces of very fine copper wire should therefore be selected of the length of this page. Having waxed these with any scraps of wax which may have been saved from previous operations, wrap a little very fine silk round the wire, at the distance of about four inches and a half from the end. This is for the foundation of the seed-vessel, or ovary. The diagram next given will indicate the position of this organ. The scraps of light-green wax which remained from the sheets used for the under side of the camellia leaves



must be pressed with the finger and thumb, so as to make a knob. Beyond and above this more silk may be wrapped round the pistil, which should be dipped in the melted scraps of pink wax which will remain after setting out the pattern of the calyx. With the fingers the basis of the flower should be made to assume the form given in this diagram, by folding other scraps of wax for an inch above the ovary. Eight pieces of white netting silk, the length of the stamens, should now be dipped in the melted pink wax, and having been allowed to stiffen, the tips should be re-dipped, and these touched with a little flour; they must be made to adhere to the basis at the point T, at equal distance all round. A little fine silk tied round the lowest

point of the stamens is a good security, but must be well pressed in.

The four petals cut from the darkest shade of pink should be coloured in the manner described in our last, with a mixture of carmine and ultramarine applied on the dull side, and applied at the point T over the basis of the stamens. The coloured surface will of course be outside, and the edges will overlap each other as the I series in the camellia (page 57). These petals must not be curled.

The calyx has now to be applied. Presuming that it has been cut out of pale-pink wax, according to the pattern given above, it must be curled with the smallest pin in the following manner:—The pattern being laid upon the palm of the left hand, the head of the pin must be rolled along the dotted line X Y Z very lightly, and then with considerable pressure along each of the segments in the direction of the dotted lines to Q, R, S, T. The handle of the paint-brush should now be laid along the line from X, Y, Z, to W, and the sides of the calyx folded over it. The edges being made to fold over each other slightly, should be rubbed down with the handle of another brush; and the tube of the calyx having been thus formed, the first brush handle should be withdrawn. The tubular calyx should then be slipped up from the bottom of the wire over the ovary, and pressed firmly to its place, thus giving steadiness to all the parts. The nails and fingers will finish neatly these parts. The point of the pistil should be re-dipped and floured, and the blossom is completed as soon as the stalk is thinly covered with light-green wax. Several leaves should also be made of various sizes with stalks about an inch in length. The dark-green upper surface should be marked with a pattern drawn upon paper thus:—Lay a sheet of dark-green wax, with the dull side up, on a thick piece of blotting-paper, and having laid over it the drawing-paper on which the pattern has been drawn, go over the lines with a hard pencil. This will leave the impression on the wax, by which it can be cut out. The leaf may be finished by laying a light layer of wax on the under side, with fine wire between for a stalk, as with the camellia. The stalk may be covered with green wax painted with carmine. The flowers and leaves must be attached to the stalk by covering the main stem with wax after fastening the leaves and flowers in their proper places.

(To be continued.)

THE GAMESTER.

A LONDON DETECTIVE'S STORY.

I WAS called one evening to a certain gambling house at the West End, where some victim had quarrelled with his luck, and was revenging himself by breaking everything he could lay his hands upon. Chairs, mirrors, decanters were shattered beneath the violence of his assaults, and the occupants of the room had much ado to avoid the missiles aimed at them. The place, at that moment, seemed to have justly earned its title of "hell."

I arrived just in time to see a heavy decanter sent flying against a large mirror over the chimney-piece, and smash it into a thousand pieces. The decanter rebounded, falling upon the bald pate of an elderly military-looking gentleman, who fell stunned by the blow.

Several of the company were vainly endeavouring to restrain the man's violence, but afraid to grapple with him. As I entered he caught my eye, and desisted in a moment. I went up to him, and laid my hand on his arm.

"What is all this about? Are you mad?"

"I think I am; so would you be if you had been robbed as I have been."

I could see he had been drinking, and was in a very excited state, as much like madness as anything you ever saw. My policy was to soothe him.

"What have you lost, pray, sir?"

"My money—everything in the world, and now, sir, I am a beggar. And that is not the worst of it."

"Do you expect to recover it by this violence?"

"I do not; but I have been cheated, swindled. The whole concern are a set of infernal thieves, and I must have my revenge."

At this juncture a person who appeared in charge of the concern, addressed me.

"Remove this man. I shall give him in charge."

The culprit, who was evidently a gentleman by birth and education, looked at him contemptuously.

"Give me in charge, will you? It is I that should give *you* in charge, and all your gang. Black-legs! cheats! swindlers!"

"Better come away from this," I re-

marked. "I do not suppose this gentleman means to give you into custody."

"But I do, though. I am not going to submit to this fool's insults and injuries quietly, I assure you. If he could not afford to lose his money he had no business here. He would have made none of this fuss if he had won twice as much as he has lost."

"If I had lost it fairly I would not have cared; but I know that I have been cheated, tricked, swindled by a gang of thieves, and I'll not submit to it quietly."

"How much have you lost?" I inquired.

"Twenty-five hundred pounds in cash, and I O U's for as much more."

I endeavoured as much as possible to soothe him, and managing to draw him gently aside into the recess of the window, I whispered in his ear—

"Come with me quietly, and I'll put you in a way of recovering your money."

He took the hint. I was obliged to convey him to the station; for the proprietor, or whatever he was, persisted in giving him in charge. While waiting for his bail he gave the following particulars of his life:—

"I am of good family. My early days I may pass over, as they exhibited nothing eventful, but were an even round of joy and happiness. I fell in love, and, upon arriving at the age of twenty-one, I married a lady of my own rank, of great beauty and no inconsiderable fortune. My love for her was equalled only by her devotion to me. This mutual affection continued unabated for several years, during which two lovely children were born, proving a source of additional happiness to both of us. About that time my father's health began to fail, and his medical adviser recommended that he should try the efficacy of the waters at Baden-Baden, and it was settled that he should spend the ensuing summer there.

"He objected, however, to going there alone—indeed he was unfit; and my mother being dead, it was proposed that I, my wife, and children should accompany him. We willingly assented, and thither we went.

"I was well aware of the temptations

of the place; I had been there before, but had resisted them all.

"Baden is charmingly situated, and much of its society is choice and unexceptionable. This season was one of unusual brilliancy; several Russian nobles were there, and many aristocratic families from various continental states and from England. We entered into all the gaieties: three times a week to the *soirées* at the *Salle des Réunions*; on Saturdays to the ball at the *Grande Salle*: joined the picnics and the *fêtes champêtres* which were given almost daily at the *Jager Haus* and *La Favorite*. We never failed to attend the promenade before the *Conversations Haus* at the fashionable hour, where on several occasions we were distinguished by an invitation to join in the dances, charades, and the *tableaux vivants* so frequently got up at the residence of the Russian Princess Labanoff.

"My wife enjoyed this gaiety immensely, and perhaps the more so, amiable as she was, for the general admiration which her beauty and grace excited, and the adulation they gave rise to. I was content to witness her felicity; and my father partook of the universal joy, since he had been chiefly instrumental in procuring us so much gratification and pleasure.

"Such happiness could not, in the course of things, last for ever. A cloud was slowly gathering in the unseen distance, which was destined soon to throw its darkness and gloom over our sunny path. One disengaged evening—they came but rarely—I strolled out to enjoy the softness of the evening air, and to take a moonlight view of the charming scenery of this enchanting place.

"As I stood gazing abstractedly on the starry heaven above me, lost in admiration at its spangled radiance, a friend, or rather a fiend, accosted me jocosely, saying—

"Are you an adept in astrology, that you gaze so intently on the stars? Can you tell me whether those twinklers which rule my destiny are in such a position that I may venture to stake a hundred louis to-night at the table?"

"I made no reply; but he quickly caught me by the arm, and added playfully—

"Come with me to the table, and see if your readings be correct; and we went together towards the place he indicated.

"I made no effort to refuse. I saw no danger. I need not play. Following the

circuitous guidance of my tempter, I passed between those doors over which might have been written the lines Dante inscribed over the gates of his Hell.

"A novel sight presented itself to my view. There were the piles of gold, and the excited victims who vainly coveted it, hazarding certain ruin in their mad attempts to gain it. But when within the charmed circle, what had appeared to me as madness in them, became an easy achievement for me. As I inhaled the intoxicating air of this infernal den, and saw the heaps of gold that fascinated the eyes of those who gazed upon it, I became intoxicated, and rushed to the table, and commenced a career that ended in misfortune, and laid the foundation of a vagrant life to me, and of misery and grief to every other member of my family.

"Irritated at my losses, mortified at my want of skill, maddened by the wine so liberally supplied to the victims of the table, and suffering under the bitterness of self-reproach, I returned home a demon.

"It was late, and my wife, alarmed at my unusual absence, had not retired to bed. For the first time since our marriage I concealed from her where I had been; and I even spoke to her in a tone and with a degree of harshness I had never used before. In this manner I repaid her anxiety and care, and although she did not even look at me reproachfully, I saw that her brilliant eyes were dimmed with tears.

"The fatal spell was upon me. Those innocent pleasures in which I had hitherto indulged, and which were so joyously shared by my wife, now became distasteful to me. Nothing but the excitement of the gaming-table would satisfy me. Both my father and my wife soon discovered my resort, and in the greatest alarm they implored me to resist the fearful temptation. But all in vain! I was fascinated beyond the power of reason—no thought or care for consequences; and although I was neither a cool nor a skilful player, and rarely left the table a winner, still I continued to win money, and to dissipate it as fast as won, for no other purpose than to appease an insatiable appetite.

"Night after night my wife and father sat awaiting my return in wretchedness at my apparently incorrigible conduct, for I had added drunkenness to my gambling propensities; so they determined to seek a remedy for my dreadful malady in

quitting Baden. This determination was announced to me upon my return late one night from the gaming-table, where I had been a loser. The fury I exhibited was great; but my father was inexorable, and took the opportunity of expressing some severe remarks upon my general conduct. I rushed from the house to the gaming-table again, resolved to risk all I possessed, in the wild hope of recovering what I had already lost.

"While in this resolution I approached the gambling saloon. The door flew open as soon as I was observed (for even Satan is courteous in temptation), and I entered.

"The usual scene presented itself. The piles of gold were undiminished, though a frenzied group stood around gloating upon the destroyer. Some had fallen to the rear in this desperate encounter, and had made way for others better provided for the conflict, but not a particle better qualified for victory. The minds of these excited men, however, partook of all the feelings of the actors in the scene. As they could never become actors themselves again, they threw all their hopes, fears, and expectations into the fortunes of others. Completely ruined themselves, they stood to watch and exult in the inevitable ruin of others.

"I was not daunted by these ordinary scenes in a place of that character. No whisper of prudence, no caution of experience, could alter my resolution. The spell was on me, and I absolutely hugged the hideous vice as the only friend that could offer me immunity for my losses.

"I commenced; I played with desperation; I staked small sums and large sums with the same result—uniform ill-fortune. I retired to the wine-table, played again, and again was loser; but receiving fresh vigour with my fresh potations, I summoned up every energy for a last bold trial. I cast my envious eyes upon the glittering heaps of wealth, to which I had added an incentive to my present effort. I thought not of wife, children, home, nor my kind, indulgent old father, but only of that gold to which the brilliant lights and dazzling mirrors of the *salon* gave such resplendent charms. I could pause no longer; the treacherous hour had come. I hurried on to meet my fate.

"The heartless banker, hardened to his profession, and accustomed to human sacrifices at his board, perceived my

frantic resolution, but looked on callous and unmoved. I staked. Then I stood with uplifted, clenched hands, waiting the result of the hazard of the die.

"The game went on. My forehead was bedewed with a cold perspiration. I scarcely breathed, while I trembled from head to foot. Had the torture of suspense continued but many minutes longer, I verily believe my heart-strings would have burst.

"The game proceeded in deadly silence.

"*'ROUGE PAYE!'*

"O horror! All my little remnant of wealth was engulfed in those fatal words. All my hopes and expectations were in a moment swept away.

"*'Rouge paye!'*

"I had staked on *rouge*, and lost!

"Now my thoughts, so long truant, wandered to my home. I jumped up from the table, rushed about the room tearing my hair, grinding my teeth, and swearing and blaspheming in my delirium. Then I drank copiously of the wine, but could not drown my remorse. As I disturbed the tranquillity of the demoniacal temple, I was for a moment the object of attention to the worshippers. But they had no time or sympathy for penniless fools: they looked around for other dupes upon whom they could fatten, and, unmindful of my example, willing ones soon took my place at the table.

"The heated room soon became intolerable to me. I felt stifled, suffocating. I rushed out into the open air. It was evening. I flew along, smiting the air with my clenched fists, and gnashing my teeth, until I found myself again on the same spot where, innocent and happy, I had stood gazing on the starry heavens on the evening when I was first tempted on the demoralizing and destructive career of vice that so soon left me a ruined, wretched man.

"In the silence of the night I heard a footstep approaching. I wished to shun the contact of my fellow-man, for I felt a fearful animosity against every human being, and prepared to move away, lest I might be tempted to add another crime to those I had already committed. But my steps were arrested by a voice saying,—

"*'Again questioning the mysteries of the stars?'*

"I would rather have heard the roaring of a hungry lion in the desert, or the howling of a famished wolf in the fo-

rest, than those accursed tones of my tempter. Had I possessed the power, I would have annihilated him on the spot. As I turned away he saw my face. It inspired him with horror: terrified, he turned and fled hastily away. 'Twas well he did so, or there would have been murder. Nothing would have satisfied my deadly hatred of that serpent in my path but to have torn him limb from limb.

"He had vanished in the darkness of the night. I followed in the path I supposed he had taken, and soon found myself in the wood at the back of the *Conversations Haus*, where many a ruined man had sought relief from his grief and shame in suicide.

"There I paced frantically to and fro, calling upon the spirits of those who had so untimely perished to aid me in my revenge. Then, in despair, I cast myself upon the grass, and endeavoured, by beating my forehead upon the earth, to procure insensibility to my tortured brain; but in vain. At length, weary with my ineffectual attempts to obtain forgetfulness, I bent my steps towards my blighted home.

"But how was I to face my fond and gentle wife, or the frowns of an indignant father? I arrived before the house, yet had not the courage to enter, but paced up and down, watching the dim light that shone through the window of the room where I pictured them sitting, anxiously waiting the return of the wayward husband and son.

"Summoning up all my resolution, I entered the house and the room where my wife and father were sitting.

"They were appalled at the figure I presented; they seemed to doubt the evidence of their eyes. My wife uttered a scream; but my father was silent with astonishment.

"I faltered. Such a reception enraged me. Was I branded with the mark of my guilt on my brow, that they should so recoil from me? My rage was unbounded. I frowned with every expression of hatred and contempt I could master upon those very beings who would have sacrificed everything, or even life itself, for my advantage.

"My wife fainted. I tried to move to her assistance, but my feet seemed glued to the floor. I could not stir a step; something seemed to whisper that I should pollute that pure creature with my touch. My father assisted her, and she slowly recovered.

"As soon as she could speak she exclaimed—

"‘You are ill, you are ill! What has happened to you?’

This question was more irritating to my feelings than the scream. I managed, however, to restrain myself, and thought to quiet all suspicion by saying:

"‘There’s nothing the matter with me.’

"But a fond woman’s eye penetrates deeply into a husband’s soul. She could not be satisfied with an evasion.

"‘Oh, tell me the truth! Something serious, perhaps ruinous, has happened to you, I am sure. Never before did I see you look as you do now.’

"This was but the language of affection; but the suspicion her words conveyed to the ears of my father maddened me. I wished she had reproached me, spoke harshly—anything but what she did say. Could I have made her angry with me I should have been appeased; but now my anger became ungovernable. I clenched my fists, yet was ashamed to strike. I gnashed my teeth, and in the extremity of my rage I lifted the urn, which had been kept hot for my return, in the event of my wishing for coffee or tea, and hurled it violently upon her.

"Never shall I forget her agonizing scream—it rings in my ears even now—as she fell to the ground. I was appalled at the atrocity of my own mad act.

"My father rushed to the assistance of his suffering daughter, for he loved her much; while I, terrified at my own iniquity, attempted to escape. Accidentally I came in collision with my father as he crossed the room. The shock threw him down with great violence, and, from his inability to rise, it was evident that some bone was broken. This proved but too truly the case: a fractured thigh kept him in bed, a cripple, until his death.

"The little household had become alarmed at the disturbance I had created, and soon assembled in the room where these terrible scenes were being enacted. Seeing no one there but the members of the family, they could not comprehend the nature or the cause of the tumult, till my wild efforts to escape from the scene gave them a clue to the culprit. My children, attracted from their beds by the cries of their mother, came screaming in, and added, by their lamentations, to the disorder.

"Picture to yourself this scene, if you can. No, it is impossible! What a beast is man when overcome by drink! Everything that should be prized on earth is wantonly sacrificed to the demon of intemperance. Surely the temporary sensual gratification is but a poor exchange for the loss of health, honour, virtue, domestic peace, and love.

"You may imagine that the peaceful and happy home that I had converted into a den of misery could be no place for me, the cause of all the ruin and destruction brought upon it. I was fit only to herd with wolves and hyenas. My name I knew would be execrated by all Baden; I should be pointed at with the finger of scorn; nay, more—the criminal courts would demand of me the penalty of my crimes. I must flee, and quickly too.

"How I escaped from the house I hardly know. The efforts made to detain me, an infuriated madman, were futile. I only remember finding myself in a tavern, imbibing large draughts of brandy till I became unconscious, and then awakening from my stupor to find myself lying on the ground beneath a tree, a few paces from the roadside.

"I felt in my pockets—they were empty. Which way could I turn, penniless and degraded? Bewildered with the recollection of the preceding night's events, I could not at first persuade myself but that I had had a horrid dream; but gradually the terrible truth became evident to my mind. I arose and made my way as quickly as possible along the road that led from the town, and never stopped until exhausted. Seeing an apple tree, a branch of which hung within my reach, I plucked some of the fruit, and thus allayed both the hunger and thirst that devoured me. I then washed my face and hands in a little brook that flowed along in front of the garden fence, and, while doing so, recognised that I had a diamond ring on my finger. The sight of this roused my flagging energies. I could sell this jewel, and with the proceeds escape to England.

"I reached Hamburg, and from thence took passage to England, where I arrived, ignorant of any profession or calling by which I could expect to obtain an honest living.

"I had a few pounds left, the remainder of the money I had obtained for my ring. I resolved to stake this at the gaming-table, with the vague hope that fortune, always fickle, seldom kind, would

take pity on one she had treated so harshly, and enable me to retrieve in some measure my errors and crimes, and again become a good citizen.

"I was not long in discovering a place suitable for my operations. I determined to proceed cautiously; so the first night I did not play at all, but contented myself with merely looking on. Next night I staked a small sum, and in a few moments found myself in possession of forty pounds. Elated with my success, I staked again, and again I won.

"I kept on for nearly an hour, when my companions began to exchange significant glances with each other, which I thought boded no good to me. They could hardly suspect me of foul play; for they took every precaution to prevent that. But my continual winning was so singular that they could not conceal their astonishment and disgust.

"Several times the game was changed, but the result continued the same. I won every time. I who had been in Germany knew something of German *diablerie*, and I grew half suspicious that the tempter was at my elbow, luring me by success to inevitable destruction.

"Making an effort, I resolved to stop playing; but when I announced my intention of doing so my companions protested against it. They wanted to win their money back again; so I was perforce obliged to continue playing.

"The cards were shuffled and cut, and cut and shuffled again, but without changing the result to me—nearly every game was mine.

"At last my companions all rose abruptly from the table, exclaiming that they were willing to play against any man, but not against the devil.

"I cannot tell you how rich I found myself that night, nor how many good resolutions I made for my future conduct. I husbanded the money, and endeavoured to find a means whereby I might establish myself in some honest calling.

"I never ventured to write to my wife or father, nor did I dare to crave their pardon or forgiveness, for I felt that my offence was most unpardonable. Once, during many months, I took up my pen; but no sooner had I done so than the enormity of my offences paralysed me, and the pen fell from my hand. The bottle has been my only resource when the agonies of remorse have been too keen for me to endure.

"Occasionally I have heard of my

family. My father I know is dead, and I, perhaps, am his murderer. It is thought that I am dead, and my son inherits the family honours, of which his miserable father is so unworthy. I wander through the world with the curse of Cain on my brow.

"I did not succeed in my efforts to obtain employment; for, in truth, I was quite unfitted for anything useful. My store of money gradually dwindled away, and again I saw no resource but to resort to the gaming-table.

"All my store of wealth amounted to twelve pounds, ten of which I resolved to venture, and then, if it were lost, to desist, and put an end to my existence.

"But Fortune (wanton jade!) wooed my favours, and showered her gifts upon me most profusely. I could not lose, play as carelessly as I might. That night I returned home with what was to me a little fortune.

"But my success was unfortunate for me. I fancied that I bore a charm or spell which would always insure my winning. I returned next night to the gaming-table, and *lost*.

"But not *all*. I kept a reserve, which I had the fortitude not to touch to hazard it. Upon this I drew for my moderate

wants, until I grew weary with the monotony of my existence.

"One night I drew a sovereign from the hoard, with a secret resolution that if I lost it I would pinch myself of everything, except bread and water, until the time elapsed during which, in the ordinary course, I should have expended it.

"This coin I staked, and won. I staked and won again. Marvellous fortune! I was again rich, comparatively.

"From that night I became a professional gambler; that is, I made it the business of my life. I act cautiously, and pay my losses with my gains.

"But I make no friends. I am alone, cut off from all human sympathy. The men I associate with are scarcely human in their passions, but what poets feign demons to be. Their friendship would sink me into the bottomless pit. No, I must live, even if it be in penance and remorse, in obscurity and oblivion, to expiate my crimes; and time may bring many unlooked-for changes.

"You found me in a place where I had not been before, where I was unknown. Sharpers, they took *me* for a novice, and practised tricks upon me. I lost my money, and I became irritated. Drink infuriated me. You know the rest."

THE ANCIENT CUSTOM OF "BARRING-OUT."*

FOR SCHOOLBOYS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

THE Christmas holidays were approaching, and every juvenile heart beat with pleasurable anticipations. It was a few days before the happy period arrived, when the leading scholars of the head form entertained the thought of reviving the ancient but almost obsolete custom of "barring out" the master of the school.

Many years had elapsed since the attempt had succeeded; and many times since that period had it been made in vain. The scholars had heard of the glorious feats of their forefathers in their boyish years, when they set the lash of the master at defiance for days together.

* The custom of "barring-out" long prevailed in many of the northern counties of England. Some curious particulars will be found in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* and Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, in which the practice appears still to prevail.

Now, alas! all was changed; the master, in the opinion of the boys, reigned a despot absolute and uncontrolled. The merciless cruelty of his rod and the heaviness of his tasks were insupportable. The accustomed holidays had been rescinded; the usual Christmas feasts reduced to a nonentity, and the chartered rights of the scholars were continually violated. These grievances were discussed seriatim; and we all were *unanimously* of opinion that our wrongs should, if possible, be redressed. But how the object could be effected was a momentous and weighty affair.

The master was a clergyman of the old school, who for the last fifty years had exercised an authority hitherto uncontrolled, and who had no idea of enforcing scholastic discipline without the exercise of the whip. The consequences of a failure were terrible to reflect upon; but then,

the anticipation of success, and the glory attendant upon the enterprise, if successful, were sufficient to dispel every fear. At the head of the Greek class there was one whose very soul seemed formed for the most daring attempts. He communicated his intentions to a chosen few, of which the writer was one, and offered to be the leader of the undertaking, if we would promise him our support. We hesitated; but he represented the certainty of success with such feeling eloquence, that he entirely subdued our opposition. He stated that Addison had acquired immortal fame by a similar enterprise. He told us that almost every effort in the sacred cause of freedom had succeeded. He appealed to our classical recollections — Epaminondas and Leonidas were worthy of our example — Tarquin and Cæsar, as tyrants, had fallen before the united efforts of freedom; we had only to be unanimous, and the rod of this scholastic despot would be for ever broken.

We then entered enthusiastically into his views. He observed that delays were dangerous; the "barring-out," he said, "should take place the very next morning, to prevent the possibility of being betrayed." On a previous occasion (he said) some officious little urchin had told the master the whole plot—several days having been allowed to intervene between the planning of the project and its execution; and to the astonishment of the boys, it appeared they found the master at his desk two hours before his usual time, and had the mortification of being congratulated on their early attendance, with an order to be there every morning at the same hour! To prevent the recurrence of such a defeat, we determined on organizing our plans that very night. The boys were told accordingly to assemble after school hours at a well-known tombstone in the neighbouring churchyard, as something of importance was under consideration.

The place of meeting was an elevated parallelogram tombstone, which had always served as a kind of council-table to settle our little disputes, as well as parties of pleasure. Here we all assembled at the appointed time. Our leader took his stand at one end of the stone, with the head-boys who were in the secret on each side of him.

"My boys," he laconically observed, "to-morrow morning we are to *bar out* the flogging parson; and to make him pro-

mise he will not flog us hereafter without a cause; nor set us long tasks, or deprive us of our holidays. The boys of the Greek form will be your captains, and I am to be your captain-general. Those who are cowards had better retire, and be satisfied with future floggings; but you who have courage, and know what it is to have been flogged for nothing, come here and sign your names."

He immediately pulled out a pen and a sheet of paper; and having tied some bits of thread round the finger-ends of two or three boys, with a pin he drew blood to answer for ink, and to give more solemnity to the act. He signed the first, the captains next, and the rest in succession. Many of the lesser boys slunk away during the ceremony: but on counting the names we found we mustered upwards of forty—sufficient, it was imagined, even to carry the school by storm. The captain-general then addressed us—

"I have the key of the school, and shall be there at seven o'clock. The old parson will arrive at nine, and every one of you must be there before eight, to allow us one hour for barricading the doors and windows. Bring with you as much provision as you can; and tell your parents that you have to take your dinners in school. Let every one of you have some weapon of defence; you who cannot obtain a sword, pistol, or poker, must bring a stick or cudgel. Now all go home directly, and be sure to arrive early in the morning."

A more restless and anxious night, perhaps, was never passed by young recruits on the eve of a general battle. Many of us rose some hours before the time; and at seven o'clock, when the school-door was opened, there was a tolerably numerous muster. Our captain immediately ordered candles to be lighted, and a rousing fire to be made (for it was a dark December's morning). He then began to examine the store of provisions, and the arms which each had brought. In the meantime, the arrival of every boy with additional material was hailed with tremendous cheers. At length the church clock struck eight.

"Proceed to barricado the doors and windows," exclaimed the captain, "or the old lion will be upon us before we are prepared to meet him."

In an instant the old oaken door rang on its heavy hinges. Some with hammers, gimlets and nails, were eagerly securing the windows, while others were dragging

along the ponderous desks, forms, and everything portable, to blockade, with certain security, every place which might admit of ingress.

This operation being completed, the captain mounted the master's rostrum, and called over the list of names, when he found only two or three missing. He then proceeded to classify them into divisions or companies of six, and assigned to each its respective captain. He prescribed the duties of each company. Two were to guard the large casement window; where it was expected the first attack would be made; this was considered the post of honour, and consequently the strongest boys, with the most formidable weapons, were selected, whom we called grenadiers. Another company whom we considered as the light infantry, or sharpshooters, were ordered to mount a large desk in the centre of the school; and, armed with squibs, crackers, and various missiles, they were to attack the enemy over the heads of the combatants. The other divisions were to guard the back windows and door, and to act according to the emergency of the moment.

Our leader then moved some resolutions (which in imitation of Brutus he had cogitated during the previous night), to the effect that each individual should implicitly obey his own captain, that each captain should follow the orders of the captain-general, and that a corps-de-reserve should be stationed in the rear to enforce this obedience, and prevent the combatants from taking to flight. The resolutions were passed amidst loud vociferations.

An examination of the various weapons then commenced, which we found to consist of one old blunderbuss, one pistol, two old swords, a few rusty pokers, and sticks, stones, squibs, and gunpowder in abundance. The firearms were immediately loaded with blank powder; the swords were sharpened, and the pokers heated in the fire. These weapons were assigned to the most daring company, who had to protect the principal window. The missiles were for the light infantry, and all the rest were armed with sticks.

We now began to manœuvre our companies, by marching them into line and column, so that every one might know his own situation. In the midst of this preparation the sentinel, whom we had placed at the window, loudly vociferated, "The parson! the parson's coming!" In

an instant all was confusion. Every one ran he knew not where, as if eager to fly, or screen himself from observation. Our captain instantly mounted a form, and called to the captains of the two leading companies to take their stations. They immediately obeyed; and the other companies followed their example; though they found it much more difficult to manœuvre when danger approached than they had a few minutes before!

The well-known footstep, which had often struck on our ears with terror, was now heard to advance along the portico. The master tried to lift the latch again and again in vain. The muttering of his stern voice sounded on our ears like the lion's growl. A deathlike silence prevailed. We scarcely dared to breathe. The palpitations of our little hearts could perhaps alone be heard. The object of our dread then went round to the front window, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any one in the school. Every footstep struck us with awe; not a word, not a whisper was heard. He approached close to the window; and with an astonished countenance stood gazing upon us, while we were ranged in battle array, motionless as statues, and silent as the tomb.

"What is the meaning of this?" he impatiently exclaimed. But no answer could he obtain; for who would then have dared to render himself conspicuous by a reply? Pallid countenances and livid lips betrayed our fears. The courage which one hour before was ready to brave every danger, appeared to be fled. Every one seemed anxious to conceal himself from view; and there would certainly have been a general flight through the back windows, had it not been for the prudent regulation of a corps-de-reserve, armed with cudgels to prevent it.

"You young scoundrels, open the door instantly," he again exclaimed, and what added to our indescribable horror, in a fit of rage he dashed his hand through the window, which consisted of small diamond-shaped panes, and appeared as if determined to force his way in. Fear and trepidation, attended by an increasing commotion, now possessed us all.

At this critical moment every eye turned to our captain, as if to reproach him for having brought us into this terrible dilemma. He alone stood unmoved; but he saw that none would have courage to obey his commands. Some exciting stimulus was necessary. Suddenly waving

his hand, he exclaimed aloud, "Three cheers for the barring-out, and success to our cause!" [Hurra! hurra! hurra!] The cheers were tremendous. Our courage revived; the blood flushed in our cheeks; the parson was breaking in; the moment was critical. Our captain, undaunted, sprang to the fireplace, seized a heated poker in one hand, and a blazing torch in the other. The latter he gave to the captain of the sharpshooters, and told him to prepare a volley; when with the red-hot poker he fearlessly advanced to the window-seat; and daring his master to enter, he ordered an attack—and an attack, indeed, was made, sufficiently tremendous to have repelled a more powerful assailant. The missiles flew at the ill-fated window from every quarter. The blunderbuss and the pistol were fired; squibs and crackers, inkstands and rulers, stones, and even burning coals, came in showers about the casement, and broke some of the panes into a thousand pieces; while blazing torches, heated pokers, and sticks stood bristling under the window.

The whole was scarcely the work of a minute. The astonished master reeled back in dumb amazement. He had evidently been struck with a missile, or with the broken glass; and probably fancied he was wounded by the fire-arms.

The school now rang with the shouts of "victory" and continued cheering.

"The enemy again approaches," cries the captain; "fire another volley;—stay; he seeks a parley—hear him."

"What is the meaning, I say, of this horrid tumult?"

"The barring-out! the barring-out!" a dozen voices instantly exclaimed.

"For shame," says he, in a tone evidently subdued; "what disgrace you are bringing upon yourselves and the school. What will the trustees—what will your parents say, William?" continued he, addressing the captain; "open the door without further delay."

"I will, sir," he replied, "on your promising to pardon us, and to give us our lawful holidays, of which we have lately been deprived: and not set us tasks during the holidays."

"Yes, yes," said several squeaking voices, "that is what we want; and not to be flogged for nothing."

"You insolent scoundrels! you consummate young villains!" he exclaimed, choking with rage, and at the same time making a furious effort to break through the already shattered window. "Open

the door instantly, or I'll break every bone in your hides."

"Not on those conditions," replied our captain, with provoking coolness. "Come on, my boys; another volley."

No sooner said than done, and even with more fury than before. Like men driven to despair, who expect no quarter on surrendering, the little urchins daringly mounted the window-seat, which was a broad, old-fashioned one, and pointed the fire-arms and heated poker at him; whilst others advanced with the squibs and missiles.

"Come on, my lads," says the captain; "let this be our Thermopylæ, and I will be your Leonidas." And indeed so daring were they, that each seemed ready to emulate the Spartans of old.

The master, perceiving their determined obstinacy, turned round without further remonstrance, and indignantly walked away.

Relieved from our terrors, we now became intoxicated with joy. The walls rang with repeated hurrahs! In the madness of enthusiasm some of the boys began to tear up the forms, throw the books about, break the slates, locks, and cupboards, and act so outrageously that the captain called them to order; not, however, before the master's desk and drawers had been broken open, and every plaything which had been taken from the scholars, restored to its owner.

We now began to think of provisions. They were all placed on one table, and dealt out in rations by the captain of each company. In the meantime we held a council of war, as we called it, to determine on what was to be done.

In a recess at the east end of the school, there stood a large oak chest, black with age, whose heavy hinges had become corroded with years of rust. It was known to contain the records and endowments of the school, and, as we presumed, the regulations for the treatment of the scholars. None of us had ever seen its inside. Attempts dictated by insatiable curiosity had often been made to open it; but it was deemed impregnable. It was guarded by three immense locks, and each key was in the possession of different persons. The wood appeared to be nearly half a foot thick, and every corner was plated with iron.

All eyes were instinctively directed to this mysterious chest. Could any means be devised for effecting an entrance, was the natural question. We all proceeded

to reconnoitre. We attempted to move it, but in vain. We made some feeble efforts to force the lid; it was firm as a block of marble.

At length one daring urchin brought from the fire-place a red-hot poker, and began to bore through its sides. A universal shout was given. Other pokers were brought, and to work they went. The smoke and tremendous smell which the old wood sent forth rather alarmed us. We were apprehensive that we might burn the records, instead of obtaining a copy of them. This arrested our progress for a few minutes.

At this critical moment a shout was set up that the parson and a constable were coming! Down went the pokers, and, as if conscience-stricken, we were all seized with consternation. The casement window was so shattered, that it could easily be entered by any resolute fellow. In the desperation of the moment we seized the desks, forms, and stools, to block it up; but our courage in some degree had evaporated, and we felt reluctant to act on the offensive. The old gentleman and his attendant deliberately inspected the windows and fastenings; but, without making any attempt to enter, they retreated, for the purpose, as we presumed, of obtaining additional assistance.

What was now to be done? The master appeared obdurate; and we had gone too far to recede. Some proposed to drill a hole in the window-seat, fill it with gunpowder, and explode it, if any one attempted to enter. Others thought we had better prepare to set fire to the school sooner than surrender unconditionally. But the majority advised, what was perhaps the most prudent resolution, to wait for another attack; and if we saw no hopes of sustaining a longer defence, to make the best retreat we could.

The affair of the barring-out had now become known, and persons began to as-

semble round the windows, calling out that the master was coming with assistants, and saying everything to intimidate us. Many of us were completely jaded with the over-excitement we had experienced since the previous evening. The school was hot, close, and full of smoke. Some were longing for liberty and fresh air; and most of us were of opinion that we had engaged in an affair which it was impossible to accomplish.

In this state of mind we received another visit from our dreaded master. With his stick he commenced a more furious attack than before; and observing us less turbulent, he appeared determined to force his way, in spite of the barricadoes. The younger boys thought of nothing but flight and self-preservation; and the rush to the back windows became general.

In the midst of this consternation our captain exclaims, "Let us not fly like cowards; if we must surrender, let the gates of the citadel be thrown open; the day is against us; but let us bravely face the enemy, and march out with the honours of war." Some few had already escaped; but the rest immediately ranged themselves on each side of the school, in two extended lines with their weapons in hand.

The door was thrown open—the master instantly entered, and passed between the two lines, denouncing vengeance on us all. But as he marched in, we marched out in military order; and giving three cheers we dispersed into the neighbouring fields.

We shortly met again, and after a little consultation it was determined that none of the leaders should come to school until sent for, and a free pardon given.

The defection, however, was so general, that no corporeal punishments took place. Many of the boys did not return till after the holidays; and several of the elder ones never entered the school again.

THE "KING'S DAUGHTER."

A LEGEND OF SIAM.

MANY, many years ago, when the sun was much nearer the earth than it now is, and when their Celestial Majesties, the Kings or Emperors of China or Siam, were wont to hold daily intercourse with Old Sol, their elder brother, and consult him in all cases of difficulty and danger, employing his numerous retinue the stars, and even in cases of emergency those more distinguished officers, the planets, as emissaries of peace or warfare, there dwelt at Yuthia, the then capital of the Siamese dominions, a very aged monarch, who, after having reigned with a peaceful sway over his subjects for a period of nearly two centuries, tired of the cares and troubles attendant upon the regal state, had abdicated the throne in favour of his only son, a mild youth, of not more than one hundred and sixty or seventy years old. Old age was, at that period, a thing almost unheard of in these favoured regions, before a thousand or fifteen hundred years had elapsed, such was the warmth, and strength, and life imparted by the close proximity of kind Old Sol, who never thought of turning in of a night, lest perchance some evil might befall his cherished brethren and their subjects. This having been the very brilliant state of affairs, the services of the Stars were of course at a low valuation; and they, vexed to find their brilliancy thus totally eclipsed, formed the wicked resolution of revolting against their lawful sovereign and liege master; and, accordingly, instead of going to sleep during the twelve hours vulgarly termed day, they unanimously and secretly agreed to watch Old Sol's movements, and only to make sham to sleep. "For," quoth they, "this used not to be our sovereign's wont of old; he loved his couch as much as we do ours, and there certainly must be some very strong attraction to draw him so close to this vile empire, Earth, quitting those loftier hemispheres, where he breathed the fresh, untainted air of heaven."

Having closed this compact, the naughty little stars, in lieu of going to sleep like good little constellations, only pretended to snooze, and kept blinking their bright little inquisitive eyes, first at one another, and then at their master the Sun, who, quite unconscious of the horrid

snare laid to watch him, and imagining his retinue all asleep, grew brighter, and brighter, and brighter; as the hour approached mid-day, and a perpetual benign smile dwelt upon his jolly, big round face.

Now, it so happened, that the old monarch before alluded to, who dwelt in quiet and peaceable retirement, possessed one only daughter, whose name was, being interpreted, "*The Rosy Morn.*" Rosy Morn was as beautiful as her name, you may perceive, indicates; she was the only comfort and solace of her poor, aged father, and besides himself and her own family, none had ever set eyes upon her lovely face; beautiful and good, chaste and simple, her sole amusements and pastimes consisted in lulling her aged parent to rest by the music of her sweet voice, and while he slumbered, sauntering amongst unfrequented woods and dells, making the hills echo again to her merry notes, and culling the sweet wild flowers of the forest to make wreaths with which she decorated her lovely brow. There was a purling brook that murmured gently by the mountain side, and in a cavern, shaded from the mid-day heat, "Rosy Morn" was wont each day to rest awhile, bathing her weary little feet in the cool crystal waters as she crossed. Here, in deep solitude, would she watch the gambols of the sportive squirrels, or, listening to the gentle murmuring of the zephyr as it rustled through the topmost boughs of the banian tree, fall into soft sleep, and dream of bright birds and flowers beyond conception sweet. But, alas for her peace of mind! and alas for her pure and guileless heart! it chanced one day that in her usual rambles, a gorgeous butterfly, more glorious than any she had heretofore seen, flew past her path, and lighted on a neighbouring flower. In sportive chase of that deceptive moth, she sped from flower to flower, from myrtle bush to wild jessamine bower. 'Twas vain! The moth at length took lofty flight, and flitting high up in the air, she strove to watch it still, till Sol's bright chariot coming over the shady hill, dazzled her eyes so much, that she was forced to relinquish all hopes of capturing the errant moth, and so, disconsolate, and with her small feet aching,

she retraced her steps, and sought her loved retreat, there, in the sleep of innocence, to forget her woe. Arriving at the favourite brook, she stooped to quench her thirst from its refreshing waters; and the day was so hot, and she was so much fatigued, that the idea occurred to "Rosy Morn" of bathing in that limpid stream. Now she floated merrily down with the ripples, now struggled against their tiny efforts; and finally, very much refreshed and delighted with the experiment, and vowing to repeat it again on the morrow, she sought refuge in the cavern (having, *of course, re-dressed herself*) and there fell fast asleep.

Now, it so happened, that whilst all this was occurring, Old Sol, who was wide awake, and on the look-out from his chariot at the very identical moment that "Rosy Morn" was gazing up after the butterfly, caught a glimpse of her incomparably charming face, and, as is often the case, even now-a-days, fell desperately in love at first sight, and instantly changing the course of his chariot, drove at a furious rate down towards the earth. So skilfully managed were the reins, and so fleet the coursers, that they arrived just in time to permit of Sol's enjoying a prospect of "Rosy Morn's" gambols in the water. If at a distance he had been struck with her charms, on a nearer view he nearly went frantic with love; and, no sooner had "Rosy Morn" retired to her couch in the cavern, than, like an impudent fellow, he must follow too. Sol, it would appear, was an accomplished lover; he claimed connexion with "Rosy Morn's" father and her uncle, and the whole of the family connexions; and, in short, conducted himself in so ingenious and fascinating a way, that he gained complete possession of poor Rosy's heart, and they there and then exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The courtship was of rather long duration, somewhere about two thousand years. But what is that to the gods? Sol kept everybody alive with his warm good-nature and perpetual mirth; and regularly, at the hour of noon, he and "Rosy Morn" met at the appointed rendezvous.

Matters were in this state when the stars got an inkling of the real state of affairs, and, as I said before, kept watch over the knight-errant's proceeding. Just as the hour of noon approached, they saw "Rosy Morn" approach, and they saw her meeting with Old Sol, and watched them both go into the cavern

together, and then, while the unsuspecting lovers were fondly conversing, the stars drove off the chariot that had carried Old Sol, and the horses, taking fright, set off at full speed, and ran home again. Having thus cut off all retreat, the stars raised a simultaneous shout, proclaiming the sin their sovereign was convicted of; disclaiming him as their lawful master, and declaring a republic amongst themselves. Poor Old Sol, trembling and convicted, shed tears of pure gold, and the mountains taking pity upon him opened a cavern, by which he might reach his home in safety, and told him that he might drive through there every day for safety's sake. Sol shed abundant tears of gold and wept at intervals as he went along; these spots where he wept are now the gold mines of Siam. It took Sol twelve hours to regain his home, and then he drove out as usual, passing through this cavern on his way home every night; and they say that, for a fortnight in every month, he picks up his bride, "Rosy Morn," at the mouth of the cavern, and takes her home with him. As for "Rosy Morn," she wandered disconsolate through many caverns and mountains also, and her tears, flowing abundantly, were all tears of silver: these spots are now the silver mines of Siam. At length a compact was closed between the republican stars and Old Sol, to the end that, for one-half of the month, they should be allowed to gaze upon her lovely face, and that she was to live with Old Sol the other half; but it was distinctly stipulated that Old Sol should never dare to kiss "Rosy Morn," or, as she is now called, the Moon, before public gaze. This stipulation is, however, occasionally broken when an eclipse solar or lunar takes place; and then, on such occasion, the Siamese turn out *en masse*, and shout and fire guns and beat gongs to warn both parties of the impropriety of such proceedings, and the warning generally has its due effect in the course of two or three hours—such time being requisite to elapse before the warning sound could travel such a great distance from earth.

Such is the fable of the festival of the peace-offering, and the spot where it is celebrated is, by the Siamese, believed to be the very identical cave where "Rosy Morn" and Old Sol were wont to plight their faith, and vow vows of eternal love.

To this cavern an annual pilgrimage is made by all the male inhabitants of Bangkok and the surrounding villages—each man carrying with him, according to his

means and position in life, an offering in the shape of pieces of money, in gold and silver, which votive offering is, after a form of prayer repeated by the attendant priests, cast into an impenetrable pit at the further end of the cavern. The procession usually starts from Bangkok by water, and landing at Yuthia, or Juthia, the ancient capital, proceeds on foot through a well beaten pathway to the much-revered spot, which is not many miles distant from the place of debarkation.

We accompanied this procession in the year 1840, having been permitted to do so under the kind auspices and patronage of Mr. H—, who possessed sufficient influence at court to procure us this privilege—a boon seldom accorded to any professing a creed differing from that of the Siamese themselves. At daybreak on the appointed day, canoes were seen gliding rapidly from every part of the river towards the mosque of the White Elephant. H—, myself, and two or three others, masters of different vessels, had been astir since four o'clock, nearly an hour and a half before the first tint of dawn made its appearance in the rosy east. We made good use of our leisure time in disposing of a goodly quantity of viands and other substantials for breakfast, knowing full well that as His Majesty himself was to head the procession, we should be denied anything in the shape of a breakfast before that mighty potentate had satiated his appetite, an event not likely to occur before midday at the earliest, and one which would have considerably damped our having any pleasurable participation in the novelties of the scene we were about to witness. We had just finished smoking our first cigar as the dawn appeared, and the spectacle of many canoes presented itself. "Come along!" cried old H—; "we must be off early, or else the river will be completely blockaded." Willingly obeying this summons, we were marshalled down to the water-side, and there found one of the Prince's state-canoes ready in attendance for us. It was at all times a handsome boat, but on this particular occasion was very beautifully and tastefully arranged; garlands of flowers were hanging in festoons all round her sides, the men that paddled were very smartly dressed, and the cushions on which we sat were composed of crimson velvet, inwrought with gold tissue flowers. She had twenty paddles, besides the one used by the steersman, and with all these

at work (the tide serving at the time) the canoe shot through the water like a meteor. We were soon at the point of rendezvous, and had scarce been there five minutes before a universal crouching of the multitude assembled in the endless canoes, the sounding of gongs and blowing of trumpets proclaimed the approach of no less a personage than His Majesty the king himself. Though obliged to bow down my head like the herd in general, I caught a glimpse of His Majesty through my fingers, as the fat old fellow came rolling down, supported on either side by cringing courtiers, puffing and blowing like a grampus. The exertion was evidently a great one for him, and one to which he was but little accustomed; as, though the distance was not many hundred yards, he was compelled more than once to call a halt. At last the fat king was seated, and the procession formed in regular order; the canoes of the ministers of state following next to the royal family, and the others following in like order, according to the rank of their different proprietors. Mr. H— being a peer of the realm, we were stationed somewhere about the third range of canoes from the royal family, the average number of canoes in a line being from five to eight. I was surprised to see such beautiful regularity and discipline as was kept up in the lines of march, especially as the current was sweeping us rapidly towards the points in the many different turnings of the river. When morning fairly broke, my delight was indeed great to witness so magnificent a spectacle. Upwards of seventy thousand canoes, all more or less brilliantly painted, with gay streamers of every colour in the rainbow, floating from little tiny masts stuck up in the prow and in the stern; people dressed in a great variety of coloured stuffs, and the soft bands of Siamese music floating gently o'er the water. The voice of melody was perfection itself though no distinct chords or airs could be traced. They had more the effect of several *Æolian* harps, sighing to the morning zephyr. The instruments used in these bands were a species of pandean pipes; they consisted of several hollow reeds passed through a hollow block of wood hermetically sealed on all sides, save the orifice left to blow into. A little hole in each reed, some four or five inches above the mouth-piece, served as notes, and the performer played with both hands, keeping all the keys closed except the note he wished to sound, which

note had a responding chord on the opposite side. The intonation is really beautiful, and I have little doubt that under skilful hands, this instrument could be brought to perfection.

Though no one was expected, or rather dared, to break his fast before the permission of the king had been obtained to this effect, we took the liberty of smoking cigars *en route*, as did every single soul in this armament of boats, His Majesty, I believe, excepted. Talk about the Turks being great smokers! why the Siamese beat them all to nothing. I have often seen a child only just able to toddle about, and certainly not more than two years of age, quit its mother's breast to go and get a whiff from papa's cigaret, or, as they are here termed, *borees*—cigarets made of the dried leaf of the plantain-tree, inside of which the tobacco is rolled up.

So we smoked and puffed, and the men puffed and paddled; and as we advanced, fresh landscapes were always inviting our attention: one moment it was a rich sugar-cane plantation which H—— envied, and wished he possessed, to convert into sugar; the next, it was a thick-set mango tope, amongst whose branches I longed to be, envying the squirrels the felonies they were committing amongst the ripe and luscious fruit; a third, and we came upon a paddy-field, or rice-plantation, and then it was the Siamese boatmen's turn to be envious, and to turn up their eyes despairingly, as they knew that the hour for boiled rice and stewed fish was, alas! not arrived by a long way, and their bowels yearned towards this field and its productions. At length, after three hours' incessant paddling, the tide having favoured us all the way, we sighted the ruins of the city of Yuthia. The first thing that turned out to greet us was a crocodile, and a few minutes afterwards another, perhaps his mate; then we met a whole host of crows and a vulture; lastly, we arrived at the city itself, and having landed, found it to consist of—six fishermen's huts and a betel-nut vendor's stall! And yet, not more than twenty-five years before the date of my visit, it had been more densely populated than Bangkok. The twenty or twenty-five miserable inhabitants were all prostrate before their little city, waiting till the whole cortège should pass before they joined in the procession, as the inhabitants of Bangkok are the cockneys of Siam, and claim precedence wherever they go. A magnificent

litter had been prepared for the king, and seated in this, he was carried on the shoulders of eight of his most faithful subjects. The bearers were being relieved continually; whether from the ardent desire of all to share in the honour of carrying so illustrious an individual, or from other motives, I am unable to say; I rather think, though, that they found their burthen so excessively heavy, that they were compelled to call in assistance after a very short trial. A band of pestiferous-looking priests, clad in plague-signal sloth, led the van, the chief of whom carried the Siamese national banner, to wit, a red flag with a white elephant in the centre. The first mile of ground led through paddy-fields abounding with crows and vultures, things so common in Siam as to render our march most unexciting, the only excitement entertained being that of alarm and fear lest, in the thick grass and weeds through which we were passing, we should inadvertently set foot upon a snake—a by no means agreeable species of sensation, when you are labouring under the conviction of having come out in pumps and stockings for the occasion, and that the fangs of a viper would easily penetrate far more resistible articles. Our only consolation was, that the priests and those in advance of us were going over exactly the same ground as ourselves, and were therefore more liable to fall in the combat. I admit this was not a very charitable thought, but it is linked with human nature, and must be excusable. As results proved, however, we got through this place scot free; nor snake nor serpent turned up to oppose our path, or at least if they did they must have had an effectual quietus in the heels of the shoes of the many-headed. Emerging from this paddy-field, we entered upon a sloping ground, which led us into the very heart of a thickly-set *toddy tope*, or plantation of cocoa-nut trees. High up, and seated amongst the lofty branches of these, were a legion of monkeys, all chattering and grinning and pouting at each other in a most ludicrous and inquisitive manner; they were evidently anxious to ascertain what the whole of these proceedings meant, and why there should be such a sudden irruption of people upon their heretofore little-frequented territory. Knowing the vicious propensities of these creatures, I was chuckling to myself in the diabolical expectation that one of them might be induced to drop a

friendly cocoa-nut upon the bald pate of his Celestial Majesty; but they were evidently Siamese monkeys to the backbone, and dared not insult their imperial master. Possibly they thought that in reward for such an action, he might cause their favourite haunts and trees to be cut down or burnt up with fire. Through this place we also passed unscathed, and then we entered into a regular jungle, a place meet for tigers and cheetahs, with grass growing taller than any man, and boughs of trees so impenetrably knit together, that ages and ages must have passed since the sun ever shone on that dark decomposed earth.

The jungle was not, however, very broad in this part, and after about twenty minutes walking we came out into the morning sunlight again, delighted once more to inhale the fresh, pure air of heaven. There stood before us the miraculous hill, or rather I should call it, mound, for it was little better than one of those tumuli so often met with in Syria. In the centre there was a cavern, and close by it flowed a little brook, so shallow that you could hardly sink a mouse in it. Thought I to myself, things must have sadly degenerated since the days of the famed Siamese Legend, in every respect; for not only are the lives of men sadly curtailed, but mountains have become almost ant-hills, and brooks that floated young ladies turned into streamlets that any strong-minded ant could swim across at a start. Such, however, was the case, and now the ceremony of the peace-offering commenced. First the king actually condescended to bathe his own feet in a little stream of water, and then he reverently approached the cavern, and, crouching as he entered, he went up to the further

end, and through a large orifice in the earth, somewhat resembling a well, and about four feet in diameter (as I afterwards ascertained), let drop his piece of gold, and then, backing out in the same way as he had entered, remounted his litter, and was forthwith conveyed to a spot some two hundred yards off, where his liege subjects had prepared his royal breakfast. The moment the king was seated on the cushions and carpets spread out, some attendant imps entirely concealed him from view with a curiously wrought circular screen, and so there was an end to my hopes of getting a sight of this grampus at meals. The concourse now thronged by dozens to the votive shrine; but though we arrived there by eleven o'clock in the morning, the throng never ceased pressing towards the cavern till sunset, and then not one-third the number had accomplished their vows. Thus it would occupy three good days ere the ceremony could be completed, the interval being employed by the natives in eating and sleeping throughout the day (except such as were actively engaged in the ceremony), and keeping watch throughout the night against the encroachments of reptiles and wild beasts by keeping large bonfires continually lit, which served also in some measure to check the mosquitoes in the murderous nightly onslaught they made, with a perfect whirlwind of buzzing. The old king absolutely remained throughout the whole time, but then his comforts had been amply provided, and with the exception perhaps of the absence of a few of his favourite Dulcineas, slept *à la campagne* as well as he did in his massive palace.

WINTER IN RUSSIA.

WE are in Russia, and the carnival is approaching. Let us pause on the square of the Admiralty, and look around; it has been taken possession of by architects; they are taking measurements, drawing plans, tracing the outlines of a little city. Materials are soon piled up; the carpenters arrive; they set themselves to the work; these men, armed only with a hatchet, that wonderful instrument in the hands of the Russian artisan, fashion wood in a hundred ways, square it, saw it, pierce it, polish it, submit it to all the demands of carpentry. Very soon the frames of houses arise; then the roofs; afterwards come the walls; this is the easiest, for it is only necessary to nail on planks. These houses, as we see, are barracks; but they affect in their forms the most varied styles of architecture. This one is decked with the *ogives* and *trefles* of the middle ages; this has borrowed its form from Byzantine buildings; this has all the varieties of Chinese fancy; some are modelled from the architecture of the Renaissance; others, more simple, are satisfied to imitate the farms of La Brie or of Champagne. Each of these barracks, whatever may be their form and character, has its balcony for the show of Paillasse or Harlequin: for this strange city, springing up in a few days in the midst of a public square, will soon contain all the rope-dancers, horse-jockeys, showmen, jugglers, mountebanks—in short, all the clowns of the empire, who come hither to practise their professions by exciting the public curiosity, reinforced by the great drum and the eaters of flaming tow.

Before these barracks rise the mountains of ice. There are two towers placed opposite each other at a distance of from two to three hundred *toises* (four to six hundred yards), and terminated by a covered terrace, from whence starts an inclined plane, slightly elevated in the middle, which, reaching the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees, continues to run horizontally to the end of the space which separates the two towers. Thus there are two paths which meet and run parallel with each other, each terminating at the foot of the opposite mountain. These paths are formed of slabs of ice hewn from the Neva, perfectly adjusted and admirably smooth.

In the interval between the mountains and the barracks, are raised swings of every form; escarpolettes, windmill cars, sleighs, waggons, cradles, nothing is wanting to the collection. Swings are a national pleasure; the Russian loves them passionately; to be well established in a little suspended car, and, during his aerial evolutions, to crack nuts and sing his village songs, is for him happiness most to be desired—always after the ice mountains.

The week of preparation is over. Sunday arrives. It is the first day of the carnival. At noon the *katchelis* (swings) are open; a thousand flags and banners unfold in the air their capricious forms. The orchestras of the barracks commence their symphonies. Some are very good. The merchants of dainties are at their posts. Some sell nuts and gingerbread, others make *bliniers*, a species of thick and heavy pancake, the delight of Muscovite stomachs. The latter, like the purveyor of Gostinoidoor, offers to amateurs the most varied repasts. Then comes the tea merchant, without whom there could be no genuine public fête in Russia, as with the cocoa merchants at Paris.

The ice mountains are opened. See the moujiks (peasants) clad, over their warm *loutoupes*, with the large blue caftan, their heads coiffed with a cloth cap or Tartar bonnet; they advance, carrying a little sled under their arms, and climb the large stairway behind the mountains. The sled is of great simplicity; it consists of a little plank fixed on two steel runners. The light vehicle is placed on the edge of the terrace; its proprietor seats himself upon it, after having carefully arranged his full garments. He stretches out his legs, inclining his body a little forward; but it is quickly thrown back at the moment the sled is launched on the declivity of ice. The impression experienced at this moment is undefinable; respiration is suddenly compressed; one experiences a strange and delicious oppression. Meanwhile the sled, swift as an arrow, passes, with the rapidity of lightning, the sleds which arrive from the opposite mountain, at the foot of which its fantastic race soon expires.

It must not be thought that these

gliding cars only need to be pushed forward to pursue their road. On the contrary, they must be guided with extreme address. The conductor, with his arms hanging behind him, must retain it in a direct line, either by the balancing of his body, or imperceptible touches of his hand on the ice. The apprenticeship is rude and somewhat dangerous; for the sled, roughly leaving its inexperienced conductor, lets him roll over the icy hill, at the foot of which he arrives only after having hit himself severely against the parapets, and consequently black and blue with contusions, fortunate if he has escaped the shock of some sled behind him. These shocks may break the head, ribs, limbs, or kill at once. It may be supposed that great care is exercised; accidents of this nature are therefore very rare.

Thus the day passes away, a day very quickly flown, if we recollect that at four o'clock in the afternoon night has come; but there is a morrow, and so on to the last day.

Towards the end of the week, a crowd of elegant equipages are collected around the *katchelis*. The aristocracy come to enjoy the pleasures of the barracks, witness Harlequin and Columbine, and applaud the prodigious metamorphoses of Pierrot. Afterwards come the grand carriages of the Court, drawn by four horses richly caparisoned, filled with the young girls of the institute of St. Catherine, an educational establishment for noble ladies, under the immediate patronage of the empress. We may count more than sixty of these gala carriages, driven by coachmen in Court livery, and followed by grand lacqueys in scarlet vestments. At the doors and windows are crowds of pretty faces, their owners gaily conversing, proud of the conveyance in the imperial carriages.

We have spoken of the ice mountains, of the *katchelis*. These are public, and last only eight days; but there are private ones which remain all winter. They belong to different societies of young people, who have them built at the common expense. The Swiss mountains are at Kammenoi-Ostroff, the island where the summer residences of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg are situated. But the island has actually disappeared, and one could hardly recognise the topography of these places in summer, so verdant, so animated, so perfumed. They present to the eye only a desert of ice. The coquettish villas which embellish

the island, are concealed under a covering of coarse matting, itself hid beneath snow. The tall firs and tufted birches wave sadly their naked branches, often loaded with ice, on which rest flocks of sinister ravens: everywhere the aspect is sad, gloomy, desolate.

Then the Swiss mountains are built at Kammenoi-Ostroff, in the part of the island nearest St. Petersburg. They are much frequented, especially on Sundays. The most charming parties meet there, and give themselves up entire days to the pleasure of sliding. These mountains are not inferior in height to those of the *katchelis*, and the young people who come hither equal in skill the most expert moujiks. They have adopted a costume which leaves them more freedom of motion. A sort of hussar jacket, Russian furred boots, a Scotch cap and large red leather gloves, constitute the peculiarities of this graceful and easy dress.

It is useless to say that their sleds are far from being as simple as the others. They are mounted on English steel, of excessive fineness; the body is covered with stuffed cushions and valuable carpeting, often embroidered by beloved hands. They are more elevated on their slender runners, narrower, and of forms infinitely more elegant.

The ladies, even the most timid, trust themselves to the skill of these spirited cavaliers, who often dispute the honour of their company. Nevertheless, if the Court comes to the mountains, and the empress takes a fancy to slide, it is usually a coarse peasant who has the honour to conduct her.

Nothing is so singular and picturesque as a party at the mountains by torchlight; and it is a pleasure which is afforded more than once during the winter to the society of St. Petersburg. But here the skill of the sled-drivers is severely tested: for the glare of the lights, reflected on the ice of the inclined plane, throws on the dazzled eye millions of scintillations, and makes the great shadows of the tall firs around seem to tremble. And yet the young people give themselves up to the most eccentric, the most perilous, the most extravagant feats. Excited by the danger itself, they seem to brave and defy it. Some extend themselves on the narrow bases of their sleds, face downwards—others on their backs; these on their knees—those, standing, guide the sled by the simple balancing of their bodies; others, disdaining every species of vehicle,

their feet armed with skates, trace capricious festoons on the polished ice. Often, the result of these joyous parties is to confirm an affair of the heart, which but for their piquant aid would have peaceably

died away in the repose of ordinary life. It is seldom that the season of mountains terminates without the addition of many happy couples to the society of St. Petersburg.

A CHAPTER ON CULINARY VEGETABLES.

ENGLAND was by no means abundantly supplied with vegetables until towards the termination of the sixteenth century. "It was not," says Hume, "till the end of the reign of Henry the Eighth that any salads, carrots, turnips, or other edible roots, were produced in England; the little of these vegetables that were used were imported from Holland and Flanders. Queen Katherine, when she wanted a salad, was obliged to despatch a messenger thither on purpose." Hume, however, is in some degree incorrect in this. Our ancestors, long before Henry the Eighth's time, had for salads the lettuce, rocket, mustard, water-cress, and hop. Onions, garlic, and leeks appear to have been almost the only alliaceous plants in use before the year 1400.

It is probable that some species of the cabbage was first introduced into this country by the Romans, since *kale* is mentioned among the oldest English records. The Saxon name for February is *sprout-kale*, and that is the season when the sprouts from the old stalks begin to be fit for use.

The variety of cabbage which was first cultivated here cannot be ascertained, since our forefathers had no distinctive name for the different kinds. Numerous improvements have been made in the cultivation of this vegetable, and many new varieties introduced by different individuals at comparatively recent dates.

The close-hearted variety, which is now more peculiarly called cabbage, was for many years imported into England from Holland. Sir Anthony Ashley first introduced its cultivation here. This planter of cabbages likewise rendered his name known by other deeds less creditable to his character. It is related that he had a command at Cales (Cadiz), where he got much by rapine, especially from a lady who intrusted her jewels to his honour; whence the jest on him, that he got more

by *Cales* than by *cale* and cabbage.* There is said to be a cabbage at his feet, sculptured on his monument, at Wimborne St. Giles, in Dorsetshire.

Although Ashley introduced the cabbage, it does not appear to have become generally cultivated; for we continued to import the vegetable for many years. Ben Jonson, who wrote more than half a century afterwards, says, "He hath news from the Low Countries in cabbages."

The garden-culture of the turnip was probably introduced also by the Romans; and that, though neglected, it was never altogether lost; and, if appearing to be so for a time, was restored by the monks—those constant guardians and fosterers of horticulture.

There is no doubt that this root was in cultivation in the sixteenth century. It is then mentioned by more than one writer. Cogan, in his "Haven of Health," published in 1597, says, that "although many men love to eat turnips, yet do swine abhor them." Gerarde, who published in the same year, leads us to conclude that more than one variety was cultivated in the environs of London at that time. "The small turnip," says he, "grown by a village near London, called Hackney, in a sandie ground, and brought to the Crosse in Cheapside by the women of that village to be solde, are the best that I ever tasted."

Our ancestors appear to have applied the turnip to more extensive uses as an esculent than is done in the present day. It is recorded that, in the years 1629 and 1630, when there was a dearth in England, very good, white, lasting, and wholesome bread was made of boiled turnips, deprived of their moisture by pressure, and then kneaded with an equal quantity

* Most of our readers are probably familiar with the old ballad called "The Winning of Cales," given by Percy in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

of wheaten flour, the whole forming what was called *turnip-bread*. The scarcity of corn in 1693 obliged the poor people of Essex again to have recourse to this species of food. This bread could not, it is said, be distinguished by the eye from a wheaten loaf; neither did the smell much betray it, especially when cold.

The annual value of the turnips now grown is estimated at fourteen millions sterling!

Historical evidence would make it appear that both the pea and the bean must not only have been introduced, but extensively cultivated, in some parts of Scotland, as well as in England, at a very early period. It is on record that, when the English forces were besieging a castle in Lothian, in the year 1299, their supply of provisions was exhausted, and their only resource was in the peas and beans of the surrounding fields. This circumstance would almost lead to a belief that the pea was then one of the staple articles of produce for human food.

The more delicate kinds, however, do not appear to have been cultivated in England until a much later period. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the pea would appear to be somewhat a rarity, as in the privy purse expenses of that king is an entry, "Paid to a man in reward for bringing peascods to the king's grace, 4s. 8d." From a song, however, called "London Lyckpenny," made in the time of Henry the Sixth, peascods appear to have been commonly sold in London:—

"Then unto London I dyde me hye,
Of all the land it beareth the pryse:
'Gode pescode!' one began to cry."

At Windsor, there is a street called "Peascod," mentioned by that name in old documents.

Fuller informs us that peas, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, were brought from Holland, and were "fit dainties for ladies—they came so far, and cost so dear."

The large variety of bean, called the "Windsor bean," is said to have been first cultivated in this neighbourhood by some of the Dutch gardeners who came over at the Revolution. There is a field near Eton still called "The Dutchman's Garden."

That species of bean called "the runner" was introduced from South America in 1633. It is supposed that the scarlet variety was first cultivated about

that time by Tradescant, the celebrated gardener at Lambeth. It was then, we are told, in so great repute for its flowers, that they formed the leading ornament in the nosegays of the ladies; and it seems to have kept its place only as an ornamental plant for nearly a hundred years, as its legumes were seldom used as an edible substance until brought into notice by Miller, of Chelsea, in the eighteenth century.

The first notice of spinach being used as an edible in Europe occurs in the year 1351, in a list of the different vegetables consumed by the monks on fast-days. This plant found a place among culinary vegetables at rather an early period in England; for Turner, who wrote in 1568, mentions it as being at that time in common cultivation, and prepared for the table precisely in the same manner as it is at present.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the artichoke was first planted in our gardens. In the privy purse expenses of this king we find several entries regarding artichokes. Thus:—"Paid to a servant of Master Tresorer, in reward for bringing *archecokks* to the king's grace to Yorke Place, 4s. 4d." A treatise, written in the reign of Mary, on "the best settinge and keepynge of artichokes," is still preserved in the Harleian library.

The Jerusalem artichoke is a native of Brazil, and was first introduced in 1667 into this country, where it was much esteemed before potatoes were brought into general adoption. Its name is derived from the similarity of flavour observable between the roots of the common sunflower and the bottom of the artichoke. Its distinctive epithet is a corruption of the Italian word for sunflower, *girasole*, and bears no reference, as might be imagined, to the city of Jerusalem.

We are indebted for the introduction of the carrot to the Flemings, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, sought refuge in England from the insupportable tyranny of their Spanish master, Philip the Second. Finding the soil about Sandwich, in Kent, very favourable for the culture of the carrot, the emigrants soon engaged in its production on that spot. The English, whose knowledge of horticulture was at that time extremely circumscribed, were well pleased to add another edible vegetable to the scanty list which was then under general cultivation. The carrot, consequently, grew rapidly into esteem; and, being made an object of careful cul-

ture, was very shortly naturalized throughout the island.

We are told by Parkinson, the famous botanist to James the First, that in his time the ladies adorned their head-dresses with carrot-leaves, the light feathery verdure of which caused them to be no contemptible substitute for the plumage of birds. Although the taste of the fair sex in the present day has discarded this ornament, the leaves of the carrot are even now sometimes used as house decorations. If in the winter a section be cut from the end or thick part of the root, and this be placed in a shallow vessel containing water, young and delicate leaves are developed, forming a "radiated tuft," the graceful and verdant appearance of which makes it a pleasing ornament for the mantelpiece, in that season when any semblance of vegetation is a welcome relief to the eye.

Although sea-kale was sent from England to the Continent by L'Obel and Turner before the middle of the sixteenth century, yet no professional account of it appeared for nearly a century after that period; the earliest notice being that taken of it by Miller in 1731; and it was not until the year 1767 that it was first brought, by Dr. Lettsom, into fashionable repute as a garden vegetable.

The skirret was introduced from the East some three centuries back; being known in British horticulture so early as about the middle of the sixteenth century. It was formerly very highly prized. Worlidge, a writer in the latter end of the seventeenth century, described it as "the sweetest, whitest, and most wholesome of roots." The skirret is one of those plants which are now neglected, because we are

become acquainted with others more pleasant to the taste and more profitable in their culture. Its peculiar sweetness—so delightful to the palates of our less-refined forefathers—to us appears nauseously sweet.

For some time after the cultivation of skirrets had become neglected in the gardens of the rich, they still continued to be an object of cultivation among the poor in a few remote parts of the country. But even in those situations they have now very generally given way to the potato.

The cauliflower was first brought into England from the island of Cyprus. The exact period of its introduction into our horticulture is not known; but it was certainly cultivated here at the beginning of the seventeenth century, although as a rarity which could only be produced at the tables of the most opulent. In the year 1619, two cauliflowers cost three shillings; the price of wheat being then thirty-five shillings and fourpence per quarter. It was not, however, until the latter end of the same century that this vegetable was brought to any degree of perfection; at least it was not raised in sufficient abundance to appear in our English markets until that period.

Dr. Johnson used to say of this vegetable, "Of all flowers I like the cauliflower the best."

Mr. Myatt, of Deptford, was the first who cultivated rhubarb for the market. It is not more than forty years ago since he first sent five bunches of it to the Borough Market; of which he prevailed on some one to purchase three by way of experiment, and the other two he was compelled to bring back unsold.

SACKVILLE CHASE.

A Sporting Novel.

By C. J. COLLINS, Author of "Dick Diminy," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

(continued.)

AT the top of Commerce-court, in its most dirty corner, were situated the City offices of a celebrated legal firm, well known for their parliamentary, as well as other practice. The entrance to these offices was as unprepossessing as the entrance to the court in which they were situated, for the floor of the entrance had been much worn by great traffic and continual intercourse. At the end of the short passage which constituted this entrance, two narrow folding doors appeared which were covered with what had once been green baize, but which had long ago exchanged its original colour of bright green for that of a deep dusty brown, in strict accordance with the sombre place of which it formed an insignificant component part. These doors opened into a small office, at the end of which, a winding staircase appeared, which led to other offices, extending upstairs to the top of the building in which they were placed.

In the lower office was a desk, which was protected from the vulgar view by a partition extending half-way up the side walls, and at the top of which appeared a low palisading. Behind this protection from the anxious gaze of care-worn clients sat three clerks, who boasted that they looked above the common-law business and confined themselves to the "Parliamentary staff," as it is called. These members of the profession were of the dashing class, carrying impetuosity occasionally a little too far perhaps to be in accordance with strict propriety; but then they were considered "fast" in their generation. The "devil's breath" was their Elysium, and brandy-and-water with an interval of stout, was their glory nightly.

The three clerks had but just arrived for the business of the day, and as it was out of term-time, there was not very much business on hand in the office just then, as the committees down at the "house" had adjourned over the Easter recess.

"Anything fresh turned up, Squilters?" inquired one of the two.

"What about the Conquest Abbey business?" asked the one appealed to.

"Oh, no, that's all settled, I suppose, except signing the deeds."

"No, I don't think it is, as some one will have to go down there again to copy some of the registers," said Squilters. "By-the-bye, Skent, that was a very plummy trip of ours to the little church at the very bottom of South Wales, warn't it? who'd ever have thought of registers turning up there? But, however, there it was as fresh as paint, and we made a tidy bit out of the expenses, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know that," replied the gentleman who had been addressed as Skent: "nothing particularly stunnin' about it; a fiver would cover my share above what we spent."

"Talking about expenses," observed the gentleman who had not spoken, and who had been reading the newspaper, "don't you go to be such a precious flat with the bills of expenses as you was with the railway scheme last year."

"In what way?" inquired Skent.

"In what way? why, by always making even money. You take a little advice from me. I'm an older hand at this business than you."

The other two were all attention to the oracle.

"What's our salaries to such fellers as us?" he continued. "There must be somethink else, unless we don't wish to be anythin' better than common law, or even conveyancers. Recollect that sparrowgrass is in season just now, and that comes heavy while it lasts—to say nothing of reg'lar necessities."

"Well, what's the advice as you was going to give?" Mr. Skent inquired.

"Why, always make your bill of ex.'s come to odd money. If you spend fifteen bob a-day, put down 17. 10s. 7½d. Never forget to make it a halfpenny or a farthing at the end. Double the money you do spend first, and then put sevenpence-halfpenny to the total of the lot."

"You're quite right, Bill; that's just how I do the ticket. It makes the firm think you're precise and economical, and they have a good opinion on ye. But

don't you think that in all great cases, doubling the expenses is too low a figure to put down?"

"Why, I only gave a case in pint," replied the clerk of experience; "I think that in great cases, perhaps, for every fifteen shillings, we ought to put down two pound."

This interesting financial discussion would probably have been continued to the gratification of the parties engaged in it if it had not been interrupted by the entrance of Denzil Raikes and Agony Jack.

"Is Mr. Barton within?" inquired Raikes, addressing himself to the individuals behind the partition.

"No, he ain't—and if he is, he's engaged," replied Mr. Skent, without looking at his questioner.

"Humph, strange! and he made the appointment himself," replied Raikes, as much to himself as to the individual who had given him the somewhat contradictory answer. There was no reply to this observation, and Raikes would have probably been left to his election—whether he would walk out or remain where he was until he could get more satisfactory information, if one of the "fast" gentlemen behind the partition had not thought it worth his while to look through the palisading at the stranger. He did so, but immediately bobbed down again, and whispered something to the individual who had answered the stranger's questions.

"The devil it is!" whispered that gentleman, in a tone of astonishment. "Go out to him, Squilters."

Squilters went accordingly into the body of the office, and in apology to the stranger, informed him that he had, in the hurry of business, been mistaken for another party.

"Mr. Raikes, I believe, sir?" said Squilters, bowing.

"The same," Denzil Raikes answered.

"Mr. Barton is in, sir, and is waiting for you, sir. Allow me to show you upstairs, sir."

"Wait here, Jack, for a few minutes," said Denzil Raikes to Agony Jack.

"All right, sir," acquiesced Agony Jack; and then limping up to Denzil Raikes, he whispered to him—"Mum, I suppose," and pointed over his shoulder towards the clerks.

"Not a word," said Denzil Raikes.

"Mum as a mile-post," and Agony Jack took a seat.

Mr. Squilters marshalled the way that Denzil Raikes should go upstairs. At the end of a dismal passage at the top of the stairs was a room door, on which was written in prominent letters, "Mr. Barton."

Denzil Raikes knocked at the door, and a voice in the inside cried, "Come in;" and in Raikes walked. Immediately on his entrance a gentleman who was sitting at a table, rose and shook him by the hand. This gentleman, who was attired in black, and wore a white neck-cloth, expressed the delight which he experienced in seeing Raikes, who, in return, expressed the same feeling with respect to his seeing Mr. Barton; and at the same time, with perfect good humour, informing Mr. Barton of his reception downstairs.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Barton; "sharp fellows, mine, Mr. Raikes. Ha, ha, ha!—they expected a great nuisance, Mr. Raikes."

This "nuisance" was an importunate client, who fancied—strange infatuation in such a place—that he had been wronged.

"By-the-bye, though," said Mr. Barton, assuming a more serious air, "we sometimes get a numskull amongst us. Last year, when we had a splendid opposition to conduct, we were completely thrown out by a thick-headed fool bringing vanity into such an office as this."

"Vanity!" exclaimed Denzil Raikes, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, vanity, a fellow's confounded, thick-headed, unbusiness-like vanity—caused us to lose as promising a case of opposition as ever was taken before a committee, or produced luxuriant fees."

Denzil Raikes wished to know how.

"Why, what do you think the fellow did? But you never *can* think. You wouldn't think if you tried for a month, and if you chanced upon it, then you wouldn't believe it. I can scarcely keep my temper when I refer to it. Well, this was the case. 'Smirker,' said I, 'there's that opposition to-day.' 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'I'm aware of it.' I was up to my eyes, then, Mr. Raikes, in business, for the schemes of ours were immense. 'Well then,' I said, 'Smirker, you know how to do the appearance before the committees?' 'Oh, yes,' said he, with an impudent leer which I foolishly mistook for knowingness. 'Oh, yes, sir, I can make an appearance.' 'Well then,'

I said, 'go down and enter it at once in the committee room 1567 A.' 'Yes, sir,' said Smirker, and off he went, the villain. Well, of course, I concluded that our opposition had been entered all right, and counsel would appear the day after. In the afternoon, however, something called me down to the committee room, and then I saw that infernal Smirker strutting up and down like a bantam. 'How is it you've not returned?' said I. 'Sir?' said he, staring vacantly. 'What have you remained here for, Mr. Smirker,' said I, 'and so much to do up at the office?' 'Didn't you tell me to make an appearance for you?' 'Yes, but that wouldn't take you ten minutes.' 'Ten minutes!' cried he, 'why I've been making an appearance these two hours, and I've walked up and down this room until everybody has noticed me.' And there the fellow *had* been walking about for two hours, believing that that was the way to enter an appearance. We lost the case, of course. The opposition became no opposition; and the bill we were to oppose passed. I could have knocked that Smirker down in the committee room, Mr. Raikes, and I should, I am sure, have proceeded to some violence, but just at that moment our standing counsel came in and engaged me in conversation. But," added Mr. Barton, with a twinkle of satisfaction in his eye, and taking a pinch of snuff, "but I sacked Smirker next day. Ah, we've no such men now, Mr. Raikes, we've no such men now, sir; sharp hands here now, sir."

Denzil Raikes said he believed the house was celebrated for its "sharpness."

"Our great forte, Mr. Raikes," said Barton, "is evidence. We flatter ourselves, sir, that we can turn out evidence as neatly as most people. In fact, sir," he added, in a confidential whisper, "we never allow a point to go against us for want of evidence."

"That is a rare faculty," Denzil Raikes said.

"I think we have shown it in this Conquest Abbey case, have we not?" said Mr. Barton, confidently.

"You have, indeed; and I shall be eternally grateful," said Denzil Raikes. "And now to put the crowning act upon the whole."

"You have not got the great incog. with you; we can do nothing without him, you know," said Barton.

"He is below now," replied Raikes.

"Below now! Dear me, why leave him below?" exclaimed Mr. Barton, in a tone something like that of alarm. "Dear me! we must think of the future, my dear sir—think of the future," and Mr. Barton rang the bell.

"I have had him with me for some days past," said Denzil Raikes; "he has scarcely been out of my sight."

"I've got pretty strong nerves, I can tell you, Mr. Raikes," said Barton; "but considering all things, I should have been in a perspiration of nervousness every instant he was out of my sight if I had been in your place, until this bit of stuff was made perfect;" and when he said "this bit of stuff," he tapped with his finger some parchments that were on the desk before him.

Mr. Squilters answered Mr. Barton's summons.

"Bring up the gentleman who is below immediately, Mr. Squilters," exclaimed Mr. Barton.

Mr. Squilters grinned, and said, he had never seen such a funny gentleman in all his life.

"How do you mean, sir?" demanded Mr. Barton, rather sternly.

"Oh, he's been giving you some of his performances, has he?" said Denzil Raikes, laughing.

"I never in my life see a gentleman as could make such funny noises, and such faces he has pulled, sir, that he's set us all a-laughing."

"Bring him up immediately," cried Mr. Barton, peremptorily.

"Yes, sir," said Squilters, and vanished.

"I've no doubt he did set them grinning enough," said Denzil Raikes.

"They'll grin the other side of their mouths at him by-and-bye—eh?" Mr. Barton observed.

"Perhaps they will," Denzil Raikes said.

"Come in," cried Mr. Barton, blandly, as a knock was heard at the door of the chamber, and Mr. Squilters entered, ushering in Agony Jack.

"Pray take a seat," said Mr. Barton, with intense courtesy.

Agony Jack put his tongue in his cheek, and looked at Denzil Raikes with a ludicrous expression of countenance.

Mr. Barton gazed at him as though he were some wonderful phenomenon—probably he was so in Mr. Barton's eyes.

"You are, I suppose, aware of what you have to do this morning?" Mr.

Barton inquired, in his mildest tone, of Agony Jack.

"Know nothing about it," said Agony Jack, ludicrously; "it's Mr. Raikes," and he pointed to that gentleman.

"You recollect the writing you practised, Jack?" said Denzil Raikes.

"B—E——" Jack was commencing.

"Yes, that's it."

"Oh, yes, I recollect that," said Agony Jack. "I had a pretty good spell at that, hadn't I, sir? and I don't care about much more on it, for it made my fingers so precious stiff that I was beginning to think I should lose the use on 'em."

"Well, you've got just a little more of it to do, Jack."

Agony Jack pulled a wry face.

"But you've only got to write it three times."

"Oh, come, that aint much," said Agony Jack.

"You've got to write it at the foot of these pieces of parchment," said Mr. Barton, untying the documents in question.

"But first of all, suppose you write it on this sheet of paper, that I may see how proficient you are. Pray step this way."

And as Agony Jack limped up to the desk, Mr. Barton made way for him to take the easy chair, and placed a sheet of paper before him, and handed him a pen.

"Now, if you please," cried Mr. Barton.

And Agony Jack, stretching both his elbows out, and with his tongue protruding from his mouth, wrote the word upon which he had practised so assiduously. Mr. Barton and Denzil Raikes looked over his shoulder as he did so; and when he had completed the last letter Mr. Barton exclaimed—

"Bea-utiful! why it's worthy of the peerage!" And then he rang his bell again, and Mr. Squilters attended as before.

"Mr. Squilters, I want you," he said to that gentleman; "and tell Skent to come too."

Mr. Squilters delivered the message with great alacrity, and returned with Mr. Skent immediately.

"Now, if you please," Mr. Barton said to Agony Jack, unrolling the deeds; "will you please to write the word just in the same way on this parchment, just at this spot;" and he indicated the place with his finger.

Agony Jack wrote the word as he was

directed: and Mr. Barton ejaculated—"Admirable!"

He then directed Agony Jack's attention to the seal, and said—

"Now, will you please to place your finger on this piece of sealing-wax, and say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed.'"

"Lord, what's that for?" cried Agony Jack, laughing at Denzil Raikes.

"All right, Jack; do as the gentleman tells you," said Raikes.

"Well, this is a out-and-out lark," said the poor card-seller; "this beats cockfighting, this do. I stand and deliver——"

"No, no," cried Mr. Barton, laughing.

"I deliver—this—as—my—act—and—deed."

"I deliver this act indeed."

"No; now try again, please, to follow me," said Mr. Barton, seriously. "Say after me—I deliver."

"I deliver."

"Keep your finger on the seal."

"Keep your finger on the seal," repeated Agony Jack; at which the two clerks giggled out.

"Have the goodness to conduct yourselves decorously. Mr. Squilters," exclaimed Mr. Barton, with a terrible frown, "what is the meaning of this ribaldry? This is no laughing matter, I can assure you."

And Mr. Squilters and Mr. Skent immediately became as solemn as two sober mutes.

"Oh, let 'em grin," said Agony Jack; "it's a jolly lark, I think."

"Now, if you please, we will try again," Mr. Barton suggested, with a very bland smile to Agony Jack. "I deliver."

"I deliver."

"This as my——"

"This as my——" Agony Jack had to make great efforts to repress his merriment.

"Act and deed."

"Act and deed."

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Mr. Barton, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "Now, Mr. Squilters and Mr. Skent, have the goodness to witness this deed."

The two gentlemen immediately performed the operation.

"Thank you, you may retire," said Mr. Barton; and the two clerks left the room; and when they got downstairs, highly delighted their fellow-clerk below with a description of the strange scene they had just witnessed.

"Our friend," said Mr. Barton, very blandly, and alluding to Agony Jack, "would probably like to take some little refreshment after the admirable exertion he has gone through. I always keep a special bottle in my buffet there for special occasions. What do you say, sir?"

Agony Jack murmured something which sounded like "summut short."

"It is fine old port," said Mr. Barton, smiling.

"That'll do," said Agony Jack.

And so the fine old port was brought out, and all three partook thereof—Agony Jack smacking his lips, and asseverating that it was prime and no mistake.

"Mr. Barton, I want you to go back with us to my chambers," said Denzil Raikes.

"I am yours to command for the day," Mr. Barton said; and tying up the deeds, and taking them under his arm, the three descended to the lowest office.

"I shall not return until the evening," Mr. Barton told the clerks.

Mr. Barton, Denzil Raikes, and Agony Jack then passed out into Commerce-court, quite oblivious, on their exit, of the merriment in which the three clerks indulged.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PITFALLS.

MR. BARTON has been with Denzil Raikes, attending to matters connected with the welfare of Agony Jack. Both Mr. Barton and Denzil Raikes are evidently in high spirits, and when the solicitor rises to take his leave, he says to Agony Jack, "Good evening, my dear friend; I shall see you again in a few days; pray allow me to shake hands with you, as I say good evening."

Agony Jack graciously awarded permission.

"Good evening," said Mr. Barton, fervently, and warmly shaking hands with Agony Jack; "good evening."

"And I shall see you between now and then," he said, in a whisper to Denzil Raikes, evidently referring to a previous conversation; "but in any case, twelve o'clock at Sackville, the day after the Derby."

"Twelve o'clock," said Raikes; and he conducted Mr. Barton out.

"Have you got the spade, and the bag of flints and nails all right?" inquired

Denzil Raikes of Agony Jack, when he re-entered the room.

"All right, sir," replied Agony Jack, bringing out of a closet a very large, heavy bag; "but these rusty nails in the pieces of wood sticks out of this bag awful—just look, sir, at the pints of 'em coming out of the sides of the bag."

The bag referred to was a large, coarse canvas bag, which bulged out on every side, and through which projected the points of rusty nails.

"It'll be an orkard job to get it into the cab, I can tell you," said Agony Jack; "and then how are we to get it from the station at the end of the journey?"

"All right, Jack; everything will be provided and in readiness," said Denzil Raikes.

"All serene," cried Agony Jack; "so on we goes to Turkey."

This was the brief conversation which passed between Denzil Raikes and Agony Jack, after Mr. Barton left on the evening of the day that the latter had signed the deeds in the city. A cab had been sent for to convey the two to the railway station at London Bridge, on their road to the neighbourhood of Sackville Chase. In a few minutes the cab was announced.

"You must try and carry the bag yourself, Jack," said Raikes, "because you'll have to handle it down in the country."

"Well, but, Mr. Raikes, look at these here nails a-stickin' out," remonstrated Agony Jack; "I shall be sure to tear my new clothes with 'em;" and Agony Jack looked apprehensive.

Raikes laughed, and said he would assist him to carry the bag down. "So you take hold of one end, Jack, and I'll take the other."

"All right, that'll be the ticket," responded Jack; and so between them they carried the bag down, and placed it in the cab, together with a spade.

The other luggage was only a carpet-bag, which contained Agony Jack's old clothes, and which Denzil Raikes himself carried. Arrived at the station, Raikes took their tickets for the Troutbrook station, which destination they reached without any particular incident occurring.

It will be remembered that on the occasion of Denzil Raikes dining with Mr. Sparke in the little villa in the Regent's Park, he had asked that gentleman if he could inform him of a quiet trainer, and a quiet spot to train at. Mr. Sparke knew of such a person and such

a spot, and it was close to Sackville Chase. This was the place to which Arbitrator was conveyed to be trained for his engagements; this was the place in which he was located now, and this was the spot to which Denzil Raikes and Agony Jack were journeying. When they emerged from the station at Troutbrook, Denzil Raikes said to Agony Jack in a whisper—

"The moon's rising, Jack, and it is near the full; so it will be almost like doing the trick in the daylight, wont it?"

"Wont it?" echoed Agony Jack, in high glee, and chuckling. "I say, Mr. Raikes, is it a heavy wager, Mr Raikes?"

"As heavy as that bag, Jack," replied Denzil Raikes, seriously.

"Lord, you don't say so!" cried Agony Jack, distending his eyes in wonder; "and I shall win it all for you, Mr. Raikes. Cracky, Bill, but that's plummy!"

"And you will win it all for me, Jack," replied Denzil Raikes, in the same tone as before; "and what is more, Jack," he added, placing his hand on Agony Jack's shoulder, "this night's adventure will make your fortune, and you will be a gentleman all the rest of your life."

"Gentleman, Mr. Raikes! None of your gammon, now."

"If we get through this night's adventure all right, Jack," said Denzil Raikes, "and you do not flinch from your task, you will be a gentleman all the rest of your days."

"Me flinch, Lord bless you, Mr. Raikes! what is there to flinch at?"

"Nothing—nothing," replied Denzil Raikes, abstractedly.

"What's the time, sir?" inquired Agony Jack.

"It's just ten, Jack."

"Why, then, we'd better be off to the spot, hadn't we?" Agony Jack inquired.

"All in good time, Jack; it isn't very far from here," Denzil Raikes replied; "but first of all we'll go down to the Sackville Arms; you'll want something after your ride."

"Ah, to be sure!" said Agony Jack, as though he had suddenly recollected himself; "o' course—I haven't had a drop since we left London Bridge."

"Jack, you are getting very fond of drops," said Denzil Raikes, laughing.

"Can't do without 'em," replied Agony Jack. "Ah, if you'd a-slept out o' nights in fields, as I have, often and over again, you'd know the valley of a drop. It's

victuals and drink, sir—it's victuals and drink, for it keeps up the vitals."

There could be no doubt that Agony Jack had always indulged in the comforting stimulus to which he referred, whenever and however he could get it; in fact, to an extent far beyond that which was necessary for the purpose of his support, even during the period of his sleeping out at nights in the fields. His appetite for this stimulus was only bounded by its supply; and therefore it had very frequently happened that when he was sleeping at night in the fields, he was perfectly oblivious as to the nature of his couch, and it would have been the same to him if it had been the softest and most luxurious feather-bed. In fact, he not unfrequently half-maddened himself by the unrestrained indulgence in strong spirits, which were very often placed within his reach by ardent young men who desired to see the poor outcast card-seller in the delirium of intoxication. During the two or three days that he had been with Denzil Raikes, he had been kept within bounds, having been informed by his patron that it was absolutely necessary that he should abstain from drink until a certain time, when he should have his own unrestrained liberty to do just as he pleased. He stood in awe of Denzil Raikes, and he implicitly followed all his injunctions, and so he had been perfectly sober during the whole of the time that had elapsed since Denzil Raikes had taken him from Blotter's-buildings.

"We'll go down to the Sackville Arms, Jack," said Denzil Raikes, "and have some supper, and then go off on our expedition."

There happened to be an agricultural labourer, in a very dirty smock-frock, upon which was much of that soil in which he had been labouring, standing at the door of the station, and Denzil Raikes said to him—

"There, my good fellow, will you carry this bag for me down to the Sackville Arms?"

The "good fellow" was very willing and glad to do it, and immediately shouldered the bag.

"Take care them ticklers don't scratch your back," said Agony Jack.

"Oh, they wont go through my smock-frock—he be too stiff for that; it yernt a nail as'll go through him," said the labourer.

And the agriculturist turned down the

lane leading to Troutbrook, followed by his new employers.

When they arrived at the Sackville Arms, whom should they see standing at the door, smoking a cigar, but Mr. Sparke, who, the moment he saw Denzil Raikes and Agony Jack, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and cried—"Blest if he wasn't glad to see 'em."

"Well, this is a rummy go, isn't it, Mr. Sparke?" said Agony Jack; "why, what can have brought you here, sir?"

What indeed? Agony Jack did not observe the expressive look with which Mr. Sparke favoured Denzil Raikes, or he might have divined that the rencontre was not altogether unexpected by them.

"Who do you think's here in the parlour?" he asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Denzil Raikes, although he knew well enough who was there.

"Why, John Busby," replied Mr. Sparke.

"And Willum?" cried Agony Jack.

"And Willum, of course," said Mr. Sparke.

"Well, I'm glad on it. I say, Mr. Raikes," said Agony Jack, with a slight chuckle, "suppose I go in and surprise 'em by myself in these togs; what a lark, eh?"

Denzil Raikes laughed, and thought it would be a lark too, and said Jack had "better try it," and he at once acted on the permission. Limping towards the door of the parlour of the Sackville Arms, he opened it cautiously, and then walked into the middle of the room with mock dignity.

"Well, s'help me, if it aint Agony Jack, rigged out as a swell!" cried Willum, taking his pipe from his mouth, and opening that feature wide in astonishment.

"Mr. John Busby, I hope I see you well; Willum, your fin," exclaimed Agony Jack, with dignity; and then suddenly forgetting his new character altogether, burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed—"This is a go, ain't it?"

"But what *is* the go?" inquired Willum.

"Well, it's this; I'm come into my property," said Agony Jack.

"Go to Bath!" cried Willum.

"Well, I will one o' these days," Agony Jack said. "But just now, I must go and join my noble friends outside;" and he turned and left the room, and the moment he did so, he was followed by

Willum and John Busby, the latter having been so much struck by the change in the appearance of Agony Jack as to have been rendered quite speechless; at all events, he had said nothing. When they reached the entrance-porch of the Sackville Arms, Agony Jack and John Busby and Willum were all equally surprised to see Mr. Sheraton in conversation with Denzil Raikes and Mr. Sparke, and they looked the surprise they felt.

"I was just taking an evening stroll," he said, in explanation to John Busby, "and saw your friends at the door here."

John Busby would have gladly told Mr. Sheraton that Denzil Raikes was no particular friend of his, but he was in a state of doubt whether he ought to do so or not.

"Ho, Spandle!" cried Denzil Raikes, into the house.

"Your most obedient," responded the plump landlord of the Sackville Arms, and coming forth.

"I suppose I can have my old bedroom to-night, eh?" Denzil Raikes inquired.

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Raikes. Here, Jemima, Mr. Raikes sleeps here to-night," cried Spandle to the handmaiden.

"And I and my friend here would like something for supper directly;" and when Denzil Raikes said, "my friend here," he pointed to Agony Jack, at which both John Busby and Willum stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Blest if he arn't come into property; it warn't gammon," whispered Willum to John Busby.

"So I should say by the look on it," acquiesced John Busby, behind his hand.

"What would you like to have, Mr. Raikes, sir?" Spandle, the plump landlord, inquired.

"Jack, what would you like to have?" Denzil Raikes asked of Agony Jack.

Jack limped towards Denzil Raikes, and putting his hand to the side of his mouth, whispered into Raikes' ear—"I once see 'em a-cooking some ham and eggs here."

"Well?"

"And I couldn't have none then."

"And so you'd like to have some now, eh?"

"The very ticket, Mr. Raikes."

"Spandle, my friend here says that you are noted for ham and eggs," Denzil Raikes said to the landlord.

"Uncommon, Mr. Raikes," Spandle replied.

"Well, then, we'll have some directly;

so give the order at once, because I and my friend here have got to make a call before we go to bed—eh, Jack?" and Denzil Raikes was merrier than he had ever seen him before, Agony Jack thought.

The next minute, the landlord of the Sackville Arms was heard crying out at the bottom of the stairs—

"Jemima, ham and eggs directly for Mr. Raikes and his friend."

Agony Jack again whispered to Denzil Raikes as before—"I should like to stand summat to Busby and Willum. May I, sir?"

"Oh, certainly, Jack," he replied, and then added aloud—"John Busby, my friend Jack wishes you to have a glass with him before we go to supper, if you've no objection."

"Lord bless you, sir, objection! greatest pleasure in life!" John Busby replied, quite bewildered.

"Now, then, come along, you two blokes, and let's have it;" and Agony Jack led the way into the parlour again, where the trio became instantly very jolly.

"I need not say that I have placed implicit faith in you," said Mr. Sheraton to Raikes; "but I really cannot see what you intend to do afterwards with this cripple."

"You have not seen Madame Capelli, since we parted?"

"No," replied Mr. Sheraton.

"And your wife?"

"Has informed me of the discovery, and implored me to leave everything in your hands, which you see I have done," was Mr. Sheraton's reply.

"It is well," mused Denzil Raikes.

"But you have not told me what you intend to do with this cripple, after this night's *ruse* has been accomplished."

"Convey him to my estate, where he will reside for the remainder of his days."

Mr. Sheraton looked in amazement at Denzil Raikes, and, under his breath, exclaimed—"Your estate!"

"Seek to know no more just now, my dear Sheraton. In two days more everything shall be unravelled, and you shall be supreme. Take your way now to Sackville Hall. You will be with him at the Derby, of course. On the day after the Derby you must get him down here, and then our drama will be played out."

"And yourself?" suggested Mr. Sheraton.

"It will be a great reward to me to be

the *Deus ex machina* of the drama. But I have my substantial reward too," said Denzil Raikes. "Fear not; I have amply taken care of that."

"In your hands then be it ail," said Mr. Sheraton.

"In my hands it all is!" Denzil Raikes said with a smile of much meaning.

And Mr. Sheraton wished Denzil Raikes good night.

It was rather remarkable that although Mr. Sparke had heard the whole of this conversation, he had made no observation whatever himself; but when Mr. Sheraton had taken his departure, he said to Denzil Raikes—

"Rather funny that Jack should want to treat John Busby and Sturk—wasn't it?"

Denzil Raikes smiled, and said it was. He then added: "I think they must have had enough hobnobbing by this time, so I leave those two interesting individuals to you, Sparke."

"All right; I'll see that they perform their parts, you may depend upon it," Mr. Sparke said.

"And just engage that clodhopper there," said Denzil Raikes, "to carry the bag up to the common; tell him he shall have half a sovereign. You know what to say."

"Yes, I think I can manage him," Mr. Sparke said, laughing.

At this point Agony Jack was heard to cry out at the top of his voice, "All right—hooray!" and rushing out of the parlour, he said to Denzil Raikes, "Ham and eggs is ready, Mr. Raikes—come along, sir. Good night, my bricks," he cried to John Busby and Willum; "sorry I shan't be able to meet you at the Derby this time, but I've got to go to my estate in the country—ha! ha!"

Mr. Sparke cast a meaning look towards Denzil Raikes, who smiled as he returned the look. The landlord of the Sackville Arms conducted his guests to the savoury supper that had been provided for them, while Mr. Sparke went into the parlour with John Busby and Willum.

Agony Jack asseverated that he had never in all his born days enjoyed such a supper as them there ham and eggs; and blest if he'd have anything to do with any more cards while he could get such suppers as them.

"Win me the wager of to-night, Jack, and you'll never sell any more cards," replied Denzil Raikes.

"Win it! A dozen sich," cried Agony Jack, confidently.

"Very well, then. Now to do it; so go at once upstairs and change your clothes;—here is the key of the bag." And Denzil Raikes handed the key to Agony Jack. "You know the room."

"All right—it wasn't the fust time he'd been in them there Arms," Agony Jack replied, and took his way to the bedroom.

The required change in his toilette did not take much time; for in less than a quarter of an hour he was down in the lower room again, attired in the old suit, the members of which had been for so long a time old familiar friends to him, indeed, and by which he was known the country over. Denzil Raikes gazed upon him with an expression of sadness upon his countenance, for a crowd of thoughts rushed through his mind at the moment.

"Now, Jack" he said, "shoulder the spade, and let us be off to the ground."

"All right, sir; I'm ready," replied Jack.

And they emerged from the room into the long passage that led to the front door of the Sackville Arms. Here they encountered the plump landlord, who, perceiving the change that had been effected in the appearance of Agony Jack, exclaimed—

"Well! I'm blest if I didn't think I knowed yer; but I couldn't call to mind where I'd seen yer." And then he roared out a loud laugh, and cried—"This is a lark, Mr. Raikes."

"Yes, we're out on a bit of a spree," said Denzil Raikes, not at all disconcerted at the recognition of Agony Jack by the landlord. "Come along, Jack," he cried to Agony Jack, "or we shall be keeping our friends waiting."

And they passed out of the house down the road—the plump landlord gazing after them with a smiling countenance, until they were lost to his view round a turn of the road.

They took their way across the park by the foot road that ran in front of Sackville Hall; and when they arrived opposite the mansion, which stood out in strong relief in the moonlight, Denzil Raikes paused for a moment, gazing upon it, and then said—

"It is a noble old pile; is it not, Jack?"

"Stunnin' big house, and no mistake; but, lord! Mr. Raikes, perhaps the chap

as lives in it aint no happier than you or me."

"Perhaps not, Jack," said Denzil Raikes, abstractedly.

"Only he must have a precious lot o' tin, mustn't he, sir?" Agony Jack inquired.

"I dare say he is pretty well provided in that respect," Denzil Raikes said. "But that's not the only thing to make a man happy, Jack; is it?"

Agony Jack had doubts upon that point; and he gave it as his opinion that a cove with a house like that, and with lots o' blunt, hadn't got much to care about. "If I was him," he exclaimed, "wouldn't I have a nobby stud!"

They walked on through the park, and took their way by the side of the lake; and in a short time they reached a lane, which they entered, and followed its course for about a mile; and then they came to an open place, that looked like an extensive common. It was slightly undulating, and was of very considerable extent. They struck across one corner of this common, and came to a point where they found the man with the bag of nails and flints.

"All right, my man," said Denzil Raikes; "you are here before us, then."

"I've been here better nor half an hour, sir," said the man.

"Have you, indeed?" Denzil Raikes said; "you must have come along pretty sharply, then. Here's your money; and you must go back to the gentleman who sent you, as quickly as possible, and say that we are waiting for him."

"I'll go as slick as a flash, sir," exclaimed the man, his eyes glistening with delight at the sight of the half-sovereign that Denzil Raikes handed to him; "best night's work I've done this year, sir."

"Very good. Now, off you go," said Denzil Raikes.

"Off's the word. I'll be at the Sackville Arms in less than a hour."

And the man started off at a run across the common, to deliver his message to Mr. Sparke. He need not have been in such a hurry, however; but then he did not know that Mr. Sparke, with two other individuals, was at that very moment within a couple of hundred yards of the spot on which Denzil Raikes and Agony Jack were standing. And why they were in that particular spot, at that particular time, may be explained by the conversation which passed between Mr. Sparke and John Busby and Willum, when those

two individuals were joined by Mr. Sparke after he had parted with Denzil Raikes at the door of the Sackville Arms.

"Now, you, John Busby, and Bill Sturk, you can both of you see as far into a brick wall as most people," said Mr. Sparke. "I'm come down here to watch a game, and you must help me."

"A game!—what's up, then, Mr. Sparke?" John Busby inquired.

"Why, you see that that Agony Jack's down here; and that man that is with him I strongly suspect has brought him down to do a bit of nobbling—you understand."

"Blest if I didn't think there was summat in them there clothes as warn't the thing!" exclaimed Willum.

"But where's the nobblin' to be, Mr. Sparke?" inquired John Busby.

"Suppose I say that Sackville's the word?" cried Mr. Sparke, emphatically.

"What!" roared John Busby; "a-goin' to try the game on Sackville? Let me go to that Agony Jack at once!" and he jumped energetically from his seat.

"No, no; that would spoil it all," said Mr. Sparke, decidedly. "You must both come with me. From what I've overheard, it strikes me that we can catch him in the very fact."

"Lord! that would be stunnin'!" exclaimed Willum, bringing his fist with a bang on the table.

"So say—are you both game to start with me at once?" asked Mr. Sparke.

"Game!" cried John Busby, and he put his hat on with an energetic thump. "Come along."

And they went along accordingly.

"Now, you can leave the bag here, you know, Jack," said Denzil Raikes; "and when you've dug one hole you can come and fetch as many of these pieces of wood with nails, and the flints and broken glass, as will fill the hole, and so on until you've dug all the twelve holes. It's just the time to begin; and mind, in order to win the wager, you must finish all the twelve holes before three o'clock. Now, off you go with the spade."

"Hooray! Off we go with the spade," cried Agony Jack, gaily; and he trudged away to the spot that had been indicated, and in a very few minutes had dug one of the holes, carefully placing the piece of turf on one side, to cover it over again when it was filled with the flints and broken glass. He then returned to the spot where he had left Denzil Raikes, and carried the necessary quantity of

flints, broken glass, and blocks of wood with the nails, to fill the hole. This he did, much to his own satisfaction, three times; but at the fourth, while in the act of filling up the hole, he was startled by the sound of footsteps near him. In another instant a stalwart hand was on his shoulder, grasping the collar of his coat, and the voice of John Busby roared out—

"What! I've got you at it again, have I? Come along, you infernal rascal. Lay hold of him on the other side, Willum."

"I'll shake the blessed life out on him," cried Willum, as he seized Agony Jack on the other side, and practically carrying out partially the threat he had uttered; for he shook Agony Jack violently, the collar of the old hunting-coat standing the operation wonderfully well.

"Let me alone, Mr. Busby—let me alone, will yer?" cried Agony Jack, making desperate efforts to release himself. "What are you a-doing of?"

"We've caught him a-doin' the nobblin' again, have we?" said John Busby, between his teeth.

"It aint no nobblin'—it's to win a wager. Let me go, will yer?" and Agony Jack kicked and plunged so desperately that it was as much as both John Busby and Willum, with their united efforts, could do to hold him.

"To win a wager? in course it is; this is why they've bin a laying agin Sackville, is it? Come along, you wagabone, and be took up afore the earl."

"Wot for?" roared Agony Jack.

"For tryin' to spile the greatest Darby hoss as ever galloped. Come along, you nobblin' wagabone." And John Busby and Willum dragged him along, and off the common, until they came to the spot where Mr. Sparke was awaiting the issue of the seizure.

"Well! who is it that was doing this diabolical deed?" inquired Mr. Sparke, in a feigned tone of curiosity.

"Why, look here, Mr. Sparke—it's somebody as you knows well; look at him," cried John Busby.

"What! Agony Jack!" exclaimed Mr. Sparke, in assumed astonishment.

"In his own togs again, you see," said Willum.

"Well, Agony, I wouldn't have believed it of you, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes; I wouldn't, indeed, Jack."

"Believed what, Mr. Sparke?" cried Agony Jack, in desperation. "What the ——" and here he used an expletive

suggestive of the sanguinary infernal regions. "What the sanguinary infernal regions is this here game?"

"What is your game, Jack?" inquired Mr. Sparke, quite sorrowfully.

"Why, it's this here, Mr. Sparke—Mr. Raikes has made a wager with two or three swells, that I couldn't dig a dozen holes and fill 'em up again, between twelve o'clock at night and three o'clock in the morning; and I was a winning the wager, when these blokes comes up an' collars me."

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared John Busby; "that's a nice tale to gammon flats with, but it won't do here, Jack; so into quod you goes till such time as you can be took afore the earl."

"It's of no use comin' any gammon of that sort, Jack, because it's plain enough that you've been tryin' to nobble the favourite; and a devilish good plan it was to do it too, only they're wide-oh down here, Jack, and they twigged you at the Sackville Arms to-night."

"Why, Mr. Sparke, only go and ask Mr. Raikes——"

"I know him well enough," said Mr. Sparke, interrupting Agony Jack. "He and his friends have been laying against the favourite till all was blue, and they wanted to make him safe."

A new light seemed suddenly to break in upon Agony Jack, and he cried in a subdued tone, indicative of the alarm he felt—"Lord! do you think that was his game?"

"I know it was his game," replied Mr. Sparke; "so you had better go quietly up to the Hall, and I'll do what I can for you."

"Come along, then," said Jack, resignedly. "Let's go to the Hall and send for Mr. Raikes; he'll clear me, I know."

And closely guarded by John Busby and Willum on either side, each holding Agony Jack by the wrist and collar of his coat, the prisoner was conducted to Sackville Hall, and Mr. Sheraton having been summoned, and the nature of the case explained to that gentleman, he directed that Agony Jack should be taken to the stables, and locked up in one of them until he could be arraigned before the magistrates.

And Agony Jack, protesting energetically against his arrest, was conveyed to the stables accordingly, and was there closely watched and guarded alternately by John Busby and Willum.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DERBY—A CONTEST THEREAT: ONE NOT OFTEN WITNESSED ON THE DOWNS OF EPSOM.

THERE are some subjects that admit of constantly recurring description, and yet never become threadbare or worn out, or rather never lose their interest, even although the description thereof be little more than an echo of that which was last read upon the same subject. Christmas Day and Christmas Eve are elaborately described by thousands of pens on every recurrence of those festive occasions; and although nothing new may be, or perhaps can be, said upon the subject, yet all read the description with avidity and manifest pleasure. The influence of the time is upon them, and they are animated by the spirit of the universal festival, and to the descriptive illustration of the Christmas feast: the magnificent turkeys in their porcine chains; the massive ribs of beef, standing in the huge dish like a piece cut out of the side of a ship; the globular plum-pudding, smiling through an Ethiopic complexion, and crowned with the pleasant plume of crimson-berried holly; the manifold mince-pies, and the subsequent pungent punch; and all and sundry the other ingredients of a Christmas dinner. Do we not read of them all at any Christmas time, in every journal that we peruse, and in every book that we read? for of course, at that time, we look at Christmas books only. And is not the same old story told in the same old way, and with the same old, unvarying incidents; and do we not take the same old pleasure in perusing them as we did years and years gone by, if we are elderly, and as we did last year, or the year before, if we be juvenile? Yes, we do, for the description of Christmas and of Christmas time admits of constant repetition, even as the succession of the time must be never-ending while humanity shall last.

So with the street Punch: who ever gets tired of seeing Punch and Judy? Not that very old man whose countenance in repose is suggestive of parchment, but who at this moment, when he has just put on his spectacles to gaze at Punch's audacious antics, is smiling all over his leathery face with an interest that banishes for the moment all thought of that business which he is bent upon, and which has made his countenance all anxiety as he walks along the street. Not

that young, open-countenanced, fresh-coloured boy, with the hoop and the baton in his hand, and who is gazing with eyes intent upon the pummelling that poor Judy is receiving at the hands of her reprobate husband. Not that usually demure dame in the faded brown bonnet and preposterous green parasol, whose acquaintances are few, and whose sympathies are small. Not that grave member of the judicial bench, who stops as he is crossing the end of the street, and looks at Punch, but not judicially. Not that beadle, who, as he gazes upon the representative of himself being maltreated by the audacious hunchback, forgets his own dignity, and laughs a loud guffaw. No, not one of these, nor any one at all in the crowd that always gathers round the peripatetic theatre of Punch, can ever get tired of that histrionic representation, which has been the same in all its features, incidents, and scenes from time immemorial.

So also with the great Derby day. Who is there amongst us who is not acquainted with its every feature? Who is there in all this mighty London who does not know that it is the English saturnalia, in the celebration of which all ranks are levelled, and the peer and the sweep, the high-born dame and the lowly spouse, the tricked-out gent and the elaborate swell, the frivolous and the sedate, the substantial city man and the insolvent trader, the high, the low, the great, the small, the intermediate and the nondescript, pursue one common road with one common end—the Epsom Downs?

The Epsom week is, indeed, the English carnival, and it has been described in every form and every style, including that of the tabernacle oration; and yet the subject is ever fresh, and always attractive.

It is a brilliant day, and the mighty throng upon those rolling Downs—for they seem to be rolling like mighty billows—out upon the horizon yonder, is scattered everywhere, heterogeneous, and yet producing one harmonious whole—a life picture, moving everywhere, and yet so still in its vastness, that from a distance it might be photographed like a forest or a sea. From the roof of the surcharged stand we can look down upon a scene, indeed, that has no parallel in all the wide world over; and every year its great proportions seem to grow larger still.

Twenty years ago there was no iron road to Epsom, now there are two; but

although they both of them take their thousands upon thousands to the Downs on the great day, it is a question whether the characteristics of the road, which have so frequently been described and illustrated, have been much changed thereby. As many vehicles of all kinds are seen upon the road as formerly, and the return from the Derby presents, on Clapham Common, at about seven o'clock in the evening, as lengthened, as incongruous, and as heterogeneous a stream as in former years, when there was no railway. The reason must be that the great bulk of those who go by railway to the Derby now did not go when the Queen's highway was the only route to the Downs.

Some of our friends have arrived upon the Downs, but not all whom we had expected to see there. The Earl of Sackville and Mr. Sheraton are on the stand, and so are Mr. Van Bruggen and Denzil Raikes, and so are Jonas Nixon and John Busby and "Willum;" although, of course, they are not all together. The earl and his companion, and Mr. Van Bruggen, are in the stewards' stand; the others whom we have mentioned are here, there, and everywhere. But Middle. D'Arlincourt is not there; and, of course, Agony Jack is not there, for at this moment he is in the custody of an experienced officer sent especially from London, by whom it matters not.

Everybody who has journeyed to the exciting scene which the Epsom Downs to-day present has heard of Agony Jack's attempt and failure; for the readers of the morning papers have been startled by this announcement in conspicuous type:—"Diabolical attempt to destroy the Derby favourite." Under which was a detailed account of a most dastardly attempt, which had happily been frustrated—so the statement ran—to destroy by an ingenious mode the Derby favourite on his training-ground. This plan was simply that of digging several holes in the ground, filling them with broken glass, pieces of wood with long nails driven in them, and with flints, and then covering the whole loosely over with grass, so that the traps might not be seen. The object was obvious: the moment the Derby favourite placed a foot on any of these holes he would, of course, be irretrievably lamed and destroyed as a racer. The report concluded by stating that the perpetrator of this diabolical attempt had happily been dis-

covered in the very act by some servants of the Earl of Sackville, and was then in custody, and would be examined before the magistrates on the morrow. The report farther stated that the actual culprit was a well-known individual on all race-courses as a seller of race-cards, and whose sobriquet was "Agony Jack." It was, however, generally believed, and with good reason, that he was but the instrument of designing miscreants, who were in a much higher grade of life, and who, it was to be hoped, would be discovered and meet with a just retribution.

Such a report as this roused public indignation on the Downs to boiling-point, and it perhaps was a fortunate thing for Agony Jack that he was far distant from the scene, for he would certainly have been torn in pieces had he been there.

It is scarcely necessary to allude to the absence of Mdle. D'Arlincourt from the scene in which she would have taken so much interest, or to the cause of that absence. The Earl of Sackville had vainly sought an interview with her after the meeting of himself, the countess, and Mdle. D'Arlincourt. She had inflexibly denied it, but she had forwarded to him this mysterious missive:—"I will meet you at Sackville Hall at twelve o'clock on Thursday—you will be there." There was no signature to this, nor any date—indeed, there was nothing but that bare intimation beyond the superscription, "To the Earl of Sackville."

The Earl of Sackville had shown it to Mr. Sheraton, and had asked that gentleman what he thought it could mean; but Mr. Sheraton, with a solemn countenance, said he did not know, and yet no one knew better than he. He merely added that it was rather a singular coincidence that his lordship would have to go to Sackville Hall on the day mentioned to examine the prisoner.

The Earl said it was strange, and he added that he should certainly be there, because he was determined to get at the bottom of this diabolical conspiracy and mystery.

Mr. Sheraton remarked that he thought the noble earl would be sure to do it.

Lord Belfleur had arranged to accompany Mr. Van Bruggen and Denzil Raikes to the Derby, but the grand stand is not graced by his presence when the great day arrives. He, too, has been pertinacious in his endeavours to obtain an audience of Mdle. D'Arlincourt, and

he has written imploring letters to her to grant him his suit, and he is in the very depths of wretchedness and misery. He sits in his own room moping, and he mixes his Badminton with a melancholy, not to say ghostly, air. It is true that for a space of five minutes he had that morning flickered up into a blaze of delight when a note had been put into his hand from Mdle. D'Arlincourt. It was as mysterious as the one she had sent to the earl. She would meet him, she said, at Sackville Hall on Thursday morning at twelve o'clock. This plunged the young lord into a reverie that almost overwhelmed him, and under the influence of which he mixed enough Badminton for a Lord Mayor's feast; and he determined not to go to the Derby, but to go to Sackville Hall, as requested by Mdle. D'Arlincourt.

The same messenger who had conveyed Lord Belfleur's note delivered one also for the Countess of Sackville, in which Mdle. D'Arlincourt made the same request as she had done to Lord Belfleur and the Earl of Sackville; and the whole of the day the Countess of Sackville thought much more of that note and its writer than she did of the consecration of the shirts and slippers for the reverend pastor of St. Bottlenose, at which she was assisting.

The Honourable Reginald was neither at the Derby nor at the consecration, and nobody seemed to know where he was.

The bell has rung to clear the course for the great national turf contest of England, and the course looks like a strip of green cloth with dense black borders. That mighty throng, as vast in numbers as the population of a continental state—greater than great armies that have conquered kingdoms and destroyed dynasties—has been moved at the wave of a powerless arm, and brought into order, undisciplined and yet as regular as a veteran line; and there is around it a kind of hushed roar, which seems in order too, and to be regulated by some inexplicable agency. A strange, anomalous, an indefinable scene, indeed, is that which is presented on Epsom Downs upon the Derby day!

"Sheraton, let us go down to the paddock," said the Earl of Sackville to his companion.

Mr. Sheraton was looking, evidently in a state of abstraction, down upon the betting-ring beneath, from which the

deafening clangour of that strange circle came up in all its fury.

"You seem in a brown study, Sheraton!" exclaimed the earl, after repeating his question.

"I certainly was thinking of approaching events," Mr. Sheraton said; and the two took their way to the paddock.

The paddock at Epsom is situated at the very end of the Derby course, but it is not a part of the race-ground property. It is a portion of a private estate, but it is appropriated during the Derby week to the use of the trainers in which to walk the thoroughbreds about, in comparative privacy, preparatory to their being saddled for their several engagements. Of late years this paddock, on the Derby and Oaks days, has become particularly attractive, especially to the *cognoscenti* in racing points; and so, as everything in connexion with the great sporting carnival is in some way associated with money, this paddock has been made an additional means of obtaining revenue, and those who now desire to see the high-mettled racers parading in the paddock, prior to their toilette for the great event, have to pay a guinea for the privilege. To this paddock the men with heavy Derby books, in which they have betted against everything that will take part in the race, go an hour or so before the starting time to "take stock," as they call it, of the several competitors in the approaching contest. To this spot the man who has heavily backed the favourite—the man who has heavily laid against him—the man who has backed his own particular fancy, all the owners of those horses that are about to start, anxiously take their way, and the supporter of the favourite looks for him, the man who has laid against him closely scrutinizes him, and the several owners examine those steeds that do not belong to them, to see what chance they have against them.

And all unconscious of the intense and almost maddening interest they are creating, the strings of thoroughbreds are being led in groups about different parts of the paddock. Some have their clothes on, others have no covering at all, and each is attended by his own particular valet, in the shape of a peculiar-looking individual of that genus known to the initiated as the stable-boy.

The Earl of Sackville and Mr. Sheraton walk to where the great American favourite, Arbitrator, is being led about.

"What do you think of his looks?" the earl asked Mr. Sheraton.

"Why, the more I look at him, the more do I regret that our scheme failed."

Mr. Sheraton here touched a sore subject to the earl.

"It ought not to have failed," he said, between his teeth. "There must have been some extraordinary misapprehension about it. What could have brought that Busby and his companions at the spot! Of course you have seen that the people believe that the plan was intended for Sackville," the earl added, alluding to the name of his horse.

"Yes," said Mr. Sheraton, "I see the newspapers so give it out."

"And as he is your horse," the earl said, "and as I am the nearest magistrate in the district, the culprit having been taken to Troutbrook, I shall have to adjudicate upon it. I wish the mongre would hang himself before to-morrow."

Oh, Hubert Longreach, Earl of Sackville, if you only knew what that wish involved, how much more fervently you would utter it!

The two companions had returned to the stand, and the equine competitors for the great contest are cantering down the course. There are upwards of thirty of them; but the attention of that vast multitude upon the stand and on the Downs is almost exclusively devoted to Arbitrator and Sackville, the two reigning favourites in the betting, and they excite more interest than even their position in the betting is calculated to produce in consequence of the diabolical attempt that had been frustrated near to Sackville Chase; for the great bulk of the public are in doubt as to which horse it was directed against, Sackville or Arbitrator.

All the competitors have taken their preliminary canter down towards Tattenham Corner, and their low, sweeping, graceful action, as they skim along the course, is the admiration of all beholders—an admiration, indeed, that rises imperceptibly into enthusiasm; and they are now returning to canter past the stand again. It is observed that, by a rather singular coincidence, Arbitrator and Sackville are coming up the straight run side by side, and they are watched with almost as much interest as though they were actually deciding the great struggle that in a few minutes more will take place upon that spot. The stride of each is fully developed, and they approach the stand with lightning speed

but immediately in front of the building that speed is suddenly checked, and an unusual cry from that great crowd arises on the air. For a moment, Sackville is seen to throw back his ears, and with a spring like that of a tiger he darts at his opponent, and seizes his arched neck between his teeth. Arbitrator, as though his blood were roused by the attack, rises on his hind legs, and jerks his assailant off, when the two, their fore legs in the air, rush at each other open-mouthed and shrieking, and with legs and teeth they battle savagely, the efforts of the two jockeys to beat the horses off each other being utterly vain. The blows of the whips fall harmlessly upon them; they do not feel them, for both animals are maddened into irresistible fury. Everybody around in that great crowd seems paralyzed; and now there is a cry of horror, for before any help can reach the jockeys in their perilous position, the two horses have struck each other down, and they are kicking and biting with redoubled fury. It is a relief for the moment to the crowd to see the two jockeys writhe themselves from under the horses, and they limp away from the terrible encounter, and the savage belligerents are speedily closed round by men with heavy whips, with which they beat the infuriated two, but only at a distance: for such is the fury with which they assail each other that none dare approach them. At length Arbitrator springs to his feet, and darts off along the course towards the paddock, and in the next instant Sackville jumps to his feet also.

There is a cry in the stewards' stand, but it is unheeded, and in all probability it is unheard, save by those immediately around; but those who do hear it, and those who are immediately around, are struck with terror; for the high and mighty of the land behold in their midst, in that scene of revelry and excitement, one of their own order struck down, as it were, lifeless before them. Yes; the Earl of Sackville had watched the fearful encounter on the course with an almost supernatural calmness; but when he saw his horse Sackville rise to his feet, he fell at the side of Mr. Sheraton as though he had been struck down by a rifle-shot. He had watched the encounter between the two horses with a throbbing heart; but when he saw Sackville rise to his feet and limp away as though he had broken one of his legs, his heart-strings seemed to yield, and he dropped down senseless where he stood.

Mr. Sheraton had him at once conveyed into the interior of the building, where he received all the assistance that in such a case was needed; but by the time he had recovered, the great race for the Derby had been decided. We need not describe it—it was gallantly contested, and nobly won, but neither Arbitrator nor Sackville took part in it.

The Earl of Sackville returned to town with Mr. Sheraton in a closed carriage, and he spoke no word the whole journey through. His head was sunk upon his breast, and he looked indeed as though a crushing calamity had befallen him; but it had not come yet, although its shadow seemed to rest upon him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE EARL OF SACKVILLE REACHES HIS HOME IN BELGRAVE SQUARE, AND IMMEDIATELY SETS OUT FOR HIS HOUSE AT SACKVILLE CHASE.

WHEN the Earl of Sackville arrived in town, he was immediately attended by the medical man of the family, who pronounced him to be very ill, and advised his removal to the country, there to remain quiet for a week or two. The earl remarked that the advice accorded with his own humour, and he would set out for Sackville Chase at once. The countess, who was present, said that she would accompany her lord; at which her lord felt some surprise, although he did not express any. How little did they each know that the other had a written appointment with the same person, at the same place, and with the same object.

"But what can have happened to you, Hubert?" the countess inquired, when the earl arrived at home. "I never saw you look so pale before."

"The heat on the Downs was intense," said Mr. Sheraton; "and his lordship had a fainting-fit, which greatly alarmed me at the time, for I was fearful that it was a sunstroke, as it was only the minute before that I had seen his lordship take his hat off, as though oppressed with the heat."

The Earl of Sackville smiled feebly at Mr. Sheraton's innocent deception of the countess.

"Oh, it is nothing," said the medical man. "Of course his lordship feels a little prostrate after an attack of the sort, and it is necessary that he should for a short time keep himself quite quiet, and

therefore I have advised a sojourn in the country for a week or two."

It was then that the earl had said he would set out at once, and the countess that she would accompany him.

"I will go, Hubert, and have everything prepared for our departure immediately," and she quitted the room for the purpose.

The earl had as yet made no allusion whatever to the great event of the day. Indeed, he had appeared studiously to avoid it, and Mr. Sheraton thought it politic not to make any reference whatever to it. As soon, however, as the medical man had retired for the purpose of writing a prescription, the earl said to Mr. Sheraton—

"This damnable incident will of course be all over the world to-morrow morning."

"I dare say the newspapers will make the most of it," Mr. Sheraton replied. "But, after all," he continued, "perhaps it was as well that that business on the Common at Sackville Chase turned out as it did; or at least, that the culprit was taken to Sackville."

"How do you mean?" inquired the earl.

"Why, you can to-morrow morning have him examined before you, and commit him for a month or two, and then the papers will trumpet forth your energy and justice, and the events of to-day will speedily be forgotten."

"Humph! may be so," the earl mused.

"I am told that Van Bruggen's people have engaged legal assistance for conducting the case against the accused, and it is expected—so the story runs about the clubs—that some very interesting disclosures will be made."

"You will take care that no members of the press are admitted to the investigation," the earl suggested.

"Oh, yes, I will take care of that."

Mr. Sheraton had determined to take effectual care of it, for who so interested as he in keeping the disclosures that would be made as secret as possible?

"It seems as though a devil from hell had entered into the heart of Sackville," the earl said, looking gloomily upon the floor.

Mr. Sheraton made no observation in reply.

"He has never exhibited the slightest indication of such a spirit as that which he displayed to-day," the earl continued.

"Did you ever know of such an instance of savagery before?" Mr. Sheraton inquires.

"Yes, I witnessed one myself a few years ago on Newmarket Heath, when one horse seized another by the neck, threw him down, trampled upon him and the jockey, and broke the jockey's leg."

"In this case the horse's leg is broken, or very near it," said Mr. Sheraton.

The Earl of Sackville groaned.

"The hopes so long cherished—so near fruition—all dashed to the ground in the space of half a minute!" he cried, bitterly, clenching his hands.

It was indeed a strange stroke of fate and it was at that moment the theme of discussion in nearly every street of the great metropolis, and in the morning the whole country would ring with it.

The brief conversation which we have just recorded was interrupted by the entrance into the room of the Countess of Sackville and the doctor. The countess had hastily attired herself in travelling costume, and she said that the carriage would be at the door in a few minutes. The doctor held in his hand the prescription, which he said must be made up at once, as the earl had better carry it with him ready prepared, inasmuch as he must take it that evening before going to bed; the doctor, in giving these instructions, remarking, with a twinkle of the eye which plainly indicated that he enjoyed his joke, that, from what he knew of the chief apothecary of Troutbrook, he would rather not entrust the making up of a prescription to him, if he could possibly avoid it—"Because," he said, laughing, "although, if he made a mistake, it would probably be in favour of black pepper or brown rappee, which, if taken, would not be productive of very great inconvenience, yet he might introduce sugar of lead in the place of Epsom salts, or laudanum instead of syrup of rhubarb, the effects of which would not be such as those which the medical adviser might be desirous of producing."

The prescription was at once despatched to the family apothecary, whose establishment was hard by, with instructions to prepare it immediately, as the Earl of Sackville was waiting for it.

While the messenger was gone upon this errand, the doctor took the countess on one side, and whispered to her that she must keep my lord very quiet and free from excitement; for having once had one of these attacks, he would be very liable to a repetition of them from less causes than that which had produced the one of to-day—"Whatever it was," said the doctor, with a solemn look, and hold-

ing the top of his gold-headed cane to his mouth.

"Was it not an ordinary fainting-fit, then?" the countess inquired.

"My lady, it is my duty to inform you that it was an epileptic fit, although not of an immediately dangerous character. They, however, always increase in intensity when they recur."

"And what general course do you recommend?"

"Entire quietude in the country for a few weeks, and an absence of all thought of politics," said the doctor, profoundly. He was under the impression—created by the famous speech on the Marriage Bill—that the noble earl was absorbed in politics.

The messenger who had been despatched for the medicine very quickly returned with it, and it was placed in the travelling-bag of the countess. In two or three minutes afterwards the carriage was announced, and the earl rose to leave. Before he did so, however, the doctor said, blandly—

"Stop—how are we now? Allow me one moment." And he took the wrist of the earl between his forefinger and thumb.

"Humph—well, well, we shall be all right in the morning, after the medicine; but we must keep quiet," said the doctor; and then turning to Mr. Sheraton, repeated—"Quiet—quiet, my dear sir."

In a few minutes more, the Earl and Countess of Sackville took their departure for the London-Bridge railway station. On their way thither they had to cross the lines of road that lead from the bridges down towards Epsom; and the roll and rattle of the human maelstrom, as it surges along those roads on the evening of the Derby day, were heard for a long distance before they reached them. The Earl of Sackville would have shunned that surging tide, but there was no route by which it could be avoided. As they approached it, therefore, he almost crouched in one corner of the carriage, so that he might not see or be seen. For several minutes the carriage had to wait before an opportunity was presented for it to pass the roaring line of vehicles that poured down the road leading to Kennington-gate, and as the earl reclined in one corner of the carriage, the countess leaned forward from the window to view the noisy revelry that was passing and obstructing them.

After several such obstructions as these, all of which were highly enjoyed

by the coachman and the attendant genius behind—they would fain have prolonged the obstructions if they could have done so—the carriage arrived at the station of the railway, the greatest obstruction having been met with at the foot of London Bridge. In an hour or so, the earl and countess were driving through Troutbrook to Sackville Hall, just as the sun was setting behind the pinnacles of that edifice. The earl had been very taciturn all the way down, and the countess had considered it judicious, in accordance with the doctor's injunctions, to keep him quiet, and not to intrude her conversation upon him. He had not spoken a word for half an hour before they reached the gates of the park; but then, as he caught sight of the pinnacles of his ancestral house glistening in the declining sun, he exclaimed, almost enthusiastically—

"What a brilliant sunset!—the old house looks like burnished gold in front of it."

The countess was glad to hear this burst, which was uttered in a tone that was not usual with the earl, and seemed to speak of a new enjoyment. Indeed, it almost amounted to rapture.

"I am glad to hear you say so, for really I have lately thought that the old house was losing its attractions," the countess said, in a joyful tone. "You will enjoy a few weeks' rest down here—I know you will."

"The old house lose its attractions—never!" said the earl, still gazing through the carriage-windows at the brilliant pinnacles.

"Well, you know, Hubert, even in our family, we have had old houses strangely lose their attractions," the countess said, playfully, and smiling upon her husband.

A shade passes over his countenance as he ejaculates, with something like a sigh—

"Yes, indeed."

The countess is trenching upon dangerous ground, and for the moment she is forgetful of the doctor's injunctions. The allusion—distant, shadowy, undefined, and vague as it is—is as clear, and distinct, and as burning in the Earl of Sackville's mind as though it were the subject of an eloquent and categorical discourse addressed directly to himself. There is a shadow upon the house, and there has been for twenty years past, and the countess knows it, and that shadow envelopes a mystery which had already struck down, years ago, the then head of the house of

Sackville—a mystery which years ago had agitated all the country, and through all the land aroused feelings of pity, sympathy, indignation, and terror. That mystery was like an engraved spot upon the adamant heart of the twentieth Earl of Sackville—it was a mystery that blurred the escutcheon of his ancient house, and it was a cloud that obscured the brightness of his race. When it first darkened over his house, he was Hubert Longreach; but he had almost immediately afterwards assumed, by the death of his grandfather, but only for a day or two, the title of Lord Belfleur—only for a day or two, we say, for the dread mystery which then overshadowed his house crushed down the father of the present earl, and so within a month was he Hubert Longreach, Lord Belfleur, and the Earl of Sackville.

The Countess of Sackville, therefore, was touching upon dangerous ground when she talked of old ancestral houses losing their attractions.

The earl and countess are at the porch of Sackville Hall, and as they descend from the carriage they are met by the steward of the estate.

"Ah, Burford," the earl says, "I am glad to see you—pray walk into the library with me."

"Your lordship looks ill," Mr. Burford remarked, "and weak; pray lean upon my arm."

And the earl did lean upon the arm of his steward, the countess having gone on before them up the steps into the hall, where she was met by the housekeeper and the chief servants of the establishment.

The earl, still leaning on the arm of his steward, proceeded at once to his library, and throwing himself into a *fauteuil*, said he felt fatigued.

"Your lordship has had a fatiguing journey?" Mr. Burford suggested.

"I have had an oppressive, fatiguing day, Burford," replied the earl; "it is the excessive heat, I suppose."

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Burford, as one of the Earl of Sackville's establishment, was much interested in the great equine contest that had that day been decided; but Mr. Burford was a shrewd man. He had been many years with the Sackville family, and perhaps he was so well acquainted with the present earl that he could in a measure divine the character of his inward thoughts by his outward looks. It required, perhaps, no very great powers of observation to

discover that the appearance of the earl, and the expression of his countenance, were not those which a successful enterprise would generate. Mr. Burford, therefore, shrewdly concluded that the fortunes of the day had been against the earl, and he was contented with his presentiment, which nearly amounted to conviction, and so he made no allusion to the great event of the day.

"You have a prisoner here, I understand," the earl said to Mr. Burford, seriously.

"He is in the custody of an officer from London, who has him in charge down in Troutbrook," said Mr. Burford; "and the officer has sent a notice, my lord, that he will bring the man before your lordship to-morrow morning."

"Yes, so I have already been informed in London," replied the earl. "There is no escape, I suppose?"

"Oh, I think the officer is far too sharp for that, my lord," said Mr. Burford, misapprehending the earl's meaning.

The earl smiled feebly, and said he meant escape for himself—escape from the infliction of having to examine the scoundrel who was in custody.

No, Hubert Longreach, Earl of Sackville, there is no escape from that ordeal, as it will surely prove. The dark shadow of a coming event is upon your soul—you see it, can feel it, and yet you are unconscious of its presence.

"The evidence that will be brought against the prisoner is so conclusive, that I think the trouble to your lordship will be but very little," said Mr. Burford; "and yet I have been informed by the officer who has him in custody that he is to be defended, and that he will have legal assistance from London."

"Oh, of course he will; the fellow has been but the tool of designing knaves, and for their own sakes they will, I dare say, see that he is properly defended," the earl said.

Mr. Burford thought, as any stranger would have thought who might have listened to the earl, that he was speaking frankly; and nothing whatever—no word or tone in which that word was uttered—would have for one instant led to the suspicion that the Earl of Sackville was well acquainted with the fact that Mr. Sheraton had planned with Denzil Raikes means for the destruction of Mr. Van Bruggen's horse. He, however, knew it well, for it had been done at his own instigation; but he did not know that Mr. Sheraton and Denzil Raikes had secret

plans of their own to carry out, and least of all did he know that Agony Jack would be the instrument by which they would work.

"I suppose we had better take the examination upstairs in the large room," the earl suggested.

"As your lordship pleases," acquiesced Mr. Burford.

"There will be no necessity for me to have any legal assistance," said the earl; "it will be merely to take the depositions, and commit the fellow as a rogue and vagabond."

"That will be all, my lord."

"You will see Mr. Sheraton in the morning, and he will arrange the whole matter with you," the earl said.

"Very good, my lord."

"Good night, Burford."

The old steward took the hint, and saying, "I wish your lordship a very good night," turned and left the room.

The Earl of Sackville took his medicine at the hands of the countess herself; but Mr. Burford's parting wish was not fulfilled, for the Earl of Sackville did not pass a good night at all.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH OLD CHARACTERS ARE INTRODUCED WITH NEW NAMES.

THE Sackville Arms, in the village of Troutbrook, on the borders of Sackville Chase, is unusually full of company, and a most distinguished company too. During all the many years that Spandle has been landlord of that ancient hostelry, he has never had such patronage; and he and his sturdy wife and plump handmaiden are all three ruddy with excitement, which makes their plump faces glow again. By the early morning train from London, Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, Madame Capelli, Denzil Raikes, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Sparke have arrived, and they have gone straightway to the Sackville Arms; and Mr. Barton has ordered the best wine that Spandle can produce of various kinds, and a substantial luncheon of every delicacy that Troutbrook can produce, including some of the finny flock, that are to be caught hard by the village. Mr. Barton is a very bustling gentleman in the Sackville Arms, and Spandle looks upon him with a kind of awe, for Mr. Sparke has informed him that Mr. Barton is the great London solicitor, come down specially to defend Agony Jack, the charge

against whom, he says, is all a conspiracy, concocted for the purpose of destroying a mighty claim; but he does not say to what or by whom it is made. He, however, says quite sufficient to bewilder the stout little landlord, who takes occasion, when Mr. Sparke's back is turned, to inform his wife that it's his firm conviction that there's summat up; but, howsoever, it's better perhaps for them to keep their own counsel; and he practically illustrates his mode of doing so by going into the kitchen, where the village sexton happens at that moment to be indulging in a morning drop, and informing him that the great folks as is in the parlour be come down to Sackville about summat as 'll astonish the Troutbrook folks, to be sure. Upon which the sexton hastily quits the house, and goes across to the commercial emporium of Troutbrook, formerly alluded to, and conveys the information to the proprietor thereof, with such additions as his own fancy suggests; and presently the intelligence is flying through the village, so that Troutbrook very soon becomes in a state of active excitement; and in the space of ten minutes there are no less than five persons grouped round the porch of the Sackville Arms, with every probability of an increase to the number, for the population has been roused, and the public curiosity of Troutbrook excited, and the excitement is intensified when the party are joined by a well-known tradesman of the village, who wears a leathern apron, turned up at the corner, a pair of immense spectacles, a brown wig, drab cloth coverings to his legs, reaching to his knees, and thick woollen stockings below, and who, when he is following his business, nurses a large stone upon his knees. This individual produces the additional excitement to which we have referred, by informing the assembled populace of Troutbrook round the porch of the Sackville Arms, as how he seed, about half an hour ago, John Busby and Willum tear like mad from the railway up to the stables at Sackville Hall.

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt looks pale and agitated, and is seated by Madame Capelli, who, we should say, is in ignorance of the charge that is about to be made against Agony Jack. She has come down to Troutbrook with Mdlle. D'Arlincourt for a very different purpose.

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt is not only pale, but she is trembling.

"I wish," she says to Mr. Barton, "that Mr. Sheraton would come."

"Do not agitate yourself, my dear madam," said Mr. Barton, gently placing his hand upon her shoulder; "he has scarcely had time, you know, to reach the Hall, and he will be detained some little time after he reaches it, in order to make our way clear."

"I feel anxious, very anxious about the poor boy," she said to Denzil Raikes, in a whisper.

"You need have no such feeling," Denzil Raikes assured her; "all will go well with him. The officer who has charge of him is very shrewd, and knows his business; in fact," he added, "he knows all, therefore the boy will be well taken care of."

"Will you not take some refreshment?" Mr. Barton inquired, blandly, of Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

She shook her head, and said she could not touch anything.

"Nay, do take a glass of wine," he urged; "you have come a long way."

Neither would Mdlle. D'Arlincourt take any wine.

Mr. Barton wished Madame Capelli to partake of the refreshment that the Sackville Arms had provided; but she also declined, and so he, and Denzil Raikes, and Mr. Sparke had to share the table between them.

"By-the-bye," said Mr. Barton, "you ladies will not be able to walk to the Hall. I had better despatch a messenger to the station for a conveyance."

"If we have time, and if mademoiselle would not object, I think I should like to walk. Remember that I know the way, and how far it is," said Madame Capelli.

Mdlle. D'Arlincourt said she would willingly walk; indeed, she would prefer it. She wished, however, that Mr. Sheraton would come. She could not keep down her agitation; and Madame Capelli soothed her.

Mr. Sheraton, as Mr. Barton had intimated, had gone on to Sackville Hall direct from the railway-station, it having been arranged that he should do so, and join his friends again at the Sackville Arms as soon as he had made certain arrangements which were necessary at the Hall.

The effects of the blow that the Earl of Sackville had the previous day received are very manifest, as he sits in what is to be his judgment-seat, attended by his steward. He is resting his head upon his hand as Mr. Burford places certain papers—not connected with the ap-

proaching investigation—before him, and he seems to suffer under depressing languor. He has several times inquired for Mr. Sheraton, and Mr. Sheraton knows this, but he does not go to the room in which the Earl of Sackville is seated. Indeed, he has come to Sackville Hall merely to seek an interview with the countess and Lord Belfleur. He is with them now.

"Your ladyship has received a note from Mdlle. D'Arlincourt?" he says to the countess.

"I have," she replied, in a tone of surprise.

"I believe your lordship has also received a communication from the same lady?" he says, addressing Lord Belfleur.

"Well, so I have," the young lord answers. "But how the devil did you know?"

"I was so informed by the lady herself," Mr. Sheraton says.

"Indeed!" the countess exclaims.

"And I have been commissioned to deliver a message from her to your ladyship, and to you, my lord," Mr. Sheraton adds.

Lord Belfleur looks a little scared.

"I believe the notes which your ladyship, and you, my lord, have received, are both to the same effect," Mr. Sheraton says.

"I shan't tell you what mine is," Lord Belfleur exclaims, hastily. "I don't see what you've got to do with it, Mr. Sheraton."

"An investigation is about to take place before the Earl of Sackville," Mr. Sheraton observes, without noticing Lord Belfleur's protest; "and by a strange coincidence of circumstances, Mdlle. D'Arlincourt has been required as a witness on behalf of the accused."

"On behalf of the accused!—good heavens!" exclaims the countess; "what can she possibly have to do with such a case?"

"Then that's the meaning of her having Agony Jack up in the drawing-room last week. Oh Lord! oh Lord! my head feels as though it was swimming," cried Lord Belfleur.

"Agony Jack! What do you mean, my dear?" the countess asks, in a tone of terror. She has never heard of Agony Jack before.

"Good Lord! to think that she should want to nobble the favourite!" exclaimed Lord Belfleur. "Oh, goodness gracious! to think that she stood anything against

him. Oh Lord! I should as soon have thought the crown princess of the Cannibal Islands would have wanted to nobble the favourite."

"Oh, pray, my lord, disabuse your mind of such a preposterous notion," said Mr. Sheraton, with difficulty being able to suppress a laugh. "She has been sought out since this charge was made, and as she can give some evidence as to the antecedents of the accused, she has been required to attend here for that purpose to-day."

"And what, sir, is the communication that you have to make to us from Mdlle. D'Arlincourt?" the countess inquires, rather loftily.

"It is that you should be present during the investigation," Mr. Sheraton replied. "She asks this as a favour of your ladyship, as her position under the circumstances is an exceedingly novel, and may be a painful one."

"It will be an equally novel one to me," the countess says; "but if Mdlle. D'Arlincourt wishes it, I do not think there can be any objection to my granting her request."

"As far as I am concerned," said Lord Belfleur, "I intended to be there, of course. D—— if I wouldn't give that Agony Jack three months at the treadmill—that's what I would do, and d—— his antecedents."

"You may possibly have occasion to change your opinion about him," Mr. Sheraton suggested. "He may have been far more sinned against than sinning; we cannot tell."

"Why, anybody could see what a villain he is by his countenance," said Lord Belfleur, conclusively.

"Then I may inform Mdlle. D'Arlincourt that your ladyship will be present at the examination?" Mr. Sheraton said.

"Is she here now, then?" the countess inquired.

"Here now! Where?" cried Lord Belfleur, and he looked quite scared.

"She will be here shortly," Mr. Sheraton replied. "And I am now going down to the village to conduct her here, and I presume that I may inform her that your ladyship will be present at the examination?" Mr. Sheraton said, taking up his hat.

"You may," was the response; and Mr. Sheraton left the room, and immediately took his way across the park to Troutbrook.

In the neighbourhood was another lead-

ing actor in the approaching drama undergoing a preparation for the part he had to play. It is in a small road-side public-house at the back of the park; in which there is but one room on the ground floor, besides a kind of wash-house, kitchen, and scullery, all in one, at the back, and in the corner of this room Agony Jack crouches dismally on a chair.

"Now, don't I tell you that you'll come out of it all right?" the individual in whose custody he is placed is saying as he puffs the smoke from a cigar. "You keep your pecker up, and remember, after it's all over, who told you to do so."

"Oh, it's all very well for you detective coves to talk in that way to a poor cove wot's goin' to get three months at the mill, besides losing his krackter. I wish I'd never seed that Mr. Raikes—I wish I'd never clapped my blessed eyes on him—I wish he'd been at the bottom o' the blessed sea afore I'd ever come across him."

"Jack, listen to me," said the detective. "You are the best friend that Mr. Raikes ever had in his life, and take my word for it, he'll stick to you. Now, will you promise me that, when it's all over, you'll remember who told you that?"

"Oh, it's all very fine to come that gammon over a poor cove," cried Agony Jack, dismally.

"Well then, Jack, I'll go farther," said the detective, going across to where Jack was seated. "I'll go farther," he said, in an undertone, and looking cautiously round. "I'll stand your friend, and I'll get you through it; come now, I can't say anything much stronger than that, can I?"

"Will you, though?" cried Agony Jack, his eyes brightening.

"Jack, shake hands with me, will you?"

He did so.

"You'll promise now, that when it's all over you'll remember who told you?"

"I wish I may die if I don't," said Agony Jack, fervently.

At this point a man entered the house with a message from Mr. Barton to the detective, and the officer said—"All right; wait outside."

And the man waited outside the house.

"Now, Jack, come along. We must go down to the Hall, for it seems they are all ready for us," said the detective; "and mind what I said to you: keep your pecker up, Jack. It'll all come right in the end; take my word for it, Jack. Come along."

"I wish it was come all right, through," said Agony Jack, dubiously.

"Now, then, my man," the detective cried, to the individual who had brought the message from Mr. Barton. "You will have the goodness to follow us across the park up to the Hall, will you?"

The man touched his frieze cap that he wore upon his head, and said he would. He then stared with manifest interest at Agony Jack.

"Now, you yokel," cried Agony Jack. "is it the first time you ever see a gentleman down on his luck afore, eh? What are you bleering at?"

The country gentleman grinned, and remarked that it wor rum, to be sure. He was a very stalwart member of the country party, and as he walked close behind Agony Jack across the park, he clenched his fists with energy, as though he would very much enjoy the opportunity of seizing Agony Jack should he make any attempt to escape.

When they arrived at Sackville Hall, they found Mr. Sheraton, Denzil Raikes, Mr. Barton, Mr. Sparke, John Busby, Jonas Nixon, and Willum, assembled round the front entrance. Mdlle. D'Arlinecourt and Madame Capelli had entered the house, Mr. Sheraton having arranged that they should be quietly shown into a small anteroom, there to remain until they should be required in the justice-chamber above. In that justice-chamber, converted into such for the occasion, the Earl of Sackville, as we have already intimated, had already taken his seat some time, and now he had with him, seated near him, the countess, who looked anxious and serious. Lord Belfleur was there also, and was seated behind the earl and countess. He looked almost ludicrously dismal, for he had had quite a battle with himself since Mr. Sheraton had left him, as to whether he ought to be present—indeed, whether he could stand the ordeal of meeting Mdlle. D'Arlinecourt in public. He had, however, reasoned with himself that his father knew all about his engagement, and that his mother was also acquainted with it; and he had, therefore, after much mental labour, come to the conclusion which was conveyed to his mind in the words—"So what the devil did it matter?" He therefore took his way to the justice-chamber with the countess.

The Earl of Sackville inquired if the parties were ready, and the necessary intimation having been conveyed to the detective below, that functionary brought

up Agony Jack, who, when he was introduced into the justice-chamber, looked about him quite scared, and he tried to hide himself as much as he could behind the officer in whose custody he was placed.

"Come now, you Agony Jack," cried Lord Belfleur, brightening up for the moment; "don't come any of that sneaking, you know. Ecod! I wish I had caught you digging the holes; you should have tasted the length of my whip on the spot."

The Earl of Sackville turned round and put up his finger deprecatingly to Lord Belfleur, who said—"All right!" and lapsed into the dismals again.

When Agony Jack was brought into the room, he was followed by Mr. Barton and Mr. Sparke, and they took their places close to the accused.

The Earl of Sackville said he presumed the proceedings would be very brief. Who was there to make the charge?

The detective officer from London said that he had the prisoner in charge at the instance of Mr. Van Bruggen, who was a neighbour of his lordship. The detective then briefly detailed the charge against the prisoner.

Mr. Barton here interposed, and said he had been retained by some friends of the prisoner to appear on his behalf, as it was believed that the whole matter had arisen out of a misapprehension.

The Earl of Sackville said he should be glad if such could be shown. He would, however, hear the charge regularly, and then Mr. Barton could offer any observations that he pleased.

The detective officer, we should have previously observed, carried on the business, so to speak, of a detective. He held no commission from the authorities, but he performed all the duties of a police-officer notwithstanding, and he succeeded in realizing a very fair income in various ways. This functionary called Mr. Sparke and John Busby and Willum, who gave their evidence clearly and distinctly as to what they had witnessed and discovered on the night of Agony Jack's exploit.

The Earl of Sackville said the evidence was conclusive enough, but he was at a loss to know how he could deal with the case.

"Why, give him six months as a poacher," suggested Lord Belfleur. "That's the way to do it."

The detective thought the prisoner could only be committed as a rogue and vagabond; which suggestion was not at

all relished by the prisoner himself, who pulled a wry face and nudged the officer.

"But now, sir, what have you to say in the matter?" the Earl of Sackville inquired of Mr. Barton.

"My lord," said that gentleman, "I do not intend for one moment to dispute the evidence, because I may at once admit that it is incontestible; but I think I can show you that the prisoner had no sinister intention in what he was doing, and that instead he was carrying out a mere frolic of others."

"That's true, s'help me, my lord!" cried Agony Jack.

The Earl of Sackville smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, my lord," said Mr. Barton, noticing the shrug, "I will conduct my case as I am instructed. The prisoner was merely carrying out a scheme of a gentleman of the name of Raikes—Mr. Denzil Raikes; probably your lordship is acquainted with the gentleman," Mr. Barton said, smiling blandly.

"I have heard of the man," replied the earl, with something like a glare upon his countenance; "and I should think he is the very man to carry out such a conspiracy as this."

"Very good," said Mr. Barton, decisively; "then your lordship will now hear his version of the affair. Have the goodness to call up Mr. Denzil Raikes," Mr. Barton said, addressing a person at the door.

When Denzil Raikes entered the chamber he drew himself up to his full height, and confronted the earl with a look, beneath which the lord of Sackville Chase manifestly quailed.

"Mr. Raikes," said Mr. Barton, "I believe you can throw some light upon the charge against the prisoner here; indeed, I may say, that you are prepared to state that what he did was under your instructions."

"He acted strictly according to my instructions, and for me," Denzil Raikes replied.

"Why, then, this man is *particeps criminis*," cried the earl, rather wildly, but in a tone of some exultation. "Who is this man?"

"Who is this man!—shall he tell you himself?" cried Denzil Raikes, at the top of his voice. "Yes, to all the world he will proclaim it now. The time is come when your treacherous memory, Lord Sackville, must be strengthened—the hour that I have waited twenty years

for will soon be registered in the book of time."

All who are present in that room, save Mr. Barton, look astounded at the scene they are witnessing.

"Now, Lord Sackville, brave the ordeal if you can. The prisoner is before you for judgment—you are his judge. He is here—behold him!"

And Denzil Raikes, in his energy, clutched at Agony Jack by the shoulder, and thrust him close up to the table at which the earl was sitting.

"Oh, don't—pray don't, Mr. Raikes! Lord, do let a poor cove alone!" cried Agony Jack, ruefully.

"Gaze upon this outcast's countenance, Lord Sackville!" Denzil Raikes cried, at the top of his voice. "Do you trace no resemblance there?—is there nothing there to call up the remembrance of twenty years ago?"

"Don't, Mr. Raikes—pray don't! oh, leave a poor cove alone!" again appealed Agony Jack.

"Avert not your gaze, Lord Sackville, but look upon this face, and tell me what you see therein."

Why does the Earl of Sackville avert his face, and why does a strange tremor creep along his frame?

"Look up, Lord Sackville!" roared Denzil Raikes.

"Now pray don't, Mr. Raikes!" cried Agony Jack. "Let a poor cove have his whack, if he is to have it, and say no more about it; but if you pokes up his honourable lordship in that way, he'll be sure to give it me hot."

"Lord Sackville, I command you to look upon this face."

"Who is it that dares to address me thus? Remove this man!" the earl cried out, in a somewhat tremulous voice; but no one attempted to act on the order.

"Who cries 'Remove this man?'" demanded Denzil Raikes. "The voice is rather feeble now that has just issued that mandate. Who echoes it?"

And Denzil Raikes looked round the room, and his eye fell upon the Countess of Sackville, who had risen from her seat and was gazing at Denzil Raikes with a terror-stricken countenance.

"Why, the order is not repeated!" exclaimed Denzil Raikes, mockingly. "'Remove this man,' is an injunction that no one, just now, can follow."

"Come, I say, what's the meaning of this game, you know, Raikes? What the devil is it that you are up to?" in-

quired Lord Belfleur, standing behind the chair in which his father sat.

"I stand aside for the moment. Proceed, sir, with your case,"—this Denzil Raikes said to Mr. Barton.

"Have the goodness to call up Lady Marian Sheraton," said Mr. Barton.

The earl now looked up without being required to do so, and both the countess and Lord Belfleur exclaimed, "Lady Marian Sheraton!" and they were literally struck speechless with astonishment when Mdlle. D'Arlincourt was shown into the room.

Mr. Barton handed the lady a seat, and requested her not to be agitated, as her examination would be brief.

"You are, I believe, connected with the prisoner?" Mr. Barton inquired.

"Save one, I am his nearest of kin," replied Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, sorrowfully.

The Earl of Sackville's chest is heaving with a convulsive beat, and he feels a something in the region of the throat which is like choking; while the countess, who is standing near him, looks at Mdlle. D'Arlincourt terrified, for the astonishment which she feels has created a feeling of terror in her mind.

"You who stand around look upon the declaration I have just made with wonder; it is natural you should do so," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to inform his lordship what your connexion with the prisoner is?" Mr. Barton suggested.

"My lord," said Mdlle. D'Arlincourt, rising, and addressing the Earl of Sackville, "command that all, save these two gentlemen (indicating Mr. Barton and Denzil Raikes) and the prisoner and the members of your own family, should withdraw."

The order was given, and all but those whom Mdlle. D'Arlincourt had mentioned withdrew from the room.

"To the Countess of Sackville I have already related a portion of my history," commenced Mdlle. D'Arlincourt. "She and her family must now hear the remainder. Lord Sackville, three-and-twenty years ago a dread calamity befel your house. A young child was lost—was stolen, it was said, by gipsies; and although the whole country was searched from end to end, no tidings were ever heard of her, and you and your family, your father and your mother, were compelled to mourn that lost child as dead. My story is but a brief one. You, Lord Sackville, by the expression of your face,

proclaim that you have anticipated it already."

"No—no—no—say not so!" groaned the Earl of Sackville. "I dare not look upon you!" and he averted his face.

"How I was spirited away, whither I was conveyed, or how my earliest youth was passed, I know not; but my life since has not been that which should have been the life of a daughter of the house of Sackville;" and Mdlle. D'Arlincourt drew herself proudly up.

"I dare not believe it!" groaned the Earl of Sackville; "it cannot be!"

"It is!" exclaimed Lady Marian Sheraton, for so we must now designate her. "I have been a wanderer over many countries for more than twenty years, and what have I been? a homeless wanderer, without a tie by blood that I have ever known! And, O Heaven! what has the wanderer been?" she bitterly cried, as though she were addressing herself: "an impostor and a cheat; her life a fraud, and all her acts deceit; and, last of all, her nearest kith and kin the victims of her treachery! Ay, you may well writhe in agony, Lord Sackville!" she cried, as the earl displayed his agitation, "for you have been the victim of the degrading arts of which I have been made the mistress. And then turning towards the countess, she cried—"To you, lady, have I to tell the remainder of my history now. For a few years I was tended carefully by those who were of no kin to me; but they were removed from me, and I wandered again—the unknown daughter of a mighty house—unknown to all the world, save one—unknown even to myself until three days ago! And, oh, Lord Sackville, the agitation which racks your frame at this moment silently declares that you know how true my declaration is."

The countess has remained a silent, although deeply agitated, spectator of the scene; but at this point, as though by a sudden and irresistible impulse, she exclaims—

"Why should his lordship's agitation surprise you or anybody under this awfully startling discovery—if indeed it be a discovery?"

"Your declaration, noble lady, implies a doubt of my statement," said Lady Marian Sheraton. "I would have spared your ladyship, but as the Sackville blood is in my veins, your implied imputation demands that it should vindicate itself. The Earl of Sackville, your husband, lady, the lord of this wide domain and

noble house, and—hear it, lady—my brother——”

“It cannot be—it is not—it is a vile conspiracy of that hated villain, Raikes!” cried the Earl of Sackville, rising to his feet, and interrupting Lady Marian Sheraton; but he sank again into his seat, as though prostrated by his own energy.

“The sister dashes back the lie upon the brother’s lips!” cried Lady Marian Sheraton, her eyes flashing with indignation;—“that brother, the head of our house, who was the cause of his young sister’s degradation——”

“He!” screamed the Countess of Sackville, “he the cause!”

“Ay, noble lady! the cause was Hubert Longreach, now the Earl of Sackville,” replied Lady Marian Sheraton, scornfully.

“’Tis false—’tis false!” exclaimed the Earl of Sackville, but in a feeble voice.

“Perhaps the noble lord would wish to have conclusive evidence upon the subject,” suggested Denzil Raikes, in a sneering tone.

“Let this villain be taken into custody!” cried the earl, wildly, but feebly.

“Villain back in your teeth!” shouted Denzil Raikes. “Does the Lord of Sackville Chase know who stands before him here?”

“Yes, yes, too well, outcast!” groaned the earl.

“Too well, doubtless, but not enough; look up, Hubert Longreach, Lord of Sackville Chase, and boldly gaze if you can upon the Lord of Conquest Abbey.”

The astonishment of the Earl of Sackville for the moment goes beyond his anguish, and he laughs mockingly.

“That laugh upon your lip shall drive the tear into your heart!” cried Denzil Raikes. “Hear me again proclaim that the Lord of Conquest Abbey is here, and we at length stand upon an equal footing, Hubert Longreach!”

“Why, what have I to do with all this, I should like to know?” inquired Lord Belfleur, who had been a bewildered observer of what was taking place; “as it strikes me that I’m the Lord of Conquest Abbey.”

“Nothing,” said Denzil Raikes; “for know, Hubert Longreach, that I, the supposed outcast—I, the despised instrument of a supposed fraud—I, Denzil Raikes, am now the Lord of Conquest Abbey.”

“By what right?” demanded Lord Belfleur.

“By the right of a transfer deed from its late owner, Lord Belfleur,” answered Denzil Raikes.

“Come, I say, Raikes, you know, I’ve got you on the hip there; I’ve never signed any deed, you know,” said Lord Belfleur, in a tone of alarm.

Denzil Raikes heeded not the declaration, but turning to Mr. Barton, he handed him a paper, and asked him what he found in it.

Mr. Barton examined the paper, and said—

“This is an extract from a parish register, and is the certificate of a marriage performed between Hubert Longreach, bachelor, and Bianca Capelli, spinster; it is all perfectly regular. I obtained this extract myself,” said Mr. Barton; and then he quits the room.

“Hubert Longreach, Earl of Sackville, behold your son—the offspring of your first marriage,” almost shrieks Denzil Raikes, as he forces Agony Jack before him.

“Hubert! Hubert! speak to me. Oh, God! is there any truth at all in this?” exclaimed the countess, throwing herself upon the earl.

“Let me confirm the truth,” cried the voice of Madame Capelli, as she is brought into the room by Mr. Barton. “Ah, Hubert Longreach,” she shrieks, as she stands before the Earl of Sackville, “the hour of my vendetta has arrived—the vendetta that for twenty years has been working on its silent course. Look at me, Hubert Longreach, husband of my dead child. You destroyed my child by legal murder, and in gratitude my vendetta, in its fruition, returns you not only a son to your house but a daughter to your race, for it was I who stole your only sister away from the home of your ancestors, and there she stands once more in the home of her youth; it was I who reared your son and heir, born into the world in the inhospitable ward of a workhouse, and there he stands; there they stand, the son and the sister before you.”

But she might have shrieked to the winds with as much effect as she cried to the Earl of Sackville, for as his countess bends over him he sinks senseless back in the chair in which he is seated.

Assistance is immediately summoned, and the lord of Sackville Chase is carried to his chamber, while the countess is supported from the room.

There is no further proceeding in the

case against Agony Jack, for Mr. Barton declares that it has been informal from the beginning, and he says the prisoner may be at once liberated; upon hearing which the poor card-seller gives a shout which makes the chamber ring.

"Your lordship may give free vent to your feelings now," said Mr. Barton.

"I say, this is a devil of a go!" said the young man, whom we have hitherto looked upon as Lord Belfleur, addressing Denzil Raikes.

"It is the close of an astounding romance," replied Denzil Raikes. "But come to me in the morning, for I have much to say to you."

"I tell you what—what an awful consolation it must be to me, eh?" said the quondam Lord Belfleur.

"How do you mean?" inquired Raikes.

"Why, only fancy—suppose I'd married my aunt!"

Mr. Sheraton now enters the room, and his wife rushes into his arms, and sobs upon his breast.

But delighted most amongst that goodly company is Agony Jack, who declares to Denzil Raikes that now he is a lord indeed, he'll act as sich.

And the whole of the party, with the exception of the next brother of Lord Belfleur, take their way to the railway station, and thence to London.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE EARL OF SACKVILLE AND AGONY JACK SLEEP IN PEACE.

BUT little remains to tell of Sackville Chase. The whole matter involved in the investigation and disclosure which were recorded in the last chapter was thoroughly examined by competent legal authorities: and it was found that there was no possible chance of contesting the claims which Denzil Raikes had been the means of raising, and so the matter never came before the courts of law.

Denzil Raikes was confirmed in the possession of Conquest Abbey; the hundred thousand pounds, and ultimately the larger sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds devolved upon Lady Marian Sheraton, and she and her husband retired to their estate.

On the day after the event narrated in the last chapter, Denzil Raikes waited upon the Countess of Sackville to set her

mind at rest upon a matter of vital consequence to her peace. In the course of the investigation which had produced such a startling result, he had discovered that the marriage of the Earl of Sackville with his present countess had taken place just three days after the death of Bianca Capelli in the workhouse near to Conquest Abbey. He had further to inform the countess, that during the absence of Lady Marian Sheraton from London, the Honourable Reginald Longreach had induced her friend Alice to unite herself in matrimony to him, and they were now man and wife, the Honourable Reginald having been heard to declare that he did not care a dump about the bishopric.

The Earl of Sackville never recovered the shock of the second epileptic fit, and he lingered, and literally died by degrees three months after the great discovery; and the new Lord Belfleur, after his own fashion indeed, acted up to the declaration he had made, that now he was really a lord, he would act as sich; and that course of action speedily settled into delirium tremens, and in the same week that his noble father died—that father who had never known him, but near whom he had been through all his outcast life—he also ceased to live; and so the eldest son of the Countess of Sackville became Lord Belfleur and Earl of Sackville almost on the same day.

Denzil Raikes resides upon his estate, and is the lord of Conquest Abbey. He is a retired country gentleman; unostentatious, and with a small circle of friends. There is one inmate of his establishment who will remain so to the end, and that is Madame Bianca Capelli; and they often visit the ancient and romantic little church close by the Abbey, and they look with reverence upon a marble tablet that is erected over the altar there, for it bears this inscription:—

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN, LORD BELFLEUR,

THE ELDEST SON

OF THE TWENTIETH EARL OF SACKVILLE,

BY HIS WIFE BLANCA.

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY HIS FRIEND
AND PROTECTOR,

DENZIL RAIKES.

THE SNOW SPIRIT.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SHE dwells, arrayed in maiden white,
 Within a home of crystal bright,
 No elfin fay so fair as she,
 No bride so full of purity !

Smiling she sparkles on the eaves,
 She kisseth the remaining leaves.
 The elves within her magic ring
 Some Ariel fans with golden wing.

Bewitchingly her fingers press
 The bodice of her jewelled dress ;
 The gems that in her tresses shine
 Are furnished from no earthly mine.

She carols forth with liquid throat,
 So sweet, so clear, so pure a note,
 The silver strain to Nature given,
 Must strike some answering chord in Heaven.

Fold for awhile, fair Queen, thy wing,
 Whilst we on earth a carol sing,
 And list the robin at thy feet
 Pour forth his little anthem sweet.

Oh ! spirit blessing, spirit blessed,
 Thou nestlest to the mother-breast
 Of earth, who greets thee with a smile,
 And from her labours rests the while.

For thou art pure as childhood's eyes,
 In whose blue depths true Heaven lies ;
 And thou art fair as childhood's brow,
 White—gleaming in thy beauty now.

She draweth with a toying hand
 A cloak around the meadow land,
 The green blades shielding from the cold,
 In wealth of prisms pink and gold.

A wreath of feathered flakelets rare
 Rests white upon her waving hair,
 Not thronèd emperor could buy
 Pearls of so true a purity.

She spreads her mantle o'er the sky,
 The ermine of her sovereignty.
 She carpets the unsheltered sward,
 Coquetting with King Ice, her lord.

With eager glance he comes to greet
 The footsteps of his lady sweet,
 Jealous to view the north wind stir
 Her robe of silver gossamer.

Dreaming she floats adown the air,
 Her train attendant spirits bear,
 She rests caressing on the sod,
 Her peerless beauty *is of God* !—A. H. B.

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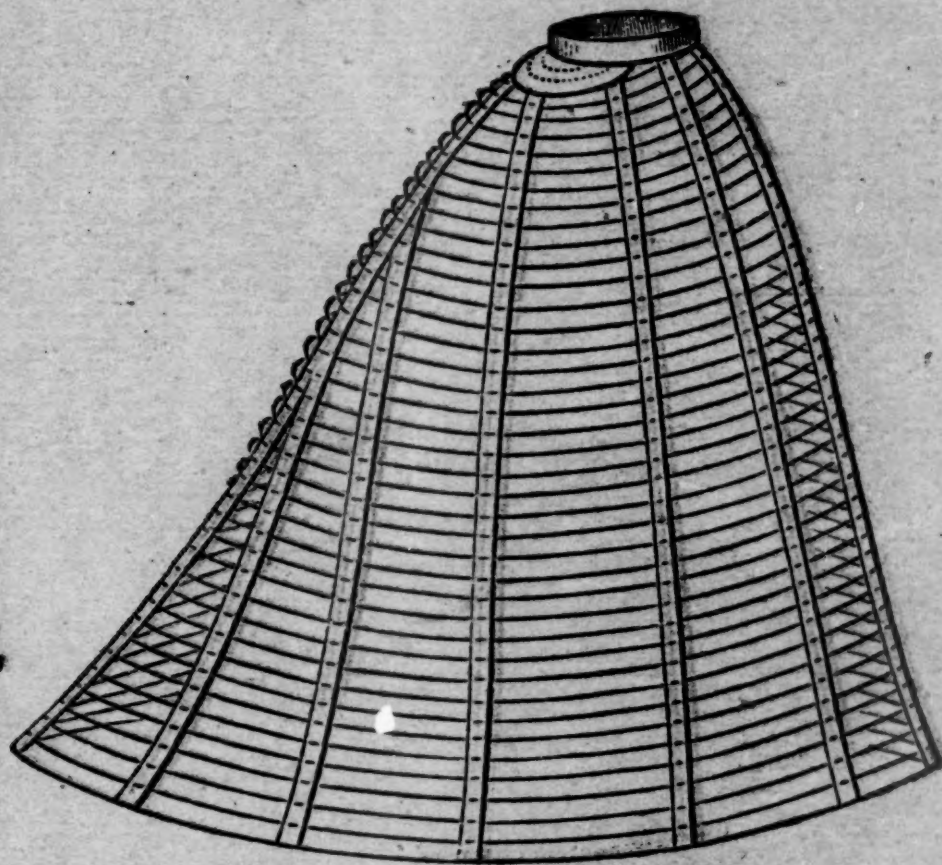
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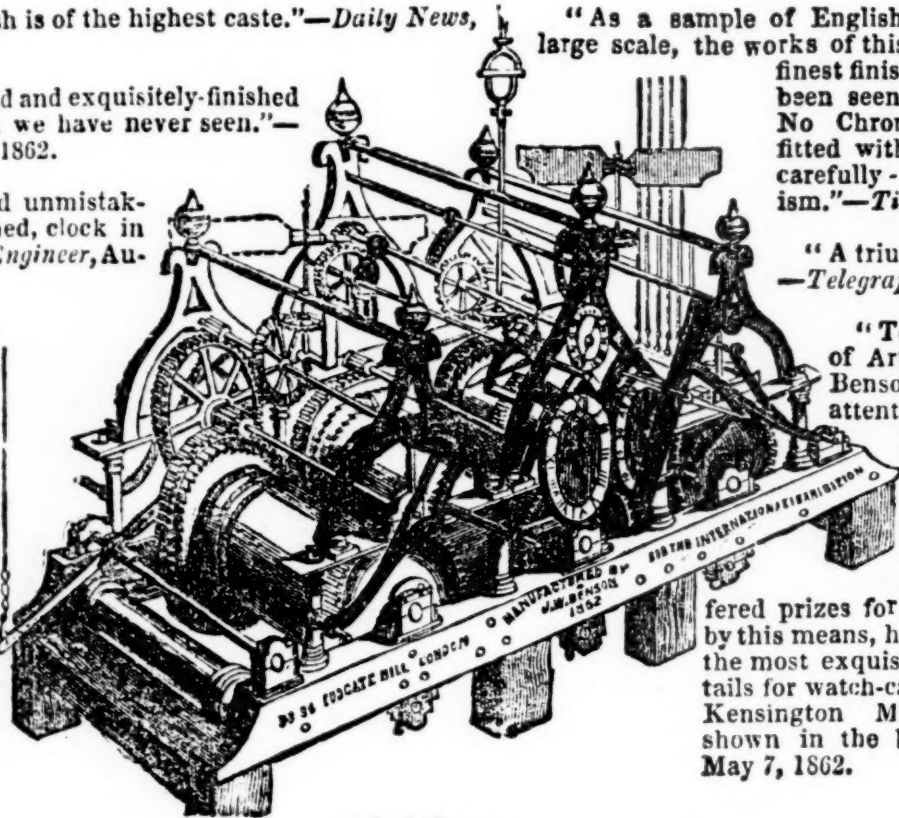
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